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"We must apply the rule of toleration. Because there are peoples whose ways are not our ways, and whose thoughts are not our thoughts, we are not warranted in drawing the conclusion that they are adding nothing to the sum of civilization."

—Calvin Coolidge

THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

ANSWERING Dr. Hu Shih's challenge to Christianity in China, which was published in the July FORUM, *the "gloomy" Dean of St Paul's here issues anything but a gloomy statement upon the future of Christian missions. The fires of nationalism are kindled in the East, says Dean Inge, to purge Asia of the stains which our arrogant Western nationalism has implanted there. But the spirit of Christianity, which transcends all boundaries, will remain to transform the essence of Buddhism and Mohammedanism.*

OUR Missionary Societies have been advertising what they describe as the world call to the Church. The call is the command of the risen Christ, the marching orders of the Church, as the Duke of Wellington characteristically put it; there is no call from the world. The East especially is not calling to the West for more light. On the whole, the East thinks that the less it has to do with Western ideas and institutions, the better. It wants nothing from us but our latest inventions and tools, especially killing tools. We have no right to wonder or complain. India, China, and Japan were civilized when our ancestors were painted savages. They have their own traditions and institutions, which suited them well enough till the West forced open doors which they wished to keep shut. They had changed very little, because they did not wish to change.

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Eternity is unchanging, and why should man, whose home is in eternity, change? Tennyson thought that fifty years of Europe are better than a cycle of Cathay. But the Chinaman is beginning to think that the European may be a good sprinter but a bad stayer. It is better to be a hare than a tortoise; but it is better to be a live tortoise than a dead hare.

Least of all is the East willing to go to school with us in religious matters. When has the East ever learned religion from the West? In the East religions grow wild; in the West religion is an exotic, cultivated by trained gardeners in hothouses. India and China have been at work on religion for thousands of years. They have tried every variety of belief and cultus; our missionaries are as children among them.

To the Christian the matter appears differently. Christ lived on earth as a Palestinian Jew. But His religion is universal; it rises far above any national or racial peculiarities. It is a unique and, in a sense, a final revelation. We willingly admit that Asia has much to contribute to the "glorious church" of the future, of which St Paul dreamed. We admit that the symphony of redeemed humanity is incomplete till the East has joined in the universal hymn of praise. Even the simple, patient, ill-used African may have his offering to bring. But we think it absurd to deny that the historical Churches, which embody the spiritual experience of the white races, have much to teach the Asiatics. The Chinese have lived behind a spiritual as well as a material Great Wall. Their civilization is a living fossil, like the queer marsupials and monotremes of Australia, the hermit continent. Europe has been in the main stream of humanity, incorporating the best of Judaea, Greece, Rome, and the northern invaders. What, after all, has Asia to show which can compare with Plato and Aristotle; with Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe; with Newton, Darwin, and Pasteur; with St Paul, Augustine, and the greatest modern religious thinkers? It is easy to carry the reaction against nineteenth century arrogance too far. Besides this, it is too late. The West has soaked in everywhere, transforming the unchanging East. Is our religion only to be left out?

Missions are necessary, if only because the East has not seen Christianity at its best. It was partly because Asia had devoted itself to the things of the mind and the spirit, that it was impotent to defend itself against European conquest. There have been

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two great prophets of pacifism, — Christ and Buddha. The followers of Christ have forgotten His teachings; the followers of Buddha have sometimes remembered those of their master. We were far too ready, like Lord Palmerston, to call Chinese statesmen "insolent barbarians", not because they could not plead their cause, but because they could not shoot. The suppression of the Boxer rising was a disgraceful orgy of looting and outrage, in which the Japanese troops alone behaved with some approach to decency. Nor does the European trader make a good impression. He usually takes no interest in the life of the people among whom he lives, and they see only that to all appearances he cares for nothing but money-making and sport. There is a much nobler side to European life, but the Asiatic does not see it, and fails to perceive in what our boasted superiority consists.

From time to time severe criticisms upon the missionaries appear in our own books and newspapers. There are, of course, good and bad missionaries, but a sweeping condemnation is most unfair. In China the missionaries have shown heroic courage, and have often died the martyr's death. European women, sometimes in personal danger, have shown the Chinese what the love of Christ can inspire in the service of man. In spite of the calumnies which extreme Nationalists have circulated against them, their work has made a great impression on the native populations. It is the same in India. A Hindu gentleman said the other day to a missionary: "Sir, we Indians are all agreed that the missionary is the *least objectionable* type of European!"

Nevertheless, the missionaries are accused of three faults, — airs of superiority, sympathy with their own race, and ignorance of Eastern religions. The two first are difficult to avoid in a country like India, where the British are encamped, ruling well and justly, but not sympathetically. The color bar, wherever it exists, is in such flagrant contradiction with the principles of Christianity, — "in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free," — that it must be a fatal obstacle to the spread of the Gospel. What is an Indian to think of Christian denunciations of caste, when he knows that in South Africa (and in certain other countries) a colored person is not allowed to worship in the same church as a white man? Ignorance of native religions is not nearly so gross as it was formerly. In India especially many missionaries are well in-

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structed in Eastern thought, and are far from the old-fashioned attitude to "the heathen in his blindness", who "bows down to wood and stone".

A hundred years ago many enlightened Hindus were convinced of the ethical superiority of Christianity, and Duff's evangelizing school in Calcutta was thronged. Western influence created the Brahma Samaj, a theistic Church which without breaking entirely with Hinduism sought to inculcate Christian morals. The same work was carried on by Keshab Chundra Sen in the middle of the last century. But of late there has been a nationalist movement among native Christians, especially Anglicans, in the direction of complete ecclesiastical independence, and severance of all ties with the English churches. Some English missionaries view this movement with entire sympathy and say openly that India will not be Christian till the last white missionary has departed.

The East has begun to criticize the West without any sense of inferiority. The Oriental is no longer cowed and browbeaten by the presence of the European. The victory of Japan over Russia reverberated through Asia and sent a quiver of new hope through the entire continent. The Great War seemed to reveal that Western civilization was rotten at the core. As early as 1908 we find Mr. Ramanathan, Solicitor-General in Ceylon, bringing a severe indictment against Western ideals. "The West," he says, "for want of proper judgment and poise, believes in change of any kind as a remedy for the tedium of work and idleness; it values as progress whatever increases sensuous pleasures, and neglects whatever conduces to the purity of the eternal spirit. Nervous restlessness is not the mark of true civilization, and the steady backsliding of every class into lower depths of worldliness, irreligion, and frivolity is utterly inconsistent with true progress." The Christianity that is to conquer India, we gather, must be otherworldly and ascetic.

A Mohammedan judge in Bengal criticizes Christianity from a different angle. "We do not recognize that modern Christianity, overlaid with Greek philosophy, represents the religion which Jesus taught. We consider that Islam represents true Christianity. We do not think that Jesus, who lived with peasants and fishermen, furnished any warrant for the gorgeousness of modern Christian worship, with accessories which beguile the mind, mystify the intellect, and divert the heart from the worship of

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the great God!" Christianity, in short, is an Oriental religion, so changed by Europeans to please themselves that it is now the least suited of all religions to the needs of Orientals.

From a Japanese Buddhist comes a characteristic but very different criticism: "Christianity does not recognize national differences and so undermines patriotism. It is founded on a supernatural belief in Divinity, which is contrary to the naturalistic basis of our morality. The 'love' of Christianity is universal, and does not admit special duties toward ruler and parents. With us the cardinal virtues are filial piety and loyalty."

A Chinaman writing in the "English Review" for September, 1926, declares roughly that "we have suffered enough already from the mischievous activities of the teaching staffs of missionaries. Droves of American and other missionary workers have long been constantly interfering in political and economic matters with which they should have no concern." This writer speaks with contempt of Great Britain, where "the strong workers and the thrifty, the efficient and law-abiding citizens, are charged with the upkeep of the slovenly and lazy, the semi-mentally-deficient, the evil-doers and law-breakers." "Hands off China," materially and spiritually, is the message of this gentleman.

China will not go Red, but it will remain nationalist. Even if the West had any welcome spiritual message, the Chinese would not gladly take it at our hands; and in fact it seems to them that in the West, spiritual culture has lagged far behind material progress. They see a certain fanaticism, almost religious in type, among the Socialists, but the impulse behind it is merely destructive. It was generated in part by a social order founded on material force and fraud, based on no principle of justice, and organized for no spiritual or ideal end. This society seems to be falling to pieces, with nothing to take its place. The Chinaman prefers to reform himself on his own lines, and as compared with what he sees in Europe, he thinks that "the old is better".

In these judgments, which might be multiplied almost indefinitely, we obviously see the working of a bitter and aggressive race-consciousness, which we must accept as a fact, — and a fact which for a long time to come must militate against the success of Christian missions. Where this feeling is absent, thoughtful Orientals have admitted that they have much to learn from the Gospels, if not from the churches. Liberal Jews, like Mr. Claude Montefiore, protest quite reasonably that "it is not fair

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to construct an imaginary Judaism from the Book of Esther, the hundred and ninth Psalm, the ritual laws of Leviticus and Numbers, and the attacks upon the Scribes and Pharisees in the Gospels. Such a Judaism never existed." "Much that we claim as distinctive of Christianity may have been novel to the pagan, but to the Jew it was the ABC of religion." "The Widow's Mite might have come straight out of the Midrash." Nevertheless, "the *emphasis* in the Gospels is partly different, and in this consists their unique value and originality. The cumulative effect, together with the atmosphere which sustains and confirms them, is exceedingly great." He instances the abandonment of retaliation: "much is forgiven her, for she loved much," "receive the Kingdom of God as a little child;" the daily bearing of the Cross; the duty of active service to the humblest. Yet for a Jew "it is possible to follow the letter of the Law in the spirit of the Gospel". Indians and Chinese have found in the duty of *pity* a much needed corrective of their own ethics. Most Orientals are horribly callous in the presence of suffering which does not touch them nearly. The instinct to "go and help" in an accident, so strong with Americans and Englishmen, hardly exists in a typical Oriental crowd.

When Mr. Montefiore says that it is possible to follow the letter of the Law in the spirit of the Gospel, he suggests what may be the most probable outcome of Christian missions in Asia. Frankly, it does not seem likely that Mohammedans, Hindus, or Buddhists will openly renounce their own religions in order to become Christians. It is only necessary to read Mohammedan propagandists to realize how it is possible to incorporate the whole of Christian ethics in the framework of Islam. These writers tell us with grave faces that Mohammed was conspicuous for his lofty view of the female sex and of social purity; that he abhorred violence; and that in the Moslem heaven the houris are only the believer's own womankind raised to life with enhanced beauty, to delight him with their chaste and spiritual conversation.

And if the religion of Mohammed may be so far transformed, the Christianizing of Buddhism is much easier. Buddhism, as Professor Anesaki insists, may claim with as good a right as Christianity, to be an absolute religion. Buddha also sent out his sixty disciples, saying to them: "Go forth on your journeys for the welfare of much people, out of compassion for the world and for the weal of angels and mortals. Preach the all-glorious

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truth, and proclaim a religious life wholly perfect and pure." "Can not a Buddhist nation remain Buddhist and be Christianized in spirit?" We may answer that it is possible, but that the necessary changes would not be small. Buddhism is a metaphysic generating a religion; Christianity is a religion seeking a metaphysic. The former is a creed of intellectual resignation, the latter of faith, hope, and love. The former teaches the pain and impermanence of all limited existence; the latter the redemption of the whole man and personal immortality. As Buddhism grew out of Brahmanism, so Christianity out of prophetic Judaism. But the former is a religion of release, the latter of hope.

And yet there is a cardinal affinity between the two religions in their attitude towards their divinized Founders. There is a cult of Amidha-Buddha in Japan which is very like the Johannine Logos doctrine. "One who sees Buddha sees the Dharma, the Logos, eternal Truth, unmade, unchangeable, and the source of immortality." "There are differences due to the historical circumstances in which the two religions have grown up, and of the different demands of the peoples they were intended to lead; but the religious foundation of both is the same." "Christianity was prepared for in Japan before the introduction of the Cross. On the other hand, no Buddhist will remain unastonished on noticing the very Buddhistic expression of Christianity as shown in the *Imitation of Christ* or in St Francis." "We Buddhists are ready to accept Christianity; nay, our faith in Buddha is faith in Christ."

This prospect may be very unacceptable to the institutionalist, who will probably repudiate it with heat. But it seems to be indicated by the present state of feeling in Asia, and that feeling, as regards the West and all its works, is not likely to grow weaker. Whether it would be equally unacceptable to the Divine Founder of Christianity may be gravely doubted. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." Perhaps the Saviour of mankind does not care very much whether His disciples call Him Christ or Amidha.

Chinese Missions will be defended in the next issue of THE FORUM *by Dr. Edward H. Hume.*

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ARE RELIGION AND SCIENCE IRRECONCILABLE?—A DEBATE

YES, says Professor James Henry Leuba. The question does not concern religion in the abstract. It is the Christian religion,—a definite body of belief concerning a universe in which an all-seeing and all-powerful God notes the sparrow's fall and answers human prayer,—which conflicts irreconcilably with the teachings of science. Science has banished forever this notion of a fickle God upsetting the natural sequence of cause and effect in answer to the bribes and pleadings of human worshipers; and without this belief, Christianity is no longer Christianity.

NO, says Professor J. Arthur Thomson. Science and religion are of a different order. Science describes nature, answering the question, "How?" while religion interprets nature, answering the question, "Why?" The so called conflict between them is no conflict at all; it is a mistake, which arises whenever either science or religion stretches over its fixed boundaries and attempts to answer questions in the realm of the other. To ask whether a man can be both scientific and religious is as absurd as to doubt whether he can be both mathematical and musical.

I—THE CONFUSION OF CONFLICT

JAMES HENRY LEUBA

THE term "religion" is understood in several ways. It may mean the many systems of beliefs and practices making up the diverse religions, or it may designate not the religions as they have been and are, but what may be called "pure" or "true" religion. Now the religions might all be in disagreement with science and yet "pure" religion might not. In order, therefore, for one to say that science and religion are not in disagreement, it is sufficient to take religion, as many do, in one of two ways.

In the first place, "religion" may be used synonymously with a disposition of the heart and an attitude of the will; it is the "spirit of Christ", or the "essence of the moral and ethical teachings of Christianity". When H. G. Wells, in *Italy, France, and England at War*, singled out Mr. David Lubin as the religious man *par excellence* because he is the initiator of the International Institute of Agriculture, he took the word "religion" in this first sense. Whatever may be thought of that conception of religion,—a conception from which, let it be noted, all trans-

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cendental beliefs have been expunged, — we are not going to insult the intelligence of our readers by inquiring whether, when so understood, religion is reconcilable with science. We shall assume that no reader of these pages sees an antagonism between science and devotion to the public good.

The second way of taking the word "religion", so as to avoid conflict with science, is to oppose it to materialism. "That experience is religious," they say, "which implies the existence of another world alongside the world of matter." A person is religious when he thinks of the ultimate Reality as spiritual in nature and feels himself in some sort of relation, however vague, with that Reality. "A consciousness of kinship with a kindred-life with which all men are united to fulfil their destiny" is, in this sense, a religion. This conception is beautifully expressed in the well known lines of Wordsworth:

> A presence that disturbs me with a joy
> Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

If it is quite true that science does not demand of its votaries a materialistic view of the universe, that science and materialism are not necessarily partners, it is equally true that one may hold an anti-materialistic philosophy and remain outside every one of the established religions. For they conceive of the ultimate Power or powers not only as spiritual but, in addition, as maintaining direct intellectual and affective relations with man, and they are organized so as to take advantage of that belief.

It is a matter of record that the non-materialistic philosophies which have gained favor in contemporary thought do not conceive the ultimate Being as having social relations with man. No support whatsoever for the God of the religions can, for instance, be found in the philosophy of Kant, though he was certainly not a materialist. Of prayer he said: "Considered as an inner, formal worship of God, and therefore regarded as a means of grace, (it) is a superstitious delusion." This last statement might have been made by such other philosophers as William James and Bergson.

Our contention is, then, that the religions as they have been and are now, — the organized institutions going by that name, which invite us to membership and to financial support, and which claim to be the custodians and ministers of religion, — are

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not adequately characterized by a particular disposition of the heart and will, or by a faith in a divine order of any sort, but include undeniably, as an essential element, a belief in one or several Gods *in personal, intellectual, and emotional relation with man, a belief correlated with a specific method of realizing the religious purpose, whatever that may be.*

In this discussion we shall steer clear of the great question of aim, ideal, and aspiration manifested in the religions. For, important as these are, it is not because of their presence in the religions that any antagonism exists between them and science. We shall also leave entirely aside such problems as revelation and evolution in order to reach directly the heart of this debate, which may be put as follows: Is the teaching of science in conflict with the belief, — common to all the religions, — in a God, or gods, in direct intellectual and affective communication with man, able to respond to man's desires and, under certain conditions, willing to do so? Or, in other terms, is the distinctive method of the religions for securing results (a social relationship with one or several divine Beings) in agreement with the principles of contemporary science? That is the radical form which the question of THE FORUM assumes for us.

An impressive instance of the usual way of sidestepping the real question at issue between science and religion was recently provided by an array of scientists, educators, and theologians who gave wide publication to a statement due, it is said, mainly to the pen of the eminent physicist, Robert A. Millikan: "It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion, when it represents Him as revealing Himself through countless ages in the development of the earth." A God revealing Himself in the development of the earth, as science now understands it, may be consonant with "the highest *ideals* of religion", and it is truly not antagonistic to science; but a God so revealed, *and in no other way*, is not the God of the religions as they exist.

When, in another part of their pronouncement, these same persons affirm that there is no conflict between science and religion since "the purpose of science is to develop, without prejudice or preconception of any kind, a knowledge of the facts, the laws, and the processes of nature," while "the even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind," they again avoid the

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issue. For it does not arise with regard to the respective tasks of science and of religion, but with regard to the methods pursued by each in the performance of its tasks, and to the beliefs involved in these methods. It is the expectation of the efficacy of prayer, as response of a divine, personal Will, which raises the problem of a possible antagonism between the religious and the scientific conceptions of the universe.

A claim meets us at the outset which, if valid, would bring this discussion to an end. We are told that science is incompetent to treat the questions of the existence and the nature of God. These problems are said to fall altogether within the province of metaphysics. One reads, for instance, affirmations of this sort: "Do not fear the influence of science upon your faith, for science and faith are not of the same order. Never ask of science arguments favoring your convictions, they would turn against you. But be equally certain that it does not speak in favor of antagonistic doctrines."

That is certainly true when religion is defined as an attitude of the heart and of the will, or as an antimaterialistic philosophy; but it is not true of any specific religion. This last claim calls for some explanation. Let it be borne in mind that we are not now concerned with the relation of science to belief in *any* conception of the divine, but only with its relation to the conception peculiar to the religions.

If a savage hearing the thunder and seeing the lightning zigzagging as a fiery arrow should conclude that thunder and lightning are the works of a great personal Being, and proceed to worship Him, would this belief in God be outside the sphere of science? Obviously not, since the belief appears here as a causal interpretation of a particular phenomenon. If science could convince the savage of the inadequacy of his explanation, his god would vanish, — this on the supposition that he has no other foundation for belief in the existence of superhuman beings. We affirm that the belief of the savage in gods, in so far as it has the kind of origin illustrated above, i.e., in so far as it is a direct causal explanation of natural phenomena, falls under the criticism of science.

But our interest lies mainly in the Christian religion. Let us, therefore, inquire as to the source among the Christian masses of the belief in God. Is it due to metaphysical considerations and, therefore, outside the domain of science? How many Christian

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believers are familiar with the metaphysical arguments and derive from them their belief? Is it one in a million, or fewer?

Whence, then, the prevalent belief? When is it more than a tradition? If you would know, inquire from yourself and from those about you. Here is the last information I have gathered. While taking me to task for not believing in the God of the religions, a kind lady gave me reasons for believing in Him. They were all naive interpretations of particular phenomena, of evidences in nature of a guiding, benevolent Intelligence; answers to her prayers; the joy and the peace that her belief gave her; the sense of a divine Presence. About the same time a person of high culture, with whom I had been discussing this problem, offered me what he considered a final, convincing proof of divine intervention. He had an enemy who had done him much harm; the moment had now come when he could have his revenge. But his ethical convictions made him hesitate. He opened his Bible and before his eyes stood written the admonition: "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." This, he assured me, could not be due to chance, — not even though his Bible opened quite readily at that place, as I ascertained.

If the wish to believe and the influence of tradition be disregarded, these instances represent, I believe, correctly if crudely, the nature of the grounds for the wide-spread belief in a God-Providence. The very leaders of the Christian Church testify that the only satisfactory proof is in such experiences. Thus, a leader of the liberal movement in the United States, — Lyman Abbott, — speaking to the students of a theological seminary, said the believer "knows that there is a 'Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness', because when he has been weak that Power has strengthened him; when he has been a coward, that Power has made him strong; when he has been in sorrow, that Power has comforted him; when he has been in perplexity, that Power has counseled him."

We denounce, therefore, the attempt to keep science away from the present fundamental problem of the religions, for belief in the God of the religions falls under the criticism of science. Only those beliefs in the Divine or Ultimate which are dependent upon metaphysical considerations stand on ground inaccessible to scientific criticism. Let it be added that the metaphysical con-

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ceptions of the divine prevalent to-day among our philosophers, do not include the direct social relation which has always been assumed by the historical religions.

Up to this point we have tried to show, first, that the question in discussion is not to be taken as referring to "pure" religion, — whatever that may be, — but to those systems of beliefs and practices which bear the name of the particular religions (the question is significant in the public mind for precisely this reason); second, that the heart of the debate is not reached until the sources of belief in the God of the religions are examined; and third, that, in so far as these generally accepted sources of belief in God are concerned, the religions have to reckon with science, — they do not stand outside its pale.

There remains the question of fact: does science accept the personal, causal explanation of physical and psychical phenomena on which belief in the God of the religions is based? In so far as the question refers to physical phenomena, it will be sufficient to remark that even though our official prayer-books still include prayers for a change of the weather and for protection from accidents, the intervention of a divine, personal Will in physical phenomena is now given up by nearly all those who have some definite knowledge of the physical sciences. It is only in explaining facts of the mental, psychical order that a wide-spread difference of opinion remains among the educated. What are these facts? Some of them are mentioned in preceding quotations. They are the ordinary religious experiences productive of peace, of guidance, of strength and virtues. They include also the wonders of sudden conversion and of ecstatic trance in mystical worship. According to most believers, these phenomena prove the truth of theism.

In this brief article it is not possible to set forth in detail the scientific explanation of even a single one of these phenomena. I have attempted to do so in *The Psychology of Religious Mysticism* (Harcourt, Brace, 1925). Here we must be satisfied with a number of general remarks. Even though the mental phenomena called religious take place according to laws as definite as the laws of the physical world, only those familiar with scientific psychology may be expected to be aware of them. The effect of knowledge on belief in the God of the religions and in personal immortality is brought out in a very interesting manner by statistics.

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PERCENTAGES OF BELIEVERS

	Historians		Physical Scientists		Biological Scientists		Sociologists		Psychologists	
	Lesser	*Greater*	*Lesser*	*Greater*	*Lesser*	*Greater*	*Lesser*	*Greater*	*Lesser*	*Greater*
The God of the religions	63	32.9	49.7	34.8	39	16.9	29.2	19.4	32.1	13.2
Immortality	67.6	35.3	57	40	45.1	25.4	52.2	27	26.9	8.8

These statistics, published in *The Belief in God and Immortality*, include *all* the persons listed in Cattell's *American Men of Science* and, in the case of the historians, the sociologists, and the psychologists, *all* the members of the national associations of these scientists. I am not responsible for the separation of the less from the more distinguished men. The latter are marked with asterisks in *American Men of Science*. It will be seen in this table that those who, because of their profession, possess special knowledge in the social and the psychological sciences, accept much less frequently than the others, — than the physical scientists, for instance, — the theistic conception of God.

Psychology has now given satisfactory evidence of the reign of law in the mental realm, and the explanation by reference to personal divine action is, therefore, just as unacceptable when it refers to religious conversion and to the wonderful experiences of the religious mystics, as when it refers to the thunder and lightning or any other physical phenomenon. The whole of experience, the "inner" as well as the "outer", falls within the domain of science.

"But," exclaim some, "law, whether in the mental or in the psychical realm, is the very form of God's will." Whoever understands God thus is on our side of the controversy; he does not believe in the God of the Christian creeds, hymns, and prayer-books. He is not a theist, not a champion of the religions, even though he should write in defense of "religion". The God of the religions may well be regarded as the author of the laws of nature, but he must, in addition, be conceived as hearing man, feeling with him, and as responding to his needs and supplications by an action outside or beyond these laws. Otherwise theism becomes pantheism or deism.

Have we, then, by rejecting the belief in the God of the religions and the method arising from it, settled the problem of God? One would have to be simple-minded, indeed, to think so. The mysteries of life are only removed further. The sciences reveal the lawfulness of the universe, but none of them provides

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the answer to the amazing problem set by that discovery. Why does the mental as well as the physical appear to human intelligence as bound by law? And, more specially, what do the particular directions taken by the life-energy indicate as to its nature? Why, for instance, — to take what seems to us the most significant of the facts in point, — why should there be in humanity not only tendencies toward a more complete adaptation to the society already in existence, but also tendencies toward the formation of a new society, a society in many ways antagonistic to the established order? Why this creative effort everywhere on the part of the men of good-will to establish a "Kingdom of God" upon earth? We may not be able to answer this question; yet this much is clear, and science must insist upon it: belief in the lawful, developing universe (physical and mental) known to science excludes belief in the God of the religions. The altar, the pulpit of every one of the established Christian churches, become places of deception to one who accepts this position.

May we not agree on these two propositions and so far dissipate the fog in which the discussion of the relation of "religion" to science has been conducted? First, that there is no acceptable reason *known to science* for believing in the God of the religions. And second, that this conclusion is merely a step forward and not a solution of the problem of God. The problem remains, but it is now lifted out of the narrow boundaries set up in a distant and ignorant past. A truer conception of God, spiritual and yet not in disagreement with science, must replace the traditional one.

The conclusion that the God of the religions is a legacy of the past in disagreement with our present knowledge, brings a partial answer to the question so often asked: why is humanity making progress so slowly toward the realization of the Christian ideal? It is not only because the Christian ideal is an ideal, not only because of the resistance offered by egoistic impulses, but also and mainly because the religious method for the attainment of the goal is wofully defective. Instead of conforming to the laws of physical and mental nature, this method looks for results to a fictitious world of superhuman beings.

A few months ago a Universal Conference of Applied Christianity, representing a major part of the Christian world, sent out from Stockholm a message beginning with an appeal to all the disciples of Christ "to collaborate by prayer, repentance, and thank offerings to the understanding and performance of the

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present duty." These methods, — offerings, supplication, repentance, praises, — addressed to a Supreme Providence are obsolete. Like the discarded magical methods, they are known to possess no other than a psychological utility.

The psychological and sociological sciences are perfecting methods incomparably more effective than those of the traditional religions: in education, — for the development and equipment of the mind, the implanting of purposes, the organization and training of its power, the improvement of its social milieu; in psychotherapy, — for the restoration of the mind to sanity, morality, and efficiency. These scientific methods, based upon a detailed knowledge of the responses of human nature to physical and mental stimuli, are the hope of the future.

What, then, of the future of the religions? In their present form they are doomed to disappear because of the inefficiency of their method. What other belief and activity may, in replacement, come to be called "religion", is not a question to be answered here. The effort, illustrated at the beginning of this paper, to apply the term "religion" to something other than the existing religions, gives valuable indications of what the future may bring forth. Meanwhile, the method of the religions will continue to show, in increasing measure, its inferiority to scientific methods in the mental and sociological, as well as in the physical, realm.

Why not look the truth in the face and prepare the future?

II — RENDER UNTO CAESAR

J. Arthur Thomson

CAN we be both scientific and religious? To ask this question is much like asking, "Can we be both mathematical and musical?" In both cases the answer is: "Yes, — but not at the same moment, nor in the same sentence." Can we have a precise description of our friend along with an affection for him? Can we know the geology of a countryside and likewise enjoy the scenery? Can we be accurate historians and yet have a philosophy of history, which one philosopher with a fine paradox

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called *scientia scientiarum?* It used to be said: "The undevout astronomer is mad," and now the question posed is: "Can a good astronomer be devout?" The mere statement of these questions begins to make us suspect that the so called opposition or conflict between science and religion is a false antithesis. Can we be both healthy and wealthy, or either, and yet wise?

Science is a particular kind of knowledge, reached by certain methods of observation and experiment, and verifiable by all normally constituted minds that can play the game. Its aim is the description of things and organisms, their activities and histories in the simplest possible terms. Its outcome is a series of formulae which we somewhat optimistically call laws of nature. Few of them can be regarded as quite up to that level.

When we study the weathering of rocks or a shower of hail, our only scientific question is, "How?" When we can describe the steps that lead to the result, we are quite satisfied. If we then insist on saying that we have explained the weathering or the hail-storm, we simply mean that we can refer the different steps to certain laws or formulae of chemistry and physics. In ordinary cases of this sort it does not occur to us to ask, "Why?" Indeed, it is generally agreed that science deals with descriptions, not with explanations.

Yet, when we pass from things to creatures, — that is to say, to organic individualities, — we are no longer satisfied with the answer to the question, "How?" Thus, while we know many of the interesting details that cause a cat's hair to stand on end when a dog intrudes, we are not biologically content. Even if we knew the whole ledger of chemical and physical changes that give rise to the familiar sight, we should still feel bound to ask *why* the cat did it, or what meaning the change has in the cat's life. Living creatures are in varying degrees purposive, from the ameba upwards; and the biologist, unless a hard and fast mechanist, feels bound to ask what significance a particular action has for the organism, or, if not for the conscious organism, then for the survival of the organism in the course of its evolution.

No doubt, if the biologist regards his Alsatian as no more than a complex form of Hammond's "Dirigible Dog", — an automatic machine that chases you round the room if you flash light on its selenium eyes, — then the need for inquiring into the dog's purpose disappears, though it will still be necessary to inquire into the "survival value" of its various qualities. Our point, —

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which only the thoroughgoing apsychic behaviorist will seek to rebut, — is simply that the biologist must ask what significance, *or value*, all the various structures and functions have in the life of the organism. But with this exception, — which is not really an exception, — the aim of science is *descriptive*.

Just as the biologist, as we understand him, feels it necessary to ask a kind of question which never troubles the chemist or physicist as such, so the reflective man is usually self-coerced to pass beyond science and to inquire into the meaning of it all in a wider sense. Is there no meaning in this age long groaning and travailing of creation? Is it not possible to give any interpretation of the emergence of man? Can we not think of it whole? Seeing life whole, — which is what philosophy tries to do, — how are we to think of the beauty of nature, both animate and inanimate, the advancement of life through hundreds of millions of years, with blind alleys and retrogressions and circlings, and yet with something like "an onward advancing melody", as Lotze said? Man himself demands interpretation, — crowned with glory and honor, yet solidary with the animals; minister and interpreter of nature, yet a reed shaken with the wind; sending tendrils to the stars, annihilating distance, making the electromagnetic waves his servants, knocking pieces out of an atom, winnowing bread out of the thin air, conquering disease and controlling life, yet with it all, filled full of divine discontent.

Man demands interpretation for himself and for nature, and for his science too, and it is the august office of philosophy and of religion to seek to satisfy that demand. What we desire is not to eke out descriptions which science still leaves imperfect, but to reach toward an *interpretation*, which may take the form of a philosophic synthesis or of a religious vision. It comes to this, that the aim of science is to give empirical descriptions and formulations in terms of the least common denominators available, such as electrons and protons, metabolism and mind, while it is the aim of religious philosophy to discover a transcendental interpretation in terms of the Greatest Common Measure, which philosophers call the Absolute, and the religious call God. Since the aims and methods of science and religion are so different, we hold to the position that they can not be radically antithetic.

In old days, when science was young, men used transcendental concepts in describing the changes that occur in nature, even in their own bodies. God made this and God did that; there were

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gods many and lords many of air and sky, earth and sea; there were animal spirits and vital spirits; even the processes of digestion and the like were in the hands of Archaeus. This was contrary to the mood and method of science, — the mood of independent inquiry, brooking no authority, the method of observation and experiment, of formulating in terms of what is measurable and verifiable. In the poet's familiar line: "I ask not proud Philosophy to tell me what thou art," there sounds the scientific challenge: "I shall find out for myself."

Similarly, there is a true ring in the often misunderstood story concerning Napoleon and the astronomer Laplace, — the author of the nebular hypothesis. The Emperor asked what room there was for God in the astronomer's great system of *Celestial Mechanics*. "Sire," came the answer, "I have no need for that hypothesis." This was, of course, no flippancy (as if one could be flippant with the Little Corporal!) and it was no profession of atheism. What Laplace meant was that if a dynamic account of the origin of the solar system is aimed at, then for this attempt transcendental ideas are out of place. To bring them in is like speaking two languages at once. We must render unto science the descriptive tasks that are science's, and to religion the illuminating, interpretative visions that are religion's. At another time and in another mood it was open to Laplace to show how the heavens declare the glory of God.

When the astronomer says that as a student of science he asks only for "matter and motion" in giving an account, let us say, of the origin of our solar system, he is perhaps taking the scientific problem just a little too easily. For, as student of science, — if not as astronomer, — he has to account for more than the sun, the earth, and the other planets. He has to find in the initial nebula the promise and potency of living creatures and of man, — of science and of philosophy, too. Therefore, we take it, the "material" with which the astronomer starts in describing the genesis of the solar system must include factors that can not be summed up in terms of "matter and motion", as we know them at present. For by no joukery-pawkery can we evoke mind out of that which has no mental aspect. As Aristotle said, there can be nothing in the end which was not also present in kind in the beginning.

The scientific recoil from religious interpretation is readily intelligible when we remember the history of science. For it has

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continually happened since the scientific renaissance, that those impatient with the slowness or imperfection of scientific description have tried to insinuate transcendental factors. Thus Alfred Russel Wallace, the magnanimous colleague of Charles Darwin, maintained that so much of man's being could be described by the biological evolutionist, but for the rest it was necessary to postulate "spiritual influxes", to help the evolving hominid over difficult stiles, such as his musical and mathematical gifts suggest. But the mingling of scientific and transcendental concepts, like natural selection and "spiritual influxes", always means confusion of thought; and so does the failure to keep description separate from interpretation.

Therefore, when the modern man of science tells us that our clinging to religious interpretation is a prescientific anachronism, we sympathize with his jealousy. At the same time we utterly deny the charge, since we are not in any way seeking to eke out scientific descriptions; we are trying to interpret them, even the most complete. In short, a coherent naturalistic description of the various orders of facts is the scientific ideal, and it can not allow the intrusion of transcendental factors. All the more should it refrain from intruding on endeavors which are incommensurable with its own. Naturalistic description does not exclude religious interpretation.

Science is a body of knowledge gained by pursuing certain methods of observation and experiment. It formulates in terms of the measurable, registrable, and verifiable. It gathers in all that can be caught by using a certain kind of net. But few of its devotees imagine that it is anything but partial. It is reliable so far as it goes, and it often approximates to reality, since we use it as a basis for predictions of certain kinds that come true, like the return of a comet. But it is an abstract kind of knowledge, pursued for particular purposes, and it deliberately adjusts the mesh of its net so that it catches only certain kinds of fish. We yield to none in our admiration for science, but we can not regard it as the only right of way to reality. It yields accurate descriptions and empirical formulae, but we can not regard these as more than a contribution to truth.

What other knowledge is there? The answer to this question is crucial, for if there is no other kind of knowledge save that which science yields, then there is no room for religion, beyond a glow of admiration or a thrill of wonder. But our common sense

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conviction is that we do not know our countryside unless we appreciate its beauty, nor know our friend unless we hold him in affection. We are old-fashioned enough to believe in the rôle of feeling in our knowledge of nature. And there is another kind of knowledge that comes from *doing*, from practical contact with the material studied. The practical man feels this when he protests, rightly enough, against the doctrinaire reformer or politician. *Vivendo discimus*. Truth is an august word, not to be often used, and it means getting near reality; and our thesis is that while science is one of the pathways, it is not the only one. There is the pathway of feeling and the pathway of action. We venture to think that there is at least one other pathway towards truth, and that is by the strait and narrow gate of religion. Who has any right to seek to close this door?

Historically regarded, the various forms of religious activity have always arisen when man strained at the limits of his practical, emotional, or intellectual tether and raised his hands in appeal to powers beyond sense and science. The early expressions were often crude, for man was crude; but the particular expressions are unimportant except for the student of religions. What concerns us is simply the broad fact of this age long appeal to an unseen and, indeed, spiritual world, — a way of looking at visible and ponderable things that seeks to make sense of them and to illumine them so that life becomes deeper and more endurable. Man hitches his wagon to a star.

Nowadays, of course, religion must be very different from what it was a few centuries ago. Our thesis is that, in essence, it remains reasonable and even more necessary than poetry or music! Religion, we say, must be very different, because science has given man so great a mastery over fate, because science has dissolved so many minor wonders that thrilled our forefathers through and through, and has got so far with its empirical descriptions that the intellectual sky seems to many a short-sighted gaze almost unclouded!

The difficulties of the practical pathway drove our forefathers to prayer; but they drive us to face the facts more resolutely, and, in the end, when we have done our best, to submit to the Will believed to be behind a system that we have good reason to regard with admiration and gratitude. It is true that ethical difficulties remain great for those who are morally ambitious, but even here the modern tendency is to try to work out our own salvation.

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But the third pathway to religion is in modern times perhaps the most compelling, namely the pathway of feeling. Before the beauty that crowds the world, and all the wonders of immensity and order, power, and progress, — which become ever greater as knowledge grows, — we are led to a reverence and admiration which rises into religious worship. To many a one has come the supreme reward which used to be called the vision of God. What is there in science that should close our eyes to this? On the contrary, the more translucent the world becomes in the course of scientific analysis, the more it seems transfigurable in the light of religion. It is possible to be both scientific and religious, for there can be no radical conflict between empirical description in terms of lowest common denominators and transcendental interpretation in terms of the Greatest Common Measure.

It may be said, however, that we are proving too much, since the hoary controversy between science and religion continues still. But the reason for this is always *trespass*. On the one hand, ambitious students of science, — often undisciplined in methodology and metaphysics, — are apt to intrude into the religious domain of interpretation, or are apt to state their scientific conclusions in terms which insidiously include bad philosophy. If science declares that man is an automatic machine, it can not expect the religiously minded to take the insult lying down. Similarly, if religious interpretation intrudes into the scientific field of description and insists for instance, that man was created by the Trinity on midsummer day 4004 B.C. at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, it can not expect the scientifically-minded to regard this as other than an impertinence.

But might we not agree not to trespass. It must not be supposed that we are here suggesting idea-tight compartments in the mind,— science on week-days and religion on Sunday. On the contrary, our plea is that each be allowed free course. Science and religion may continue to clash as regards particular conclusions and convictions, and this must lead to philosophical adjustment; for, to take single instances, the religious mood must decline to accept the statement that man is an episodic emergence in a long chapter of accidents, and the scientific mood must ask for a reconsideration of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body in its usual crude theological presentment. But according to the degree that we are loyal to both disciplines we shall draw nearer to the truth, which makes us free.

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WHAT IS YOUTH?

CLEMENCE DANE

Forum Table Talk

"How old are you, nurse?"
"As old as I look."
"No, but truly, not joking, how old *are* you?"
"As old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth."

WE are constantly told nowadays (by the young!) that Youth has come into its own at last and that it is not going to put up with the nonsense of its elders any longer. To be forty is a folly. To be seventy is a crime. Gibes are already the portion of every unfortunate who has passed his fortieth birthday, — and now the thirties are coming to be suspect! Indeed, so clamorous has the uproar grown against the monstrous regiment of eld, that I should not be surprized if Parliament is soon asked by the youngest of the parties to pass a measure depriving all persons over twenty-five of the vote.

And yet is there anything quite so conventional, so old-fashioned and conservative as Youth? Its audacities, its rebellions, its anarchisms and atheisms are all strictly according to pattern, as any one who dabbles in the chronicles of preceding epochs is bound to discover. Only Youth does not discover this quaint fact about itself, because youth so vehemently despises anything that is more than ten years old that it refuses to study its parents' past. And so it has not yet dawned upon Youth that in abusing Age it is faithfully following the fashion of its fathers. Anthony Trollope, I remember, in that accurate picture of Victorian country life, *Dr. Thorne*, describes the agonies of a poor old squire who looks back sadly on life and is only concerned that his twenty year old son should not complete the ruin of the family fortunes by marrying a charming pauper, and so bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. It is with a sense of shock that we realize that the pathetic patriarch is barely forty. And Jane Austen (who died at thirty-five) shows the same magnificent incomprehension of where youth ends and age begins, by making her most exquisite heroine, Anne Elliot, mourn for her lost youth at the age of, — twenty-seven! Just so, eighty years later, Meredith makes his Letty Dale assure the hero that she is past everything but

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enjoyment of the creature comforts: the roses on her cheeks are turned to "two damp dead leaves"; she is "a sickly woman, all illusions banished." Letty Dale, if I remember, was at the moment of speaking twenty-nine!

Modern youth, then, in its horrified disapproval of anything over twenty-five, is not quite so original as it thinks, though it is perhaps less successful in rebellion than were its elders and grandelders in their youth. For though modern Youth proposes to sweep aside its elders as ruthlessly as young Kronos cuckooed old Uranus out of heaven, as ruthlessly as young Zeus in turn ejected Kronos, it has not done much since the War to prove how triumphantly ignorance can overrule experience if only it be given the chance. It has not yet produced a Pitt, a Sheridan, a Clive, a Keats, a Shelley, a Jane Austen, a Kipling. Yet Age may well remind Youth that it was while Age was still top-dog that Pitt became Prime Minister at twenty-four and Wolfe fought (as adjutant) in the battle of Dettingen at sixteen.

Keats at twenty-three had written *Endymion*, — had written himself into immortality and died, by the time he was twenty-five. Shelley's record resembles his, though he did not die till he was thirty. Sheridan had done with the drama at twenty-eight. Jane Austen was writing *Pride and Prejudice* at twenty-one; and if you will come to the very last decade where Age ruled undisputed, Kipling burst upon the world at twenty-one. A pretty fair record this for a Methuselah-burdened century and a half, for a period which, if we are to believe our younger moderns, groaned like Sinbad under the stranglehold of its Old Man of the Sea. What list can our post-war Youth produce to rival it? Or, if you say that it is unfair to demand more than one prodigy in eight short years, can one be produced? Where is the Pitt of twenty-four or the Jane Austen of twenty-one? There is Noel Coward, certainly, — but, — anybody else?

The truth is, of course, that we all grow old much later nowadays. It is as if Middle-age and Eld had indeed vanished altogether. There is no longer an age for caps, an age for turkey slippers and arm-chair. Youth refuses to grow old. It is indeed the age of Youth to-day, but it is not the age of adolescence; it is the age of young and still growing minds in bodies that have been forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty years in the world. "Let the body do what it pleases," vows Youth at sixty-five. "You shall not alter my spirit. I've enjoyed every minute of my life: yes,

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even my griefs I wouldn't forego. And why have I enjoyed it? Because my soul refuses to grow old. I've fed experience to my soul as you feed fuel to an engine, and the engine, my body, is beginning to wear out. But my soul, bless your innocence, the fire in the engine, is as young as the soul in you, — and younger. For, to tell you a secret, child, it is the young who are really elderly. The very young are merely running through the ancient history of the race in their several bodies; they haven't begun to live as individuals. I tell you, you won't know what it feels like to enjoy youth until you are at least forty-five. You wait, you elderly babies, until you have grown old enough to feel young, before you criticize us!"

I don't wonder that Youth feels annoyed. What are you to do with people who say to you, "I'm as old as I feel!" and refuse to take a back seat? And yet, anxious, rebellious, self-conscious adolescence, the saplings still struggling up through the tall grass, ought to be grateful to the green oaks. For these veterans are preserving the joy of life for the generation that is to succeed them. This readjustment of ideas upon the subject of youth is going to save the future. For if you join to the violent vitality of youth, the experience that nothing but length of days can give, you will have a creature nearer, I dare say, to man as God planned him than anything the world has yet seen. The handicap of the young soul who has been sixty years in the world is, of course, its old body; but even with this disability the young-old are preparing to cope. And they are coping with it by imperceptively persuading the world to see old age with new eyes; they are persuading it to see that while a young soul in a young body is a most lovely thing, a young soul in an old body that has been properly used in its youth is also a lovely thing.

I once talked with a lady who in her day had been one of London's great beauties and most famous women. She was more than seventy when I knew her and during our talk she took me to see a portrait of herself as a girl of seventeen. It was the strangest thing to look at the two faces and to see the astonishing likeness between them. But they did not look like mother and daughter: they were unmistakably the same spirit imprisoned, — like Ariel in the tree, — the one in new, the other in worn flesh. The painted girl of seventeen, so eager, so alive, was Youth looking forward; the woman of seventy, so eager, so alive, was Youth looking back; but I know which I thought the more beautiful.

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CAN CIVILIZED MAN KEEP SAVAGE VIRTUES?

HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN

THE Paya Indians in their home range along the Plantain River in Honduras are admitted savages while the thronging inhabitants of New York, London, and Paris call themselves civilized. Yet there is a stronger distillate of bad manners, selfish purposes, and low intelligence on Broadway or in the Strand than in Oriole Village, — not to mention bodily imperfections.

Civilization, at best, is a state of physical living infinitely to be preferred over savagery. It is vastly richer in opportunities for enjoyment and production. But at worst, civilization has less to offer than savagery and the human effluvium which it brings into being, as the waste product of its scums and dregs, is bitter and poisonous to the last degree. If civilized man wishes to continue life under admirable conditions, he must find the means of retaining savage virtues, of checking the ever more rapid deteriorations of the human mind and body, and of conserving the precious instincts of loyalty to his fellow man.

To bring some of these essential facts home to thoughtful persons is the confessed purpose of this article. Perhaps this purpose can be accomplished by picturing in a few brief paragraphs the actual life of a simple people and then turning, with the sense of contrast, to our present and future problems. Anthropologists have developed methods of judging the primitive mind by widely different kinds of evidence but here there is no space to dilate on such matters. Other persons, unacquainted with origins and developments in human culture, hardly realize that native mentality, or potentiality, is but slightly concerned in the mechanical success of this or that type of social structure. Civilized men in a very small fraction of the course of human development have accumulated a mechanical advantage rather than an absolute superiority over uncivilized ones.

Brutality is hardly a proper character of savages or even of brutes. This is an idea surviving from the Christian bestiaries of the Middle Ages which pictured human depravities by gratuitous reflection on the lower orders. Real people of the wilds are timid and retiring creatures, for all their sturdiness of bone and muscle.

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They seem to support and comfort each other in the sharp struggle for existence. In the communion of nature they regard themselves as younger brothers of all the birds and beasts and suppliants to all the imagined sources of power and excellence in an unplotted universe. The divining eye sees in their simple expressions of art a wistful quest of beauty.

Coming out of the strange north I was accepted by the Paya Indians as a comprehensible human phenomenon, although wofully ignorant of the first arts of life. The green and white roadway of a tumbling river led me into an Arcady that was of the fish-spear rather than the shepherd's crook. The shadows of the mystery-holding forest closed in on either side of this bright road, and above it stood great silent peaks where only gods could be expected to dwell. Here men seemed so small and weak, working their *pitpans* up the rapids, yet men are compelling enough in the world's largest cities and are doubtless satisfied as to the validity of their success.

How Wild Men Live

I had arranged for two large river boats, hollowed out of mahogany logs, and a crew of seven men. Then in the early morning, when we were about ready to leave the cleanly swept village on the Plantain River with its little cluster of palm thatched huts, I noticed a sturdy woman with a going away dot of greasy soot on each cheek. On her back, in a cloth sling, she carried a year and a half old baby. She was the wife of one of my boatmen and the common choice of the Indians to cook meals and dry the day's catch of fish and game. I let her join the expedition with some misgivings but soon was glad of her presence which gave me the opportunity to observe the native life in its unadorned entirety.

We spent long days on the river, poling steadily except for brief pauses on the brinks of rapids where mountain mullet were feeding on the river grass. We passed the nights on gravel bars, erecting for each camp a quick shelter of great leaves as well as a drying frame under which a smoldering fire was spread. The evening meal was a plentiful supply of fish or meat and boiled green bananas piled on a table-cloth of leaves. Each Indian had his own gourd cup for the native banana gruel and other liquid food. They squatted in a circle and ate silently and without greed. Stretched out on the leveled gravel, they talked well into

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the night about the adventures of the day. The things that seemed to matter most of all in their manner of life were fairness, good humor, and unshirking effort.

Always their senses were keenly awake and their appreciation of the changing aspects of nature remarkably accurate. The older men could tell time by either the sun or the stars, generally within fifteen minutes. No matter how eagerly they were talking, they became magically silent at the distant notes of a bird or perhaps the faintly clashing tusks of a drove of peccaries. Their roving eyes caught glimpses of iguanas in distant tree tops and of turtles sleeping on the river bed. The swift and tortuous stream called for quick judgments and skilful action. When we reached the objective point of our journey, they showed an uncanny memory of the landmarks and their flashing bush knives cleared the way in a few skilful strokes. After the loads had been trussed with strips of pliable bark, tump lines and shoulder straps were arranged with assured skill. This consummate bush craft is little enough to praise, perhaps, but along with sound bodies and quick minds it makes a good foundation for higher things.

There were examples of unexpected resourcefulness. We had the problem of carrying several heavy specimens of worked stone some eight miles through the forest. These were lashed to poles, and much of the journey lay down the valley of a growing stream. Near the end of the hard day we came to a deep pool in the creek, with precipitous walls on either side. I proposed that we try to drag the stones through the deep water with ropes, knowing that the stiff climb around would exhaust our energies. "We will walk like the tapir," they said and tramped steadily into the pool and across, with water three or four feet over their heads. Their heavy load gave them footing. Not quite daring to follow this example, I preferred to climb to the rocky wall. My watch I passed to an Indian with instructions to keep it dry. He wrapped the timepiece in a leaf and, putting the little package in his mouth, dived to the other side. The woman had followed us into the forest with her baby on her back and had chosen to take home a large grinding stone that weighed at least seventy-five pounds. She carried it on her back, with the child slung round in front, the eight miles out to the river. Only at the deep pool did the men help her with the voluntary load.

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Human beings are self-domesticated animals and they share in the perils which domestication brings to other organisms. The life of civilized man is highly artificial and the very economic and mechanical protections under which he seems to flourish nevertheless permit the unperceived survival of weakening factors in his physical make-up. Only through the partial discontinuance of natural selection is rapid increase in human population at all likely. Such increase follows an assured food supply, especially from an agricultural source, and generally precedes the cooperations on a large scale which constitute civilization. Sedentary human beings may retain for a long time their nomadic inheritance of sturdy virtues and may even seem to improve upon them as a result of overstimulations.

Man's Self-Domestication

In the long run, however, there is little doubt that civilization permits the survival of the structurally unfit, and it may even go so far as to bring about the elimination of structurally fit persons by putting upon them such burdens as those of war. It is true that civilized communities may purchase a relative immunity to a few diseases of dense populations and in this way gain some advantage over primitive tribes. But the general requirements for muscles and vital organs and even for mental coordinations are obviously lessened with the rise of material culture. In other words the average savage belongs to a more rigorously tested seed stock than does his cultured brother, even when he falls before some diseases which the latter is able to withstand.

These facts come out clearly enough when the skeletal remains of a sedentary people like the ancient inhabitants of Pecos Pueblo in New Mexico are compared with a nomadic tribe like the Sioux. In the first case, according to Dr. E. A. Hooton, the bones are fragile and frequently defective, while in the latter case they are larger and heavier in proportion and the stature averages greater.

It is possible, I believe, to draw significant conclusions from the record of domesticated animals and plants which can be referred back to the problem of man. It is obvious that domestication by human beings plays havoc with both plants and animals as regards vigor that is measured by power to survive the ordeal of being retransplanted into the wilds. The organisms which willy-nilly submit to the tender tutelage of man improve mainly from the human standpoint, as articles of food, as creatures of

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sport and objects of esthetic enjoyment. They gain in certain luxuriant characters but lose in the matter of rough and tumble resistance. The rose doubles and trebles its petals mostly at the expense of its stamens. Many domesticated plants lose the power to produce fertile seeds while becoming more adept at unsexual means of propagation. Others, like the banana and the navel orange, lose even the vain heritage of sterile seeds, yet under administering care they appear to prosper if great plantations are any criteria. Wheat and oats volunteer for a second crop in thinning numbers, but maize, — the most widely adjusted agricultural plant, — would become extinct almost immediately were it not for the benevolent interference of human beings.

As regards animals the change is not so far-reaching. In spite of heightened intelligence for companionship with man, many dogs would fare badly enough if left to gain their own livelihood in the bush or on the open plain. Whether or not there is an actual loss of fecundity in domesticated birds and mammals similar to that among plants is a moot point. But it is not improbable that mankind possesses a tendency towards sterility which makes itself felt in epochs of high nervous excitation.

Evidences of Decadence

Looking back over the record of the world's great civilizations, one is struck by the fact that brilliant periods are of short duration and are followed by a condition that looks decidedly like degeneration. Whether this apparent deterioration is of cultural or racial character is not easy to determine. Perhaps it is both. Of course, customs may change without physical decay, even though to members of an old school there seems to be a decided falling off on all counts. Amos and other prophets deplored the social degeneracy of the Jews in the eighth century before Christ; yet tribes of this people have survived in fair mental, if not fair physical, state. Moreover, while it is pretty generally admitted that man has not advanced as a mind-and-body machine since the late Paleolithic Age, yet it is not at all clear that there have been depressions among social groups from which recovery was impossible. Even at Pecos Pueblo, — referred to above as showing physical deteriorations under easy life, — some individuals were sturdy enough.

Nevertheless, at the times of great cultural advance there is some evidence of two kinds of degeneration. Nervous excitation

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at such epochs proceeds by acceleration over several generations and may take two courses in different types of persons or in one person at different periods of life. One course leads to asceticism, celibacy, and other rigorous restraints through what has been called the sublimation of sex, while the other leads to profligacy and the fevered demand for thrill.

The intensely nervous pace at which a large part of human society is driving forward to-day is almost surely resulting in the elimination of the noble strains of ability. Giles reports that in England sterile marriages amount to about ten per cent in the laboring classes and sixteen per cent in the so called leisure classes, which include the brain workers. Reynolds and Macomber declare that nervous overstrain leads to "seriously reduced fertility as one of its first effects". These statements should be considered in connection with the marked reduction of the size of the family among persons of intellectual pursuits as compared with other classes and the increase in proportion of the unmarried, before a true picture can be obtained of the factors now operating against nervous specialization in man. Generally an economic explanation is given of this phenomenon. It is true that we have in modern society very little enforced celibacy in important religious offices, such as in the past has cut off some of the most promising human lines from succession. But we have numerous instances of men and women married to their art or profession and leaving only a progeny of brain children.

The chief remedy that has been suggested against degeneration is that involved in eugenics. In so far as eugenics is a cult and not a scientific conviction, it lies in the fairway of attack. Some of its devotees have possibly gone too far, especially those who advocate the positive breeding of human beings to secure specializations in mind and body. One recalls the story, which may be apocryphal, of the fair lady who suggested to Bernard Shaw that their eugenic offspring would be an ideal composite of wisdom and beauty. The sage is said to have replied, "I am afraid, madam, that our child would inherit my beauty and your intelligence." Presumably the eugenists have a way of deciding so deadly a dilemma.

Yet it is true that there are no certain means of measuring what is heritable and what is not in matter of intelligence; nor are there means of knowing what proportion of success in intellectual pursuits is due to absolute ability and what to the variable com-

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plex of opportunity and special stimulation. Many a self-made man is not able to make his children hear the same call to arms which brought about his own success.

So called intelligence tests give results of some value concerning the possibilities of individuals who are subject to the same environmental conditions, but it may be questioned whether they are a true measure of future success. Already the question has come up, in relation to school children, whether the indices secured by these tests really measure intelligence so much as certain tricks of memory and attention which collectively have been nicknamed "schoolaptitude". Manifestly it would be as unfair to measure the inherent mentality of a Paya boy by asking him scholastic questions as it would be to classify a Boston boy by his alertness and skill in using a fish-spear. The latter might know the principle behind a refracted image without being able to apply it to a fish in the braided water of a mountain riffle. The Indian boy would know surely enough that the fish was not to be caught where he seemed to be. After all, most of the world's jobs are done through working knowledge, and how often the child of only medium ability in school turns out later to have an inventive mind or to be a natural leader of men!

But a still more serious objection to the basic hypothesis of some eugenists, which would call special breeding into play to enhance abilities, is that the great need in the case of human beings seems to be to maintain physical generalization rather than to secure specialization. The biological rise of man was directly dependent upon the fact that by a remarkable series of physical adaptations, first to life in trees and second to life on the ground, he eventually secured the most perfectly generalized body among all the animals of the earth. Having acquired this generalized body with great freedom of the hands and an erect posture, he was in a position to secure the effect of numerous specializations through the use of tools. Without being remarkably speedy, he outran the deer by the device of an arrow, and without being strong, felled the ox with his bludgeon.

If *Homo sapiens* is specialized at all, it is in his nervous equipment, but even here there is little evidence of racial specialization. The esthetic products of one tribe, nation, or race are generally satisfactory to another, and in spite of the vast amount of illogic that circulates everywhere, — among civilized men no less than among barbarians, — there is a general survival of truthful

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perception. This is shown in the analyses of the objective and subjective world which exist in languages: all peoples find words for about the same facts, and this means that they perceive about the same facts through their sensory organs. Indeed, man has not advanced in mental mechanics since the Ice Age, if we may judge by average skull capacity and conformation and by general skeletal excellence. Some human groups have greatly advanced in the matter of culture, or social inheritance, but perhaps not in intrinsic mentality.

At least it is true that the safest guarantee of the future stability of the human species is to be found in the marriage of men and women with sound minds in sound bodies, who at the same time are not markedly different in race. A negative type of eugenics to prevent by law the breeding of persons having major defects of a congenital and therefore heritable type, — such as certain forms of insanity, — and persons having pronounced criminal records, is slowly but surely coming into practice. After all, society has a right to require certain safeguards in such matters, if it has the right to send its best men out on the battlefield by conscription in time of war, leaving the worse ones behind in positions of safety to themselves and of danger to the future of humanity.

These are real enough problems, since experience shows that certain deviations from the normal man are controlled by Mendel's law of inheritance. Farabee found that a woman with two bones instead of three in each of the fingers and toes produced, up to the fifth generation, thirty-three normal descendants and thirty-nine abnormal ones in spite of the fact that there was no inbreeding. This defect is not a life and death difference, but it is a defect and it illustrates a principle. The "life histories" of several types of criminals and of several types of insane persons show defective strains which would make life and death differences in primitive society; and yet civilized society only aims to cut such tainted blood out from the streams of inheritance and does not plan vengeance upon unhappy creatures.

The prospect of a general civilization affecting the whole population of the earth makes the retaining of constitutional vitality in mankind a more serious problem for the future than it ever has been in the past. Whereas in the past there have been rude, crude, and sturdy savages ready to rush forth from untrammeled parts of the world to overwhelm decadent empires,

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this condition will no longer obtain when the entire world is remolded to a truly cosmopolitan culture. War may exist, but it will bring no vitalizing succession. Perhaps all mankind will rise and fall together, and when listless hands drop the standard of progress there will be no reserves to carry it forward. It is, therefore, imperative that the cosmopolitan type of civilization shall be able to discriminate between the extremes of fit and unfit and have a factor of safety greater than that which exists to-day.

Clarence Darrow, in a recent stinging comment on eugenics, condemns the whole movement as a cult, asking pertinently, — or is it impertinently? — whether the Berkshire hog is better than the razorback, that is from the hog's point of view. He answers his own question in the negative and insists that contented cows are degenerate creatures and that race-horses could not exist away from the paddock. But neither, for that matter, could the sturdiest lion survive long on Broadway, even if he managed to clear the street.

Mr. Darrow is not fair. Perhaps he means to imply that the worst human beings are good enough for the future world, and the best none too good upon expert analysis. Such introverted philosophy becomes a lawyer of an emotional type of mind who must justify the fact that his eloquence turns numerous criminals loose on society. Criminals are not, however, wild creatures comparable to savages, and, indeed, under a savage code of morality would be given short shrift.

Social Solidarity

A leading injustice to savage man touches morality, especially sexual morality, for missionaries have long been in the habit of broadcasting dark accounts of this to strait-laced audiences. The crimes of Clapham may be chaste in Martaban, or vice versa. It is an ethnological fact that sex regulations of a kind are never absent from primitive society and that punishments for lapses in the code are frequently more rigorous than among ourselves. To be sure, the ethical code of primitive man does not coincide with ours: for one thing, lying and stealing are regarded as actually, rather than technically, disgraceful.

This brings us to the last and most important point concerning the maintenance of savage virtues, namely the maintenance of social solidarity through the device of the Oversoul. Tribes and nations have advanced through group thinking; but we are now

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in an age when the individual claims a right to think for himself without any feeling of loyalty to his fellow man. Of course if every one conducted himself in this fashion, the world would be reduced to chaos and the question is, how far can a few individuals be permitted to prey on such solidarity as still exists in society for their own selfish advantage? Most men have sufficiently gregarious instincts not to want to live or to think alone, and even the iconoclasts are busy satisfying the natural desire to make others think their way, however much they may pretend to despise group thinking.

To-day there are many cults and there is a counter cult of cult-killers whose undermining creed finds the light in numerous journals of irritation and dissent. Personally, I think the members of this unsocial group secretly worship a brass calf symbolic of the individual at a blatant stage of his individualism, but that is neither here nor there. The thing that concerns us is that when these destructive commentators find no clay-footed idols in the shrines of the pseudointellectuals, they turn their stinging attention to the foibles of normal thinking, or what they call the sins of nationalism.

Nations do have foibles and even sins in group thinking; but it seems to me that these should be corrected by proper leadership, by making knowledge and reason universal in matters of ethics and communication, — and not by dissolving in strong acid the bonds of mutual obligation that hold men together. Society is able to control the purity of the food that goes into its body, but is denied the right to control the purity of the food that goes into its mind. There is no need to restrict the expression of legitimate opinion, and there is no subject which can not be discussed with decorum in the press.

One hears the constant defense of a decadent stage made on the plea of art and beauty; one hears the constant excuse of decadent journalism made on the plea of the freedom of speech. As regards the first, by far the most dangerous forms of degeneracy are those which are expressed in artistic fashion; among the greatest enemies of mankind must be mentioned men of genius who have cursed the world with pathological art. Surely in these cases the evils of men live after them. But whatever might be said on the grounds of sincerity for creative minds that have gone rotten can not be argued for publishers who deliberately prostitute the public by appealing to this and that prejudice and inferiority

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complex. The education which makes a nation sound and great is but slightly a product of schools, for it is environment that molds character. With destructive arts tingling every nerve end, no people can prevent themselves from becoming neurotic; and with a poisoned stream of information flowing into the public mind, no republic can hope to survive with just and equal government. Nor is it necessary to conclude from the outstanding failure of prohibition to control the minor evil of drink that society has not the right, and can not find the discretion, to protect itself from the more deadly mutations of prostitution in high places and low. Savage virtue could cut to the heart of this dilemma with sharp precision.

From a sketch by Herbert Joseph Spinden

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BLACK BISCUITS

PANTELEIMON ROMANOFF

Pencil Drawings by Muriel Hannah

WHEN the train was still thirty versts from Moscow, Katherine found it impossible to sit still in the carriage. It seemed to her that she would never get there, and her heart beat faster and faster with every verst.

Yesterday she had found out that Andrei, who had been away for five years working in a factory, had gone off with another woman.

He had never written to tell Katherine about it, and his relations with her remained unchanged. Every holiday he sent her money and sometimes he enclosed a letter. She knew that he was now the president of something or other and was living in fine style. Oh, it was nothing to him to send her a hundred rubles, seeing that he kept back four or five hundred to spend on the

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other woman. Those hundred rubles, which had seemed such a large sum of money, suddenly became paltry and offensive.

What was she to do when she got to Moscow? Rush in, catch him in the act, and make a scene? Let people know what a rogue and a rascal he was? Break the windows? Yes, break them in revenge with her bare, bleeding hands and drag round the slut he lived with by the hair!

The devil take him for what he had done! And all for a red ribbon! Was it so long, then, since they had lived happily together, since they used to go haymaking of an evening in the ravine near the river?

Across on the opposite bank the sun would go down behind the damp pastures, the corn-crakes would begin to call, and indistinct sounds would come up through the night air from the village. Katherine would stand in the cart and he would pick up the damp, fragrant swathes with his pitchfork and throw them up to her. She could see him quite clearly, his shirt collar unbuttoned and the hair on the crown of his head scorched dry by exposure to the sun. Then he would take the bridle and lead the horse toward home, while she lay on the hay in the cart and chewed a blade of grass, knowing that after supper, tired with the day's work, but lively and cheerful, they would cross the yard barefooted to the barn and sleep on this same cart-load of fresh hay. The Summer clouds, coming up silently, would bring a thunderstorm perhaps, the lightning would flash through the cracks in the door; and afterward in the freshened air the smell of the hay and of her calico *saraphan* would be stronger. But now there was another in her place, and she was desperate.

Coming out of the station, she felt as if she were drowned in the crowd, lost in the great city. She had wanted to fly at him at once, like a whirlwind, to pour out her feelings on him, and instead she had to set off walking, asking her way to the street where he lived.

Some one pointed out the tram to her, but when she took her ticket she forgot to ask where to get out, and sat still till they reached some place at the outskirts of the town. She had to return and walk again and try to find the number of his house. If people told her to go straight ahead, she would walk on, ashamed to inquire again, and finally, when she did ask,— behold, she had passed the place and had to turn back! She walked hurriedly, afraid that while she wasted time in the

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streets he might go out somewhere, and she would miss him.

At last she found the house, a place with great doors and panes of reflecting glass. But the doors of the flats were locked and she had to ring or knock. Where was she to ring? How could she guess which of these doors led to him?

"What are you poking about here for, auntie?" asked a man, wearing an apron and carrying a chisel.

Katherine told him.

"He's not here. He doesn't live here."

"What do you mean, doesn't live here? Good heavens, what am I to do now?"

She had nothing but a one-ruble note tied in a corner of her handkerchief. That would not be enough to take her back home.

But just then an old woman with a pail and mop came out of a door under the stairs. Seeing what was happening, she explained that Andrei had moved into the suburbs. To get there, Katherine must take the tram again.

She was so glad to be on his trail that she almost ran out of the house. She was too overjoyed to ask any more questions and so, when she came to the suburb, she found she knew the name of the street but not the number of the cottage.

Evening was drawing in; the clouds were coming up, and she was running from end to end of the street, asking for him without finding him. In her hand she carried a packet of black biscuits. Why she had brought them she could not remember. She had come out to quarrel with her husband, but by force of habit she had brought a present, — black rye biscuits, *uraga*-baked.

She had only eleven copecks now. Night was coming on, the wind rising, and she had not found him. Bewildered, with perspiring face, she rushed up the grass-grown suburban street, between the sparse lines of tall pine trees, desperately clasping her hands, from one of which dangled the packet of biscuits. And when she had reached the last stage of terror and despair, she turned into a side alley and saw through a garden gate the dear, well known head with the dry hair on the crown. It was he, Andrei, bending down beside a flowerbed, his military coat unbuttoned, planting something in the soil.

Katherine could only scream: "Andrei, darling!"

She threw herself through the gate and, as the surprized Andrei rose from the flowerbed, clasped her arms round him and pressed her head against his breast, unable to restrain her tears.

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"Look here, where have you come from? Fallen from the sky, haven't you?" asked Andrei, pleased and astonished.

Katherine could not answer him; she could only say:

"What a scare I've had! . . . Thought I'd never find you. . . . Been hunting for you all day. . . . Couldn't find you. . . . Goodness, where have I been!"

And she started crying again.

"What's the matter with you, silly?"

Growing ashamed, she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and smiled guiltily. Then she remembered why she had come. But she had thrown herself on him as her savior and defender, she had cried on his breast for joy, and after that it was impossible to make a scene, to change in a moment from tears of joy to screams. When she had seen his well known head in the garden she had felt such happiness in her heart as she had never experienced before, not even when they went for the hay or slept together in the barn.

He did not act as she had expected. He was a husband tracked down by a deserted wife, — by a country woman in country clothing, — but his face did not show the slightest sign of irritation or hostility. He was calm and, as in former times, there came into his manner a slightly patronizing tenderness, especially when he said, "What's the matter with you, silly?"

"Let us go in. I will order the samovar."

He went on ahead down the path to the new cottage, painted with yellow paint and standing among the fresh-hewn stumps on the outskirts of the forest. On the way he stopped to shout to a passer-by:

"Ivan, we shall have to send for provisions to-morrow. I'll write you a note."

By his tone and the way the man listened and replied, "Very well," Katherine knew him for the same good, wise, dependable, managing Andrei, in some ways a little different from other folks, who managed and ordered in this strange, unknown place, as he had done at home. He did it so simply and calmly, as though nothing else could be expected of him.

She neared the house with a fluttering heart. He had told her nothing of the matter that filled her mind. Suppose he was taking her to the other woman! Of course, she would be dressed like a lady. Katherine involuntarily glanced at her best Sunday saraphan and felt a hot stream of blood rush to her cheeks for

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shame of her peasant clothes. When they entered the large room of the cottage, with its walls and partition of fresh pine, the first thing she noticed was two beds.

Her heart gave such a jump that her knees trembled and almost gave way and her throat dried up.

Everything in the room was strange and unlike the hut where they had lived together. Near the window, which was half-covered with newspaper, pinned down at the corners with drawing pins, were an inkwell, a pen, a pile of books, and some papers fastened to the wall by a long nail. Clean, urban towels hung near the wash-stand in the corner.

"Have you nothing to pray at?" asked Katherine, to break the silence.

"No, I haven't," Andrei answered simply.

With his back turned toward his wife, he washed his hands and then slowly dried them with a clean, white towel. Katherine, the packet of biscuits still in her hands, sat down uncomfortably on the nearest chair, which stood almost in the middle of the room, and her eyes wandered round greedily, seeking for a sign of the "other woman".

Suddenly she noticed an old straw bonnet on the top of a cupboard. She looked away quickly, lest Andrei should notice that she had seen it.

"Here we are. Now we'll have some tea," said Andrei, beginning to clear away the papers from the table.

Suddenly she felt that she did not know what to talk to him about. Yet the silence was growing more and more terrible, because they knew there was something between them of which neither he nor she had yet spoken. When they had lived at home she had talked of the same things every day: the cow, the children (there were three of them), and the bad weather. She strove with all her might to find something to say, but in vain. Then, with a feeling of gladness, she remembered the cow.

"Our Lizka calved the other day. A nice calf, — exactly like her."

"Exactly like her?" repeated Andrei, mechanically. As though thinking of something else, he went on slowly clearing the table, putting the newspapers on the shelf. And then, with a changed expression, he looked at his wife as though he had decided to say something important. The dreadful moment had come!

"Katherine," said Andrei, looking not at her but through

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the window, "I didn't write and tell you because there was no need for it. . . . I am not living alone now, but with a woman. She's a nice, honest girl. She'll come in from her work in the city presently. Don't offend her. I never hunted for women, but when she came we decided to live together. That's all."

Katherine stared at him unblinkingly and in silence, only her throat made spasmodic movements of swallowing. Now was the time to jump up, snatch the kerchief from her head, tear her hair, and scream with pain and grief. Now was the time to smash the windows.

But instead of that, and without knowing why, she asked quietly: "And what is to become of me now?"

"You'll go on living as you always have," said Andrei. "I shall send you money and come over and help at harvest times."

Katherine did not answer. Tears filled her eyes and suddenly ran down her eyelashes and dropped on her hand. But she did not dry her eyes. She merely wiped her hand on her sleeve.

"Now what's the matter? It'll come out all right," said Andrei and, looking out of the window, he added: "Here she comes. Her name is Katherine too, — Katya. Dry your eyes, — it doesn't look nice. I've told her about you."

Katherine dried her eyes quickly and obediently. She expected to see a big woman with plump, white elbows and large breasts, with a white face, fat with overeating on her four or five hundred rubles. She herself was dried up with nursing her children and harvesting in the fields. Her hands had grown sunburnt and horny. Her elbows, once white and round, were thin and pointed. Again a jealous, burning hatred rushed like a dark wave from her heart to her head.

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But meanwhile a thin slender girl, in a white blouse, short blue skirt, and worn yellow slippers, had entered the room. Her hair was cut short like a boy's and held back only by a curved horn comb. She carried a bundle of papers in her hand and stopped short with surprize when she saw Katherine.

"Good heavens," thought Katherine, "what can he see in her? She's as flat as a board both in front and behind!"

"Katya, we have a guest," said Andrei, seeing the girl stand questioning and undecided. "This is Katherine."

"I did not realize it at first," she said, and she smiled again, somewhat guiltily, but kindly none the less. Then she added, pulling herself together: "I'm sure you're hungry after your long journey."

"I told the landlady to put on the samovar," said Andrei.

"Oh, that's all right then. I've just come back from work," added Katya, turning to Katherine. As she passed, she glanced in the mirror, hanging on the wall near the towels, straightened her hair, and disappeared behind the partition.

Katherine still remained seated uncomfortably in the middle of the room on the same chair she had sat on when she entered. She did not know what to say or how to behave toward her husband while that, — other wife of his was there behind the partition. She only remarked, involuntarily:

"Kind little thing . . . so thin!"

"Well yes, she's a nice, friendly person," returned Andrei.

As though she had suddenly remembered them, Katherine hurriedly untied her parcel and took out the black biscuits.

"Here's a present, —"

But just as she spoke Katya came back, wearing an apron and with her hands black with coal. Katherine, without intending to do so, turned to her and said, as though ashamed of her biscuits:

"Here's a present for you, — from the country."

Katya blushed again and glanced furtively at Andrei.

"Take them," he said, seemingly busy with something in the corner. "Take them. Yes, she's a nice, —"

"Oh, but why? Really, you oughtn't to trouble." Then she added quickly: "I like them awfully. They're uraga-baked, aren't they?"

"Yes, uraga-baked, uraga-baked," said Katherine, hastily; and she was overjoyed that the girl knew what uraga was.

Later, they all three sat together drinking tea.

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"Ivanoff has got the sack after all," said Katya, speaking to Andrei. "There was a general meeting and a lot of trouble."

"What? It's about time, too," Andrei answered, interested.

He wanted to say something more, but Katya, suddenly remembering, interrupted him and turned to speak to Katherine.

"You've got callouses on your hands. I get them on my fingers, too, from typewriting all day."

Katherine was anxious to say something which would rouse Andrei's interest and concern, as Katya had done when she spoke about this Ivanoff. She wanted to tell of her journey and of what she had seen, but she did not know where to begin, and so, turning to Katya, she said:

"Our Lizka, — that's the cow, — has calved. I sat up all night with her. The calf is exactly like her, — exactly!"

"I like little calves," said Katya.

There was a silence.

"I'm getting warts on my hands for some reason," Katya ventured.

Katherine was glad that the girl had started speaking about warts. She knew a cure for them, — acid. And at once she began telling how to get rid of them, trying to spin her story out, afraid that she would soon come to the end of it and have no more to say.

Supper was agonizing for Katherine, because she couldn't manage her knife and fork and constantly dropped one or other of them on the floor. Afterward Katya cleared away the dishes, while Katherine thought of one thing only: where were they going to lodge her? They would probably send her out to some neighbor while they stayed here together.

The thought stirred up from the bottom of her soul a turgid wave of jealousy and wrong. But Katya brought out a camp bed and began making up a third bed in the room. Katherine went over to the table and, turning over the papers which lay there, looked down at them and said:

"Goodness, I can't understand a thing. How do you make all this out?"

"It's just practice."

Before going to bed, Katya asked Andrei to leave the room. He put on his cap and went out.

"There. Now we can go to bed," she said, and she smiled at Katherine with the same embarrassed smile and pointed out to

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her the bed on which she had just changed the linen. Feeling that she had to say something polite, Katherine said:

"You needn't have taken all that trouble. I could have slept on the floor. I'm used to it."

"No, no. Why should you?"

Katherine took off her shoes and was pleased that she had not put her bast shoes on. Then she drew her saraphan over her head and, feeling ashamed of her coarse, rustic chemise, quickly slipped under the blankets. Katya fetched some acid from the cupboard and, sitting on the edge of Katherine's bed, began carefully painting her warts with it, using a small brush, while Katherine showed her the way.

Then Katya undressed too. Katherine glanced at her thin legs and stomach with a strange, distressed curiosity, and her eyes clouded again. What was it that attracted him? She, Katherine, could carry a trough full of wash to the pigs, and this girl wouldn't be able to lift a pail of milk.

"Well, are you ready?" Andrei's voice came from outside the door.

"Come in, come in," said Katya.

Andrei came in, hung his cap on a nail and looked round the room. Then he said, sitting down on the camp bed:

"Shall I turn the light out?"

"Turn it out."

The room was in blackness and Katherine heard the bed creak under him as he lay down. Unblinking, — she stared through the dark toward his bed, and queer, unusual thoughts crawled through her head, of him, of Katya, and of the cow, Lizka.

Next morning Katherine was to leave for home again and Andrei and Katya were to see her off.

When she and her husband had already started, Katya came running after them.

"A present," she called, " — for the kiddies." And she gave Katherine a little bundle.

"What do you want to take all this trouble for?"

"Well, I like to," Katya returned. "Or would you like to stay a bit longer?"

"There's nobody at home," replied Katherine. And all the time she was wondering whether she would leave without having a talk with Andrei. But what could she tell him? Every time she tried to think of something to say, the name of the cow, Lizka,

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was on her tongue. She could not get rid of Lizka. Also, she remembered she had only eleven copecks left, and wondered whether he would offer her some money of his own accord or whether she would have to ask.

As they walked along, Andrei suddenly turned and said to Katya:

"Ivan is going to town. Just run back and write a note to the cooperative stores."

Katya understood that he wished to be alone with his wife. She held out her thin hand to Katherine and wished her a pleasant journey. When they were some distance off, she turned and waved her handkerchief.

Katherine went on walking by her husband's side along the soft, mossy path between the sparse pines, now and then turning out of her way to avoid a tree stump. She was waiting for him to say something of the highly important matter that stood between them. For twelve years they had lived together: was it possible that they had nothing to say to each other at such a moment as this?

But when they came to the crossing where he had to turn back, Andrei stopped and spoke, and what he said was nothing she had expected.

"Well, here we are. Don't forget to write if you want anything. I'll come over myself to help with the harvest."

He gave her two ten-ruble notes, torn at the creases, and kissed her.

Holding the notes in her hand, Katherine threw her arm awkwardly round his neck and kissed him in return.

"Good-by! Good-by for the present. Come and see Lizka."

"Good-by. I'll come."

She turned away, but when she had gone a few steps she looked back. Andrei still stood where she had left him. She could see from his face that something was still unsaid, and he was sorry he had let her go without speaking what was on his mind.

Katherine stopped short. She was drawn back toward him, and for a few seconds he stood there as if searching for words. Then he waved his hand and called out:

"Look after Lizka."

"I will," said Katherine, with a sigh.

Andrei turned and walked away.

When he was out of sight and she was alone on the path under

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the pines, thoughts came to her which scorched her cheeks and made her flush with shame. How she'd been taken in! They had received her with kindness, shut her mouth, so that she couldn't speak a word of what she had come to say. When she got back to the village, the neighbors would ask: "Did you box his ears, the lewd wretch? Did you pull the strumpet's hair for her? Did you break the windows?"

Break the windows? She had taken them a present of black biscuits, and they had given her twenty rubles and some things for the children. Even now the girl was probably laughing at the black biscuits. She, with her four or five hundred rubles, had more white ones than she could eat!

Katherine stopped, half inclined to go back, but for some reason the thought of Katya's thin, weak hands came back to her mind, and Katya's kind, embarrassed smile.

Katherine waved her hand, made the sign of the cross, and went on her way.

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WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO EAT IT

J. MADISON TAYLOR, M.D.

THE first meal recorded in Biblical lore was Eve's experiment with the unknown and forbidden apple. And as an experiment it was a complete failure. The orthodox tell us we are still suffering the dire consequences of Eve's act, and even the unorthodox admit digestive suffering when they adopt her method. The obvious moral is: don't experiment with your stomach! In this article, — supplemental to, though not a part of, THE FORUM'S *Medical Series, — a high authority lays down rules of correct dietetics.*

SOME robust people boast that they "can eat what they like and drink what they like". Let such foolhardy valiants fight it out among themselves and take their own chances. It is not to them that I would address this paper. Others will be wise to take a word of warning: unless one does devise for oneself a philosophy of living habits, unless one does learn the main rules for saving human energies at the source, the complicated machinery of the modern world, — constructed, we are told, to save time and trouble, — will "react as scorpions" upon the precious reserves of energy and health. As these are squandered, so does the prodigal stand naked before a pitiless group of his fellow judges, shorn of his strength and his arrogance.

The more nearly one orders one's life in accord with nature's promptings and demands, the more sure is one of success in retaining or recovering health. This should be the aim of every one. So many errors are committed, however, that departures from health are sure to come. Then there are many perils to be readily met by vigilance, foresight, and well directed effort. Man, — especially the medical man, — has taken an unconscionable time to get rid of the idea of devils, demons, evil spirits. This must be conquered by the might of human experience, reason, and intelligence, — no longer by supplication, prayers, charms, exorcism, or the osteo-activity of the bones of departed saints. In discarding these relics of ignorance and superstition, medical science is turning to the study of nature, and in no phase of life are the demands of nature so urgent and promising as in the matter of diet. Chemistry is the efficient handmaid of nature.

Those human beings who live under conditions nearest to nature are surest to escape the evils of dietetic blunders. People who subsist on the produce of their own home soil are found freer from the devastations of the body's chemical disorders than are those who import food materials. Those who rely on industries

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and who neglect to cultivate the land and to live in the open spaces, are doomed to decay individually and racially. Man and his native soil are so intimately correlated that those who are divorced from the soil and who subsist largely on canned and stored foods inevitably deteriorate. In the course of time such weakened ones must yield pride of place to those reared on the "kindly fruits" of their home acres.

Since life is now chiefly spent in crowded centres, the majority of foods must be preserved during long Winters, both for the city folk and the country folk. The nearest thing to real preservation is furnished by drying, — the newer methods of dehydration. We shall yet, no doubt, find better ways for retaining the chief essential qualities; but meanwhile, this problem of preserving food integrity is the urgent question of the day, of to-morrow, and of the indefinite future. The insatiable craving of all civilized peoples to-day for amusement, pleasure, the enjoyment of carnal and harmful indulgences at all costs, leads to various sensuous gratifications of which tempting but unnatural foods and fluids are probably the most destructive to health. One should familiarize himself with the direct, as well as the indirect damage done by faulty diet, and try to discover whether they can be reduced materially without interfering with customs, occupations, and the compulsions of social demands. Unquestionably, they can.

If there were "exhibits" anywhere of primitive peoples living a natural life, in near accord with ideal conditions, they would furnish invaluable object-lessons to our more sophisticated groups. No scholastic recommendations could compare with such demonstrations. Alas! there are few indeed, and those rapidly disappearing, though within recent years, a few small, isolated tribes have been reported who do so live, subsisting on ideal kinds and forms of food.

The most picturesque and instructive among them are certain hill tribes of northern India, on the upper slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, in the state of Hanza. A Dr. McCarrison, provincial medical officer, had charge of them for nine years. During all that time he met no cases of illness except through accidental causes or injury. The people are of magnificent physique, big, powerful, handsome, of astonishing endurance and amiable disposition, but ready to fight valiantly for a good cause. They live almost solely on what they raise, — grains, vegetables, fruits, fowls, eggs, and, — on feast days, — goat's meat.

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It has been agreed by experts that the best diet consists of those foods which are raised on the same soil as the humans who eat them. Thus the same minerals become incorporated in the plants and in the animals which live on the plants. It is not surprizing, therefore, to learn that these Himalaya folk, sustained as they are by the foods they eat, live and keep hardy and vigorous to very great age, with all their faculties unimpaired. When wholly worn out, it is the tribal custom to place the meagrely vitalized human husk in a specially shaped basket and drop it over a high precipice.

A few other primitive peoples nearly as sound and robust have been reported by explorers in other parts of the globe, — certain Eskimos and Indians and Filipinos. One uniform fact is demonstrated among all such primitives. Whenever their diet is materially altered, — as by adopting the complex, sophisticated, denatured foods, decorticated grains, cane sugars, condiments, and the accompanying habits of civilized peoples, — they invariably become susceptible to diseases, and in exaggerated forms and disastrous degrees. In short, they promptly deteriorate. The same holds true of many domesticated animals and fowls, and similar, — indeed worse, — conditions arise among wild animals in captivity.

What is the dietary lesson in all this for civilized and supposedly wiser man? It is generally held by experts that the less edible objects are changed from their original state, the better. This holds particularly true for all the green or leafy vegetables. Most of them can and should be eaten in their raw state, and the sooner they are consumed after gathering, the more certain are we of securing their precious and agreeable qualities. Of some, we now know the whys and wherefores, — for example, the vitamins. Of others, we are becoming conscious.

Certain animal substances, such as milk, fish, bivalves, and eggs, are more valuable and more agreeable if they are consumed as soon as possible after being taken from their sources. When they are stale, poisons form in them, some of which are very deadly, — swift or slow, but sure. Most fruits, — especially the more solid, dense ones, — need to ripen, on their stems if possible, before being eaten, — notably bananas, pineapples, pears, and watermelons. Indeed, they are fit to eat only after completion of the ripening process whereby their latent sugars and subtle qualities are developed. Also the stringy, straw-like parts of their

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fibre, — cellulose, — is softened. All fruits and fruitlike vegetables, such as the tomato, are vastly more wholesome and more highly flavored when hot from the sun. No iced fruit can compare with sun-warmed.

Partly decayed fruit is rarely, if ever, harmful. If it were, then fruit venders and their children would suffer seriously, but of this there is no notable evidence. Bananas are fit to be eaten only when their skins have become dark and spotted, so that the meat is quite soft. Much economic artistry is involved in enjoying the best and most agreeable qualities of "the kindly fruits of the earth".

The processes of cooking alter the states of structure in various ways, — many highly desirable, others distinctly baneful. Cooking may be a mere form of labor, a cunning craftsmanship, or it may be an artistic enhancement of values. I recommend that all boys and girls be taught the arts of cooking in their own defense. They need, at least, to become skilled critics, in order to teach ignorant servants, or to make themselves and their families comfortable in modern apartments. With rare exceptions, food values in our canned food are destroyed.

Degrees of heat are important on some substances. Let me briefly sketch a "golden rule" of cooking. The boiling of all leafy vegetables should be done in a big container of water. When the water is boiling gaily, dip the vegetables, — in a wire basket, — into it for the very few minutes required; for spinach, seven to ten minutes; for cabbage, twenty to twenty-five minutes. The length of the boiling varies with the density or mass of the material. Of course, skilful steaming is better for tender greens or green corn on the cob. The same care is required for eggs, milk, and oysters, — and the less heat employed to accomplish one's purpose, the better the results.

A few dietetic fallacies may be mentioned. For example, there is the long prevailing opinion that for those who show impaired or disordered metabolism, — goutiness, arthritism, — especially where the kidneys, the heart, and the circulatory organs are at fault, it is necessary rigidly to exclude red meats, muscle flesh. They are, indeed, richer in purins and extractives than the so called white meats. But this difference is far less important than was once feared. Indeed, the chief tenable objection to "brawn" is its toughness and coarseness, and proper hanging will help this. The often voiced opinion that veal is detrimental

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to health has been disproved by feeding experiments. As a matter of fact, its texture is finer than red muscle.

The ease of mastication and digestibility of foods depend on their structural qualities. An expert has said that the desirability of any cut of meat is in proportion to its flavor, texture, and tenderness; and his opinion is in harmony with the well established gastronomic truth that the type and quality of certain foodstuffs, their preparation, and their acceptability are the most important considerations in catering to ailing, depressed, or actually diseased persons. Indeed, it is generally believed that these amenities of appearance, preparation, and cooking are often of more significance than the minor differences of chemical composition. There is as much artistry in eating as in preparing, serving, and ordering the sequences of food.

Animal broths, however, are in a different category. The popular faith in meat broths so dear to our late Victorian grandmothers as "giving the strength of the meat", — on the same principle that led the red Indian to eat the heart of a warrior enemy or a fierce animal to give him concentrated valor, — leads to grave errors. Broths contain extractives which are of no value and some burden. They do not pass readily through a damaged kidney, and all experience goes to show that concentrated extractives of meat, — simmered or expressed, — had better be avoided. There are plenty of good soup materials other than flesh meats, even for flavoring. Many times I have relieved distresses in those with bad kidneys or those who were gouty or arthritic, by excluding "strengthening" meat broths. One lady, — a very dear friend under another doctor's care, — mentioned she was doing pretty well except for "frightful headaches" nearly all the while. I took the liberty of advising her to omit her free use of meat broths, and this distress passed. She also enjoyed ten times as much activity.

In close parallel with the selection and preparation of food goes the manner of eating, — not only the manner and time of eating, but the temperamental attitude of the eater. Refined eating customs have attained the dignity of the fine arts and influence man at every social level. Food substances may be well chosen, daintily prepared and served, and yet fail to produce desirable effects unless properly eaten. The most important of the digestive processes take place in the mouth by thorough, deliberate mastication and commingling of the food with the saliva. The cardinal

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rules whereby one can pretty surely escape primary dyspepsia, secondary indigestion, and later food-caused distresses, are these:

1. Take into the mouth only so much as can be comfortably held. Chew that thoroughly until it is unconsciously swallowed and passed down to the stomach without the least effort.

2. Add no more food to what is already in the mouth half chewed.

3. Never take sips of any fluid while half chewed food is in the mouth. If you do, the partly insalivated food will be washed into the stomach. Food which has not been adequately chewed must be dealt with at a disadvantage, and only by the pancreatic, — not the stomach, — digestants.

4. When a mouthful of food has been treated as advised, then, — and not till then, — may fluids be swallowed.

A good way to get enough fluid (water in any form) is to drink a glassful on sitting down at table. If it be iced, the chill will produce a heat reaction like dipping one's fingers in cold water. This will not hurt digestion. It may, indeed, rather aid it. The next best way is to drink a glassful of water after the meal is finished. There is no harm in drinking fluids during a meal, if these precautions are observed. In passing, it is well to obtain a clear notion of how seriously needful it is that each adult should drink two quarts of water daily; otherwise, how can he secrete the three pints of urine he is supposed to pass each day? The skin and lungs void, — or should void, — much water.

When one is greatly worried or shocked, food will not digest, — at least, not well. One should, therefore, wait until fully recovered before eating a full meal. Indeed, nature usually settles that problem by withdrawing one's appetite at such a time. When worried or mentally shocked, frightened or exhausted, take some light food, some warm, nourishing drink, — but not a full meal.

Next to thorough mastication come the domestic and social atmosphere, serenity, poise, and good nature, — in short, the amenities of social forms. Always, there should be deliberation, unhurriedness, in mastication as well as in the serving, the distribution, and the acceptance of food. Thus will be preserved a commendable daintiness, restraint, grace, and nicety of acceptance and disposition of food materials. We should do well to imitate the customs of the Greeks in their prime, who took their meals in the most leisurely manner, reclining on couches in the company of convivial friends.

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MAKING FRIENDS WITH FISHES

ARMSTRONG PERRY

AMONG the better known authorities on fish-life, Izaak Walton in the 17th century and William Beebe and Professor Bliss Perry in our own day have been most in the public eye until President Coolidge attracted notice by his unorthodox angling methods. But theirs is a sporting or scientific interest in the subject. Until Mr. Armstrong Perry came along, we can recall no one who sought the social acquaintance of fish except Jonah. Here he tells of his researches in piscatorial sociology.

WHEN I was seven, my parents left me one day beside a stream with a fishing pole, a string, and a bent pin. Father showed me how to find angleworms by turning up sods along the overhanging banks. By the time they returned I had caught three fish and an interest in wild life in the water that has lasted more than forty years. There were schools of minnows swimming about, — "minnies" we country kids called them. They seemed much alike at first, but a few minutes of observation showed me that there were many different kinds. Some would bite and some would not. There were many fat, little, gray fellows, with blunt noses, that probably grew up to be chubs. They had placid dispositions. Here and there were sharper-nosed fishes with black stripes along their sides. Occasionally a little fellow showed a gleam of red, which seemed to accompany unusual liveliness. On the bottom lay stiff, little fish called Johnny Darters, with sharp, perky noses. They would remain in one position for a long time, then start off with a jerky motion and take another seat as rigidly as before.

I dropped in an angleworm. There was a scrimmage among the small fry, and then a fish much larger than any in the school swooped up from some concealed corner and gobbled the morsel. On the bottom in the deeper holes lay suckers. They looked immense beside the minnows. They were sluggishly gathering vegetable growth from the gray stones with their thick, puckered lips. Among them were a few mullets, similar in their habits, but having backs decorated with light and dark stripes. These fish showed no interest whatever in the worms I offered them, nor in the small fish that they might have captured.

The pleasure of watching fish as they lead their interesting lives in the water increases as my information broadens. The more I watch them, the more the mystery of their existence appeals to me. Beasts, birds, and bugs are studied more easily in

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their natural surroundings. Only the genius of Beebe makes it possible for an observer to sit on the ocean's bottom long enough for the fish under observation to become accustomed to the intrusion and settle down again to their daily routine.

One scientist states that there are probably more than one hundred varieties of fish in the Mississippi River system that have not been discovered and classified. Yet along the shores of lakes, in the placid reaches of clear streams, in boats on sheltered bays, and on the decks of ocean liners, I find many opportunities for observing fish. They have well defined racial characteristics. Compare, for example, the catfish and the trout. The two families have many branches, but in each family all individuals have much in common. The catfish, with his dark skin and happy-go-lucky wobble, loves to grub around in the mud with his big mouth. He can withstand great hardships. As a boy, I have carried catfish in my pockets until they were dry and apparently dead, but they revived when placed in water and swam about with their usual vigor. Even after being skinned, beheaded, and placed in a frying pan, they sometimes continued to wriggle.

The trout, on the contrary, demands cleanliness. Pollution sickens and kills him. He makes quick decisions and acts decisively. When he wants a thing, obstacles do not deter him. I have seen small trout climb a fifteen-foot waterfall. They will reach their objectives or die in the attempt. They are shy, yet when I sit still beside a trout brook for fifteen minutes, I am very likely to see one drift slowly down, or slip up from below without a ripple, until he is within a yard or two and can have a good look at me. For seven hours one day, I walked back and forth along the edge of a clear pool, very slowly, watching more than a score of large trout. After half an hour they were unafraid, yet so keen and alert that any too sudden movement sent them all to cover in a second.

One dry season I amused myself by gathering trout, in streams from which the water had disappeared except in a few holes, and carrying them to larger holes where they would have a chance to survive.

They were much more docile than when I pursued them as an angler. One, nine inches long, was alone in a pool where he could have eluded me easily. He permitted me to pick him up, carry him to a shallower pool, take a four-second exposure with my camera, and return him to his pool. The pool looked as though

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it had been deepened so that water buckets could be dipped into it, and perhaps this trout had been fed from the hands of lumbermen.

The confidence of some kinds of fish can be won by kindness. One summer I taught about forty sunfish to meet me every morning at the water's edge in Island Pond, New Hampshire. The first day I lay on a log overhanging the water for half an hour before any of them would come out from under the log and take a worm from my fingers. A large one from deep water finally swirled in, caught the worm as he turned, and was out of sight in an instant. The next worm was taken without much hesitation by another fish. In another half hour all the fish in sight were so full that they swam around with worms' tails sticking out of their mouths for lack of room inside. The next morning these fish came to breakfast more promptly. The third morning they were waiting hungrily when I arrived. Their numbers increased and they would follow my boat for a short distance when I rowed out into the lake.

Two boys who occupied my camp after I left, reported that the first morning, when they went down to the lake to bathe, they were attacked by a school of sunfish. They dug some worms, found what the fish wanted, and enjoyed their finny neighbors for a week.

Seven years later, a woman sitting beside me at a dinner told me that the fish in the lake where she had spent her vacation would eat from the hands of any one who would feed them. I did not know where she had spent her vacation, but remembering my tame sunfish I ventured: "You must have been at Island Pond, New Hampshire." We were both surprized to find that my guess was correct. Evidently the trick of taming the fish had caught the imagination of the residents and summer boarders and the practice had developed all around the lake until all the sunfish were tame.

A black bass that would weigh, I believe, a pound and a half, came to my hand repeatedly in this lake but never would touch the worm I offered him until I released my hold. I have fed bread to carp until they would permit me to lift them out of the water. They would resume feeding as soon as they were returned to their element.

The cunner, a small salt water fish, can provoke unlimited profanity from a fisherman whose mind is on larger and more

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important things. His mouth is small, his teeth turn outward, and he can destroy more bait with less risk to himself than any fish of my acquaintance. The flounder, which has both eyes on the right side of its head, is hatched with one on each side, we are told. While young he swims upright like a sunfish, but later he lops over and lies on the mud, and his left eye shifts to the right side in self-defense. The halibut looks like a big brother to the flounder but has both eyes on the right side of his head.

The shiner, — found in many lakes and ponds, — is one of the most interesting fish to watch. Throw a slice of bread toward a school and it will be surrounded almost instantly by a brilliant throng that nibbles and splashes as long as the food lasts or until every fish is filled to capacity. The shiners are lucky if some pickerel does not come their way and eat both the loaves and the fishes after the former have been devoured by the latter. I have waded to within a yard of a pickerel, to observe how he caught his prey. His long, lean jaws work slowly as he lies in wait. A shiner passes, and quick as a flash the pickerel has him in his needle-like teeth. He holds him there while the beautiful little fish writhes in agony for several minutes, then he turns him and swallows him with a few snaps of his jaws.

A pickerel dashed into my school of sunfish at Island Pond, while they were being fed one morning, and scared them so that it took half an hour to restore their confidence. A pickerel will bite at almost anything that is moving. One of them bit a cord that was dragging behind my boat on a fish-line, when he might just as well have waited for the bait.

The eel is an interesting fish. In fresh water I have seldom seen him moving about in daylight, unless the water was very dark colored, but in salt water I have seen numbers of them swimming fearlessly and hunting small fish in packs. The eel has great strength and seems to understand how to apply it. He will twist himself about a stick or a bunch of grass, when hooked, and secure a leverage that enables him to bend or break the hook and get away. When lifted from the water on a hook at the end of a line, he often curls his tail about his body and climbs, tail end first, by the line, which he can tangle almost hopelessly before he can be removed from it. After removing an eel from a hook I untangled the line and counted eight half hitches and two single overhand knots which the fish had tied more quickly than I could have done it myself.

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Sharks have a bad reputation, and some human beings have been killed by them. But there seems to be no evidence that these big fish habitually lie in wait for "food that talks". For a long time there was preserved in a laboratory in New York the body of a boy who had been bitten nearly in halves by a shark that attacked him while he was swimming. The same shark fatally injured a man who attempted to rescue the boy. The piranha also attacks human beings viciously at every opportunity. Though small, this fish is a serious menace to all who enter the water in certain districts of South America, for he swims in schools.

The instinct of self-preservation is strongly developed in fish. Any one knows this who has been out at night with a flashlight and a dip net to catch stone catties for bass bait. The cattie looks slow and stupid when he lies at ease on the bottom, but when pursued he can find hiding places that the fisherman never would observe. When caught, he waits until his captor's fingers are tightly about him and then with a forceful curling movement he drives home a needle-sharp horn that hurts worse than a bee sting.

Some fish show great ability to meet unusual conditions. Trout, in a hole where there are stones and roots to hide under, will shoot for cover at the approach of man. The same trout, in a hole where there are no hiding places, will remain so still while a man approaches that often they are passed unobserved, although in plain sight. The climbing perch of India, when their stream goes dry, travel overland for considerable distances in search of water, and find it. The flying fish takes to the air when closely pursued. Small pickerel, instead of dodging unsuccessfully as shiners do, will make a series of quick leaps out of the water and at the end turn in the air, come down facing in the opposite direction, and get away from a larger fish. Some codfish, started in life by a hatchery, rove for hundreds of miles, while others, from the same place, released at the same time, and wearing similar identification tags, are caught near the place where they were born.

Fish have one faculty that any man will envy who has bumped his nose on a door in the dark. They seldom strike an obstacle with damaging force except when startled or when making desperate efforts to escape from a tank. The sensory organs that enable them to avoid injury are believed to be located in the lines, seen on many species, that run along their sides like seams joining the upper and lower halves of the skins.

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Parental instinct is strong in some fish. Their mating, nesting, and rearing of their young are as interesting as anything that can be observed in nature. Sometimes these lead to hardships, suffering, and death, — all of which they endure when the way of escape is easy if they will abandon their objective.

The sunfish is one of the few fishes whose most thrilling domestic episodes are enacted where men may see. They can be observed along the shores of lakes in early Summer, gorgeous in shining bronze with brilliant red or orange throats and sometimes with a blue lobe extending from each gill. I shall never forget the first time I saw a pair of sunfish start their nest. They selected a sandy place in shallow water. With their lower fins they swept the bottom clean. Pebbles, water-soaked twigs, and other obstructions that could not be swept away were carried out in their mouths. After much work they fashioned a round bowl about eighteen inches in diameter and an inch or more in depth.

The eggs were laid. The fish played around together and often rubbed against each other. I waded out for a closer view and both attacked me. They had no teeth with which to tear me, but they bumped into me and tried to bite. A friend whom I enticed into the water without telling him what to expect was driven out. Stepping away from the nest, I offered them some angleworms. They took them at once from my fingers and followed me shoreward, looking for more.

The black bass also protects its eggs and young. The parents guard the nest during the ten days or two weeks required for incubation; and when the tiny fish emerge from the eggs, the male watches over them and drives away enemies that might destroy them.

What the salmon does for its young is well known. The persistent struggle of these fish to reach places where they can lay their eggs safely, after traveling unknown distances through oceans to return to the rivers of their birth, have been recorded even in motion pictures. Many are bruised and battered in ascending raging rapids and leaping roaring waterfalls. Some die in the attempt, and it is said that among the Pacific salmon the females all die after bringing into the world their first schools of young.

The palm for sacrificial parenthood, however, should go to certain species of catfish. Any one who observes the large mouth and the ample alimentary tract of the catfish will realize that

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he needs plenty of food. Webster defines "catfish" as "a fish remarkable for its voracity". The catfish eats worms and smaller fishes, all of which he must catch by the use of some dexterity. Yet the males of some species fill their mouths and pharynges with the eggs laid by their mates and carry them until the young are hatched. The eggs of the marine and estuarial species of *Arius* (*Galeichthys*) and *Osteogeniosus*, among which this practice has been observed, are unusually large. Some of them measure seventeen to eighteen millimeters in diameter. Even for a fish that reaches a length of three to four feet, a spawning of such eggs makes a mouthful.

A common North American catfish also takes wonderful care of its young. The female of *Ameiurus nebulosus* deposits her eggs at the bottom of the water, beneath some object that will protect them, or else the female and the male work together to dig a hole in the mud for the purpose. The male watches the eggs during incubation. When the young appear, black little fry, all heads and tails, he leads the big school around in shallow water. Wade in for a closer view, and suddenly the whole party disappears as though swallowed in the mud. The male, ever watchful, has decided that the inquisitive stranger is not to be trusted. A few quick swishes of his tail and he raises an effective "smoke screen". When the mud settles, he and the school are far away.

Catfish of the genus *Malopterurus* have batteries of electric cells and control them with a single ganglionic cell at the anterior end of the spinal cord which serves as a switch for turning the power on and off. This fish and its electrical phenomena were observed in the twelfth century by an Arab physician whose report has come down to us of the present generation.

The remains of fish can be observed in geological strata older than any in which the remains of man occur, and some of the fish of the present day, such as the garpike, sturgeon, and paddlefish, appear to be nearly related to extinct species of great antiquity.

An observer who appreciates beauty of color, form, and motion can find enjoyment in watching even goldfish in a bowl. Aquariums such as those in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Miami fascinate me for hours at a time. Whenever I am near the water, which usually is about twenty-four hours a day, I spend much time watching the fish. Outside my window now, a school of killies, — or "mummies" as they are called locally, — is playing around a bed of ashes that the tide has covered to

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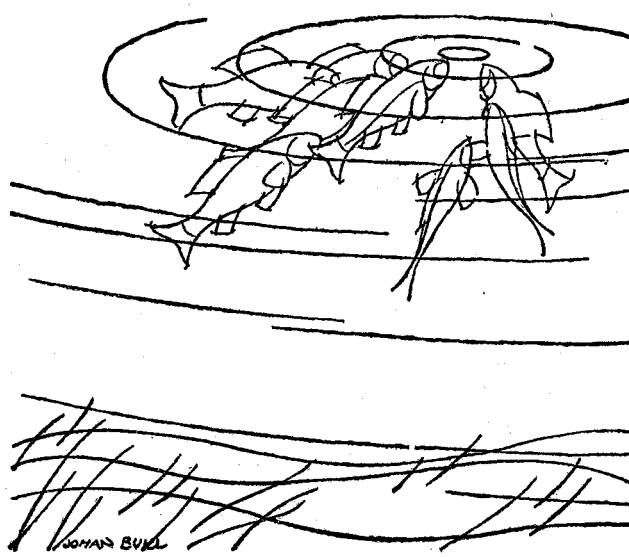
the depth of two or three inches. I wonder why they prefer water clouded with coal ashes when cleaner water and water plants are close at hand. A little while ago a water-snake slipped up and caught one of them, holding it in his mouth until the tide lowered and left him half out of the water. The rest remained near, with no sign of fear. A cat came along and scared the snake away. It dropped the fish, and the cat, instead of picking it up as I expected it would, just looked at it interestedly while it flopped into the water.

One of the most interesting experiences I have, is to put on a bathing suit, take a long breath, dive with my eyes open and catch fleeting, fish-eye views of fish at home.



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THE NIGHTINGALE

D. H. LAWRENCE

Drawings by C. LeRoy Baldridge

TUSCANY is full of nightingales, and in Spring and Summer they sing all the time, save in the middle of the night and the middle of the day. In the little, leafy woods that hang on the steep of the hill toward the streamlet, as maidenhair hangs on a rock, you hear them piping up again in the wanness of dawn, about four o'clock in the morning: "*Hello! Hello! Hello!*" It is the brightest sound in the world, a nightingale piping up. Every time you hear it, you feel wonder and, it must be said, a thrill, because the sound is so bright, so glittering, it has so much power behind it.

"There goes the nightingale," you say to yourself. It sounds in the half-dawn as if the stars were darting up from the little thicket and leaping away into the vast vagueness of the sky, to be hidden and gone. But the song rings on after sunrise, and each

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time you listen again, startled, you wonder: "Now *why* do they say he is a sad bird?"

He is the noisiest, most inconsiderate, most obstreperous and jaunty bird in the whole kingdom of birds. How John Keats managed to begin his "Ode to a Nightingale" with: "My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my senses," is a mystery to anybody acquainted with the actual song. You hear the nightingale silverily shouting: "What? What? What, John? Heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains? tra-la-la! tri-li-lilylilylilylily!"

And why the Greeks said he, or she, was sobbing in a bush for a lost lover, again I don't know. "Jug-jug-jug!" say the medieval writers, to represent the rolling of the little balls of lightning in the nightingale's throat. A wild, rich sound, richer than the eyes in a peacock's tail:

> And the bright brown nightingale, amorous,
> Is half assuaged for Itylus.

They say, with that "Jug! jug! jug!", that she is sobbing. How they hear it, is a mystery. How any one who didn't have his ears on upside down ever heard the nightingale "sobbing", I don't know.

Anyhow it's a male sound, a most intensely and undilutedly male sound. A pure assertion. There is not a hint nor a shadow of echo and hollow recall. Nothing at all like a hollow low bell! Nothing in the world so unforlorn.

Perhaps that is what made Keats straightway feel forlorn.

> Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
> To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Perhaps that is the reason of it; why they all hear sobs in the bush, when the nightingale sings, while any honest-to-God listening person hears the ringing shouts of small cherubim. Perhaps because of the discrepancy.

Because, in sober fact, the nightingale sings with a ringing, pinching vividness and a pristine assertiveness that makes a mere man stand still. A kind of brilliant calling and interweaving of glittering exclamation such as must have been heard on the first day of creation, when the angels suddenly found themselves created, and shouting aloud before they knew it. Then there must have been a to-do of angels in the thickets of heaven: "Hello! Hello! Behold! Behold! Behold! It is I! It is I! What a mar-mar-marvelous occurrence! What!"

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For the pure splendidness of vocal assertion: "Lo! It is I!" you have to listen to the nightingale. Perhaps for the visual perfection of the same assertion, you have to look at a peacock shaking all his eyes. Among all the creatures created in final splendor, these two are perhaps the most finally perfect; the one is invisible, triumphing sound, the other is voiceless visibility. The nightingale is a quite undistinguished gray-brown bird, if you do see him, although he's got that tender, hopping mystery about him, of a thing that is rich alive inside. Just as the peacock, when he does make himself heard, is awful, but still impressive: such a fearful shout from out of the menacing jungle. You can actually see him, in Ceylon, yell from a high bough, then stream away past the monkeys, into the impenetrable jungle that seethes and is dark.

And perhaps for this reason, — the reason, that is, of pure, angel-keen or demon-keen assertion of true self, — the nightingale makes a man feel sad, and the peacock often makes him angry. It is a sadness that is half envy. The birds are so triumphantly positive in their created selves, eternally new from the hand of the rich, bright God, and perfect. The nightingale ripples with his own perfection. And the peacock arches all his bronze and purple eyes with assuredness.

This, — this rippling assertion of a perfect bit of creation, — this green shimmer of a perfect beauty in a bird, — makes men angry or melancholy, according as it assails the eye or the ear.

The ear is much less cunning than the eye. You can say to somebody: "I like you awfully, you look so beautiful this morning," and she will believe it utterly, though your voice may really be vibrating with mortal hatred. The ear is so stupid, it will accept any amount of false money in words. But let one tiny gleam of the mortal hatred come into your eye, or across your face, and it is detected immediately. The eye is so shrewd and rapid.

For this reason we get the peacock at once, in all his showy, male self-assertion; and we say, rather sneeringly: "Fine feathers make fine birds!" But when we hear the nightingale, we don't know what we hear, we only know we feel sad, forlorn. And so we say it is the nightingale that is sad.

The nightingale, let us repeat, is the most unsad thing in the world; even more unsad than the peacock full of gleam. He has nothing to be sad about. He feels perfect with life. It isn't conceit. He just feels life-perfect, and he trills it out, — shouts, jugs,

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gurgles, trills, gives long, mock-plaintiff calls, makes declarations, assertions, and triumphs; but he never reflects. It is pure music, in so far as you could never put words to it. But there are words for the feelings aroused in us by the song. No, even that is not true. There are no words to tell what one really feels, hearing the nightingale. It is something so much purer than words, which are all tainted. Yet we can say, it is some sort of feeling of triumph in one's own life perfection.

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness, —
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Poor Keats, he has to be "too happy" in the nightingale's happiness, not being very happy in himself at all. So he wants to drink the blushful Hippocrene, and fade away with the nightingale into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret.

It is such sad, beautiful poetry of the human male. Yet the next line strikes me as a bit ridiculous.

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs.

This is Keats, not at all the nightingale. But the sad human male still tries to break away, and get over into the nightingale world. Wine will not take him across. Yet he will go.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy.

He doesn't succeed, however. The viewless wings of Poesy carry him only into the bushes, not into the nightingale world. He is still outside.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death.

The nightingale never made any man in love with easeful death, except by contrast. The contrast between the bright flame of positive pure self-aliveness, in the bird, and the uneasy flickering of yearning selflessness, forever yearning for something outside himself, which is Keats:

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To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain, —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

How astonished the nightingale would be if he could be made to realize what sort of answer the poet was answering to his song. He would fall off the bough with amazement.

Because a nightingale, when you answer him back, only shouts and sings louder. Suppose a few other nightingales pipe up in neighboring bushes, — as they always do. Then the blue-white sparks of sound go dazzling up to heaven. And suppose you, mere mortal, happen to be sitting on the shady bank having an altercation with the mistress of your heart, hammer and tongues, then the chief nightingale swells and goes at it like Caruso in the Third Act, — simply a brilliant, bursting frenzy of music, singing you down, till you simply can't hear yourself speak to quarrel.

There was, in fact, something very like a nightingale in Caruso, — that bird-like, bursting, miraculous energy of song, and fullness of himself, and self-luxuriance.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down.

Not yet in Tuscany, anyhow. They are twenty to the dozen. Whereas the cuckoo seems remote and low-voiced, calling his low, half secretive call as he flies past. Perhaps it really is different in England.

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

And why in tears? Always tears. Did Diocletian, I wonder, among the emperors, burst into tears when he heard the nightingale, and Aesop among the clowns? And Ruth, really? Myself, I strongly suspect that young lady of setting the nightingale singing, like the nice damsel in Boccaccio's story, who went to sleep with the lively bird in her hand, "— *tua figliuola è stata sì vaga dell' usignuolo, ch' ella l'ha preso e tienlosi in mano!*"

And what does the hen nightingale think of it all, as she mildly sits upon the eggs and hears milord giving himself forth? Probably she likes it, for she goes on breeding him as jaunty as ever. Probably she prefers his high cockalorum to the poet's humble moan:

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Now more than ever it seems rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain.

That wouldn't be much use to the hen nightingale. And one sympathizes with Keats's Fanny, and understands why she wasn't having any. Much good such a midnight would have been to *her!*

Perhaps, when all's said and done, the female of the species gets more out of life when the male isn't wanting to cease upon the midnight, with or without pain. There are better uses for midnights. And a bird that sings because he's full of his own bright life, and leaves her to keep the eggs cozy, is perhaps preferable to one who moans, even with love of her.

Of course, the nightingale is utterly unconscious of the little dim hen, while he sings. And he never mentions her name. But *she* knows well enough that the song is half her; just as she knows the eggs are half him. And just as she doesn't want him coming in and putting a heavy foot down on her little bunch of eggs, he doesn't want her poking into his song, and fussing over it, and mussing it up. Every man to his trade, and every woman to hers:

Adieu; Adieu; thy plaintive anthem fades.

It never was a plaintive anthem, — it was Caruso at his jauntiest. But don't try to argue with a poet.

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THE FIFTEEN FINEST SHORT STORIES

JOHN COURNOS

ONE man's meat is another man's poison, and nowhere is that proverb truer than in Literature,—that realm of infinite caprice. In previous issues, William Lyon Phelps and Arthur Symons have revealed the novels they consider finest, and why. Naturally their lists do not agree with each other or with all readers' tastes. Neither will Mr. Cournos and the writers who follow him agree on short stories. But there is no absolute rule in criticism, and he who will not agree with the author is privileged to agree with himself.

I HAVE been asked to name the fifteen finest short stories ever published. Now, this is a big job. It would be easier to name two, still easier to name a hundred and fifteen. But to give fifteen would be to exclude a hundred others, from among which it is conceivable that some one else could make a selection without repeating any of my titles. At the very start it would be well to define the limits within which one's choice is made. It would be even more important to define a short story. Otherwise, there would be neither beginning nor end to the problem of selection, and the choice would be bound to result in a product so heterogeneous as only to confuse the reader.

Without such restrictions as I intend to impose on myself, I should off hand name the parable of the Prodigal Son and that marvelous story of the widow of Ephesus as the two best short stories ever written. The first every one knows. For the benefit of those to whom Petronius is not available I shall give here the gist of the second.

This famous lady of Ephesus had a wonderful reputation for marital fidelity and such an ado she did raise when her husband died! For days she remained in the tomb beside the coffin of her husband and did wail and lament. One night a soldier, who was guarding the bodies of three crucified thieves, saw a light shining in the tomb and, curious to see what was going on, he descended into the tomb and saw a woman whose beauty made him stand still. After a great deal of suasion, she, who had been fasting, consented to eat and ultimately she was persuaded to surrender her virtue. All this took place in the vault before the coffin of her husband. Then, to his dismay, the soldier discovered that one of the crucified bodies had been stolen and he did not know what to do. Here comes the supreme touch of the taleteller's craft, "the sting in the tail." The suggestion came from the woman: why not hang

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the now useless body of her husband on the vacant cross? This was done, and the soldier escaped punishment.

Such is the bald plot of one of the most famous stories in the world. Some will say it is cynical. But nowadays cynicism is too often confused with irony, and irony is a salient characteristic of nearly all great short stories of all times. It accounts, perhaps, for the relative unpopularity of the short story in our own day as compared with the novel.

Now, in this tale by Petronius we see a single episode rising by rapid gradations of emotion and drama to the ultimate moment, — but for which the story would have lost its whole force. The story lives for its culmination, its one high light, which irony makes possible. By virtue of its finality, equal to that of a brief lyric poem, it is a short story, — and not a novel, which lives on development, on the bridging of gaps between several episodes. It stands the ultimate test because it can not undergo any transmutation into the longer form. On analysis, fine as the Prodigal Son is, it can stand no such test; for it is easy to conceive the same theme treated in a full-fledged novel, as, indeed, has been done in one fashion or another.

Thus, the ideal short story is subject to its own laws. It is not merely a short novel, any more than a novel is an elongated short story. It is the right material fitted to the right form, a concentrated moment contained in a most concentrated shape. It is a culmination, not a cumulation, as in the novel.

I shall exclude here such tales as most obviously hover between novel and short story; as, for example, Tolstoy's *Master and Man*, Henry James's *Turn of the Screw*, Turgenef's *Torrents of Spring*, Ivan Bunin's *The Gentleman from San Francisco*, — all of them masterpieces, which no one should miss, and which have been classified now under the one head, now under the other. I shall also exclude stories not generally available to the English-reading public; as, for example, Bunin's latest little masterpiece, *Sunstroke*, which for unity of idea and spontaneous effect, — we'd call it "kick" in our racy vernacular, — deserves immediate translation, if only to serve as a model of what a short story should be. What a world of concentrated emotion is here revealed in three thousand words!

I do not pretend that every one of the fifteen stories listed below lives up to the definition implied in my preamble. A critical standard allows us to approach the subject with at least some

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method and not in that spirit which impels men to say, "This may not be art, but I know what I like!" The point is, — a short story is art or it's nothing. This should not be understood in any narrow sense; for, to be sure, there is no measuring stick for genius, if we mean by genius qualities of imagination, pity, and clear sight. All the same, the short story is art with a pretty rigid structure, and the nearer an approach is made to such a structure the greater the emotional power that will animate it. Now for my list, which I have not attempted to number in the order of greatness.

1. *Boule de Suif* (1880) by Guy de Maupassant. This first story by Maupassant is the greatest of all modern short stories. In conception it can stand comparison with the Petronius tale. It has sharp characterization, faultless psychology, dramatic intensity, lights and shades which remind one of Daumier, satirical humor, pathos, and more than enough pity to swamp that quality of irony which people wrongly call cynicism. Nothing can equal the tragic pathos of the final scene in which the poor woman, more sinned against than sinning, is so contemptibly treated by her fellow passengers after being goaded on by them to her sacrifice for their sakes. Without losing anything of objectivity, there is a high moral purpose in the story which was not lost even upon such an exacting critic as Tolstoy. There is a tendency to consider "The Necklace" as Maupassant's masterpiece, but in comparison with "Boule de Suif" it seems a "made" story.

2. *The Hidden Masterpiece* (1831) by Honoré de Balzac, sometimes translated as *The Unknown Masterpiece*. This story is the best creative statement yet made of the conflict between life and art. The moods of the two chief characters become interchanged. As one continental critic said: "One wished to substitute art for life, the other life for art." Both failed. In its way a prophetic story, full of nuanced emotion.

3. *The Procurator of Judaea* (1892) by Anatole France. Characteristic of the author and the best of its kind. Cultured, suave, ironical. Very delicate. One story is told, another is in mind. The inimitable ending: "Pontius Pilate contracted his brows. . . . 'Jesus?' he murmured, 'Jesus of Nazareth? I can not call him to mind.'"

4. *The Overcoat* (1842) by Nikolai Gogol. This story is supposed to have given Russian fiction its direction. Pity and humor, — "half and half." An extraordinary combination, the best

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example of "laughing through tears". A really humble hero, only a little less humble than

5. *Bontzye Shweig* (1894) by Isaac Perez. The author, a Jew, has created an eloquent story about a silent man, who is humble enough to illustrate the Christian doctrine that "the meek shall inherit the earth". Bontzye also inherits heaven. Like Gogol, Perez has joined pity and humor in equal parts, with a masterpiece as the result.

6. *Telltale Heart* (1843) by Edgar Allan Poe. Much in little. Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" in microcosm. Truth (heart) stronger than reason. In *genre*, a brother to

7. *Torture by Hope* (1889) by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Is not the title enough? Are not we all tortured by hope?

8. *Twenty-six Men and a Girl* (1899) by Maxim Gorky. An illustration to the text: "The light shineth in darkness." Here is an artist's conquest over materials. It is poetical in spite of squalor. There is a genuine aspiration even in a baker's cellar, also "faith in beauty and freedom and in the essential nobility of man". The reverse of the medal is to be seen in

9. *The Abyss* (1902) by Leonid Andreyev. A powerful story which shows to what depths man, the idealist, may fall. Pathological, it is true, — but in its way a symbol, if unintended, of civilized Europe in 1914.

10. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* (1888) by Rudyard Kipling. The spell of India and its conquest of the Englishman. Poetic justice, though Kipling, the Englishman, may not admit it. He writes better than he knows and in one short story tells as much as E. M. Forster in his long novel, *A Passage to India*.

11. *The District Doctor* (1852) by Ivan Turgenef. The spell of Turgenef. Why explain it?

12. *Four Days* (1877) by Vsyevolod Garshin. All that needs to be said about war is here. Simple, direct, without intrusion of propaganda.

13. *The Triumph of the Egg* (1921) by Sherwood Anderson. A crazy story. I don't know why I like it, except that it has an element of timelessness. It might have been written about a man of two thousand years ago, and again it might be written about a man of two thousand years hence.

14. *The Funnel* (1927) by A. E. Coppard. You enter at the broad end (driven perhaps) and keep on going until it narrows to a point, where you can't go any further. Life is sometimes like that.

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15. *The Darling* (1898) by Anton Chekhov. A wonderful story of a woman who can not live without having some one to care for. I agree with Tolstoy that the author, like Balaam, came to curse, but remained to bless. All the characters in the story "are absurd, but the soul of the Darling, with her faculty of devoting herself to any one she loves, is not absurd, but marvelous and holy."

I offer a final test: once read, these stories are never forgotten.

ENTOMBMENT

Drearily, grayly, the day swung through:
A hammering pulse of Time's pendulum.
In the giant clock of the universe
Only eternity was dumb.
Only forever made no sound
While the minutes creaked and the swift hours sighed,
While the Now spoke loud in To-morrow's voice,
While Time's heart ticked,—and To-day had died.

—*Gertrude Nason Carver*

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BRAINS FOR THE ARMY

LUCIUS HUDSON HOLT

THE profession of arms should rank among the other learned professions, in the view of Colonel Holt, who writes with the authority that only a West Point professorship can bestow. A clearer conception among army officers of the professional soldier's place in a democracy, plus the immense and ever-growing complexity of modern war, compel every branch of the service to study hard and constantly. Applied science, the liberal arts, and business training find a place side by side with purely military instruction.

GENERAL FORREST, the famous cavalry leader, once said that strategy consisted in "getting there fustest with the mostest men". That his theory was sound was proved by his success. Would that we had more officers with his genius for applying this fundamental principle to-day! But I have made use of his comment to bring out an entirely different point. In our modern army, our generals would not talk that way. In the first place, they would be prepared to develop more fully the principles underlying the maneuvering of troops; and in the second place, they would use more correct English. The officer in our army to-day is the product of an educational system designed to give him, not only the technical knowledge of his profession necessary to handle men successfully in peace or in war, but also to impart the superficial polish of the college trained man. It is to be hoped that no system we adopt will ever suppress a natural leader of the type of Forrest, but that the system will bring him to the fore with a sounder knowledge of the *why* and the *how* of strategy, and a finer command of acceptable language in which to express his ideas.

Education has always been considered desirable in a commander, of course, but greater emphasis has been placed upon it in recent years than ever before in our history. This emphasis has resulted from a clearer conception of the place and function of the professional soldier in our democratic country. Under the National Defense Act and the subsequent Army Reorganization Act, his duties are clearly defined. Instead of living always on our frontiers or in isolated garrisons in far-off insular possessions, the modern officer must mingle daily with civilians. An important part of his present duty is to instruct in military matters the vast body of citizen soldiers who will form the bulk of our armed forces in any future wars. To perform this duty successfully, he must have not only a thorough knowledge of his

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profession, but also a cultural equipment which will enable him to meet his civilian confrères on an equal footing.

Hence, there is at present a distinct trend toward liberal education in the army. The examinations held annually to fill officers' vacancies in the Regular Army have gradually been broadened until now the successful competitor must display educational qualifications equal to those of a college graduate, — indeed, many of those who take these examinations are college men. The recent changes in the curriculum of the United States Military Academy afford additional evidence that subjects ordinarily classed as cultural rather than professional are more important than ever before. Fifteen years ago, West Point devoted only half as much time as it does now to the subject of English. Recently, civil government and economics have been admitted to the course of study. The work in history has been expanded, and more attention is given to the discussion and interpretation of current events of national and international importance.

The army is going to school. Time was when graduation from West Point virtually ended an officer's schooling. Not so to-day. From generals to second lieutenants, our officers are going to school. During the year that ended last June, more than a thousand commissioned officers were graduated from the various schools of the army system. Although the majority of these officers came, as might be expected, from the Regular Army, still the National Guard and Organized Reserve were well represented. The fact that so large a body of postgraduate students should concentrate their efforts on higher military education is most notable, especially when we consider the relatively small group from which these student officers come. In proportion to their numbers, it is safe to say that there are more postgraduate students in the army than in any other profession.

These army schools give thorough training. Their primary purpose is to train leaders for efficient service to the nation in peace and in war. The instruction ranges from the simplest general subjects to the highest requirements of scientific, professional, and business education.

In the usual order of events, a newly commissioned officer does duty with troops for at least two years, during which time he is required to study assigned basic subjects before he is permitted to enter upon his first real postgraduate course. This first course

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of postgraduate study is designed to teach him thoroughly the duties of a company commander in his particular branch of the service. Upon its completion, he may serve as an instructor for a tour of duty, or may return to duty with troops for additional seasoning and experience. He is then ready for his second postgraduate course, a year's work in the school of his branch, during which time he learns the latest developments in matters concerning his arm of the service, — no small issue in these days of rapid advances in inventive fields. An important by-product of this year of study is the opportunity afforded for renewing contact with officers of his own branch and for exchanging ideas and experiences with them.

Up to this point in his education, the officer has studied mainly his own branch of the service. His next step is a sharp departure into a much broader field, into the study of how to use all the branches combined into divisions, corps, and armies. From this work, he goes for a year to the General Service School at Fort Leavenworth. After the completion of the year there, our officer, now about forty years old, is educationally qualified for duty as a general staff officer, and is better qualified than ever before to command any unit to which he may be assigned. His education, however, is not yet considered complete. If he hopes to serve on the War Department General Staff, he must attend the War College at Washington for a year's course. There he will struggle with the greatest problems of war, such as how to finance an army of four million men in a war that might last four years, or how to mobilize any one of the country's important industries so as to make it contribute most effectively to the success of our arms in war. These studies carry an officer to the very heart of our commerce, industry, and the activities of our people. The solution of the problems involved requires a close study of the conditions that confront capital and labor. The completion of the War College course marks the end of this series of postgraduate studies, each of which is stimulating and broadening in its influence upon his mind and training.

Notice that instead of being crowded into four consecutive years, as is usual in college courses, an officer's postgraduate studies are spread out over a period of ten to twenty years of his commissioned service. Each year of intensive study is followed by a longer period for thought, reading, experience, and the application of what he has learned. The expression "intensive

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study" is used advisedly, for there is no single college or university in the country that demands as much from its students as do the army schools. At Fort Leavenworth, for example, the General Service School schedule carries an average of twenty-six recitation periods a week, as compared with the usual college requirements of fifteen a week. And in addition to these numerous recitation periods, the amount of preparation required for each recitation is usually much more than is required in a college. In a zealous effort to cover its field thoroughly, each school has crammed every minute of available time with some subject that must be learned. In the press of purely professional subjects, it is surprizing to find more and more time being devoted to the study of history. Since the World War, there has naturally been much interest in each new authoritative book that has been published. The army schools have seized upon these publications and have extracted from them many lessons valuable for their purposes. And this interest in recent history has stimulated a like interest in older books, which have been drawn upon for historical analogies or contrasts. In all of the schools, historical incidents are being used constantly to illustrate or emphasize the principles and methods which are being taught. Then again, the fact that student officers are required to write their solutions to numerous problems has focused attention upon the art of written expression. To-day, more than ever before in the history of the army, officers are consciously trying to write in clear, forceful, and correct English.

The extent of this army school system is amazing. I have named particularly the War College at Washington and the General Service School at Fort Leavenworth. The Leavenworth School is not content to instruct only those students who are fortunate enough to take its regular course: it sends out also to about twenty-five hundred students a correspondence course which goes to overseas garrisons as well as to all parts of the United States. The Cavalry School at Fort Riley, the Infantry School at Fort Benning, the Coast Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, and the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill are well known. It is not as generally known, however, that there are more than a score of other excellent special service schools at various army forts throughout the country. There are half a dozen schools for the Air Corps, five for the Medical Corps, several for the Quartermaster Corps, and others for Engineering,

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Ordnance, Signal Communications, Chemical Warfare, and Tanks. Many of these schools conduct correspondence courses so as to reach students who desire to take the course while carrying on their regular duties or business. All these schools and more are for the training of officers. In addition, there are numerous schools which are conducted by officers for the training of enlisted specialists, as cooks, bakers, horseshoers, mechanics, radio operators, and electricians. Furthermore, at the many civilian schools which maintain units of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, officers are cooperating with educational authorities to prepare students for commissions in the Reserve.

What is the meaning of this great educational effort?

Primarily, it means that the War Department is engaged in the mass production of trained leaders. It means that the War Department realizes the necessity of having officers more highly trained and educated than ever before. It means that in the matter of education, the Army is no longer satisfied with professional knowledge alone, but is also striving for a broader training which will enable our officers to perform more effectively their new duties. It means that the service is keenly alive to the responsibilities placed upon the army by the passage of the National Defense Act and the Army Reorganization Act.

When, as a result of our experiences in France, the army school system was inaugurated on broad lines, most of the student officers came from the Regular Army. Each successive year, however, has brought an increased number of applications for enrolment from officers of the National Guard and the Organized Reserve. As year by year the schools have added to the number of their graduates and have become better known, military men have developed a keen appreciation of the practical value of this progressive school training. There are now on file in the War Department more applications for enrolment at service schools than can possibly be approved. The army has neither the appropriations nor the facilities to accommodate all those who apply. Because this school system has stimulated a thirst for accurate, authoritative knowledge of military matters, National Guard and Reserve Officers in increasing numbers are no longer content to receive instruction at second hand; they want to go to the same schools as do the Regulars. By stimulating this interest, and by imparting excellent instruction, the army schools have kept the National Defense Act from becoming a dead letter.

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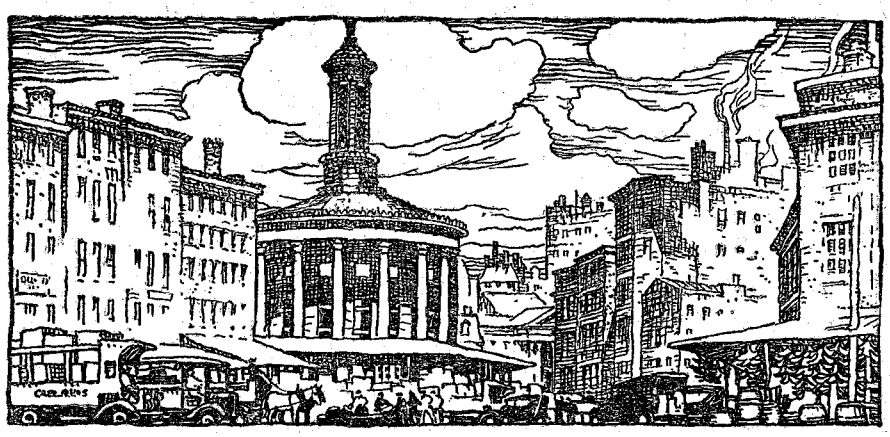

SOME LINGERING LANDMARKS OF OLD-TIME PHILADELPHIA

DRAWINGS AND TEXT BY THORNTON OAKLEY

Prodigal in accomplishment, the modern age is ruthless in destruction. Blotting out the relics of the past it rears, on holy sites, its heaven-scraping towers. Where once our fathers dwelt, within their radiant purity of walls, forming by their steadfast lives the rock foundations of our nation, now tumult reigns; with clang of hammers vast networks of steel are flung toward the skies.

In Philadelphia, beloved birthplace of our liberty, the fading color of colonial days has all but disappeared beneath the golden glare of industry. Yet the searcher in the oldest streets, those lying not far removed from the waters of the Delaware, will find structures still unthreatened by the devastating march of progress. Cherish your remaining shrines, O Philadelphians, lest they too be hurled into oblivion! . . .

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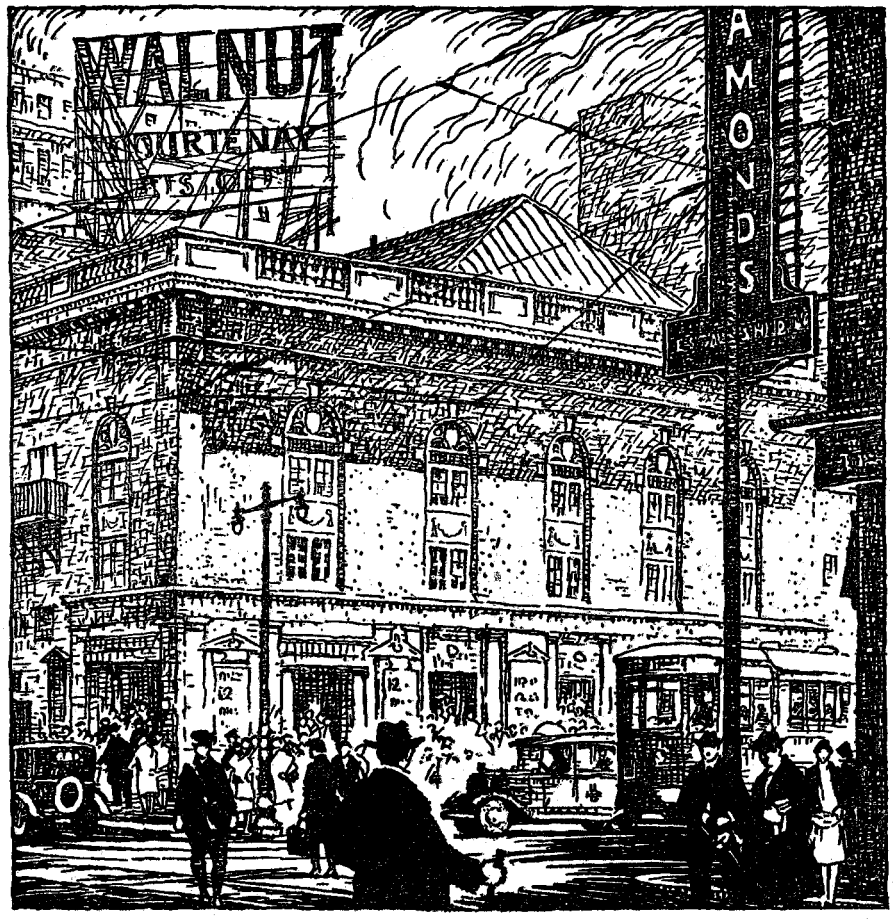

Walnut Street Theatre

At Ninth and Walnut Streets stands the oldest play-house in America--built in 1809. To its walls clings many a memory of vanished figures of the stage. Here acted Junius Brutus Booth, father of immortal Edwin. Here the renowned Edmund Kean played Richard III. Here Edwin Forrest, when but fourteen years of age, made his first appearance. . . .

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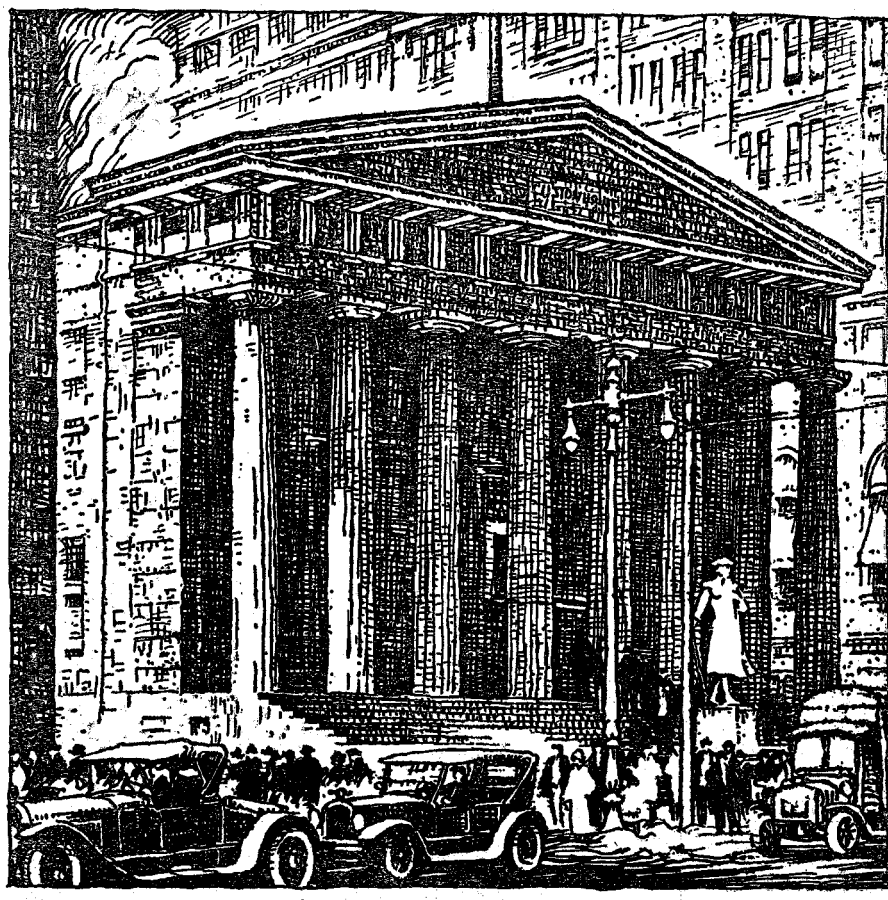

United States Custom House

On Chestnut Street, between Fourth and Fifth, is found the Custom House, once the United States Bank. O'ershadowed by cloud-capped towers, confronting the surge of traffic which roars down the canyon of the city's thoroughfare, this Doric Temple breathes the calm of early years. Aloof from turmoil it stands guardian of stability and strength.

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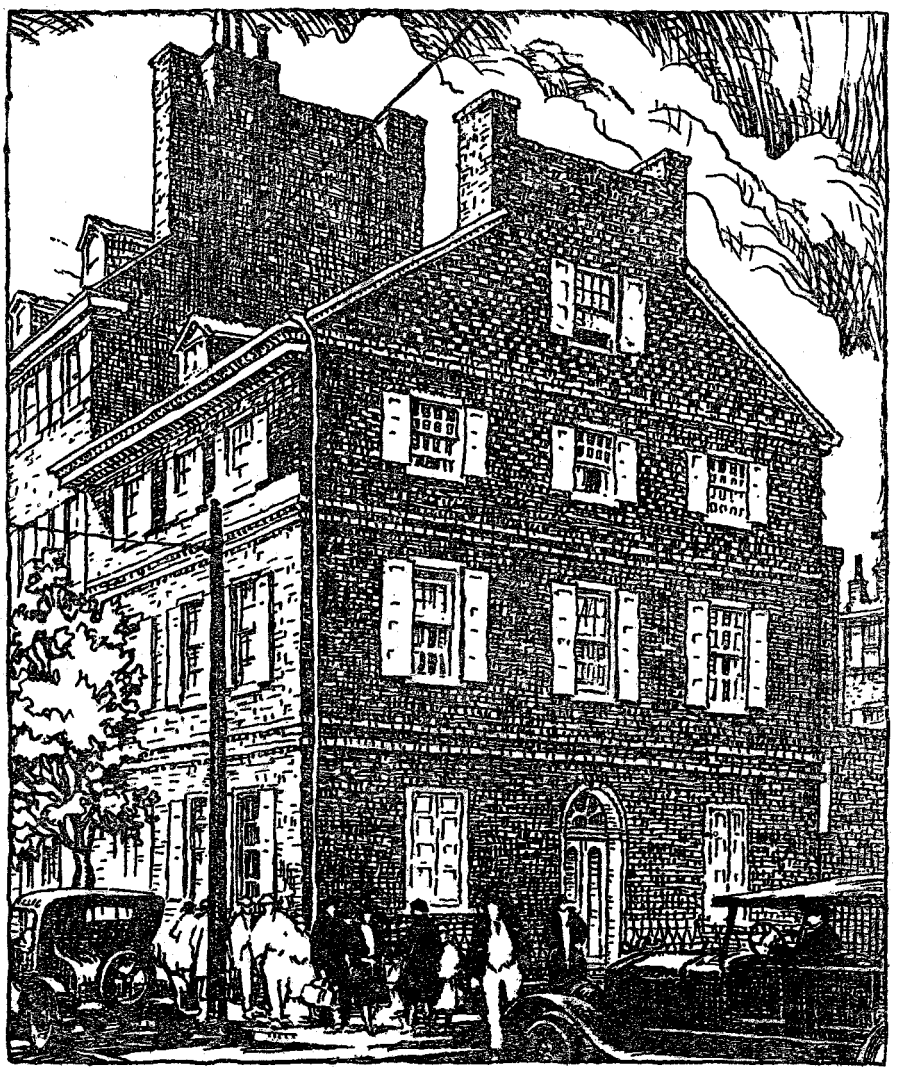
Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri



House of Dr. Caspar Wistar

In this building at Fourth and Locust Streets, erected on land granted in 1744, dwelt Dr. Wistar, eminent physician, teacher, author. Here originated the Wistar Parties, famed gatherings of Philadelphia's social, literary and scientific life ..

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OUR BILL

Shall We Educate Him for Character?

ORRIN CLIFFORD LESTER

THE last issue of THE FORUM *carried an article on the education of "Our Nell", the flapper whom we have always with us. But it is written: "Male and female created He them." So in this issue Nell's brother, Bill, comes up for his innings. Born, like Aristotle's slave, to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, Bill must be taught to hew to the line. Here Mr. Lester makes pertinent suggestions for revising our public school curriculum, with the object of educating Bill for a useful life.*

CONSIDER the case of Bill Jones. Bill is a likable chap of average intelligence,—a product of the local high school who has just been set adrift in the world with a sheepskin in his hand to look for a job. His parents have done their duty by him,—at least, they think they have,—in supporting him with some sacrifice through high school. They can't afford to send him to college, and, indeed, Bill doesn't want to go. It was with some difficulty that they persuaded him to stick it out in public school, for books have come to mean in Bill's life only a series of disagreeable tasks to be performed with the least possible effort. Bill's mind is on other things. Of late he has developed a disturbing interest in the girls. Bill has learned that girls are expensive luxuries. They require movies and ice-cream sodas, and tickets to the local dance hall, not to mention automobile rides whenever he can persuade his father to let him take out the family flivver for an evening joy ride,—which isn't often.

Then, too, Bill has learned by sad experience that "clothes make the man". A gentleman of eighteen, if he is to compete for feminine favor with other gentlemen of eighteen, needs a new suit oftener than once a year. And it is surprizing how many flaming ties and gaudy socks and other incidentals are necessary to complete his wardrobe. And now that school is over for good, Bill's only thought is to find a job and earn money of his own, to spend as he pleases with no questions asked as to how or why he spent it.

So Bill goes looking for a job. He has no notion of what he wants to do or what he is qualified to do. Having spent twelve years in school, he assumes he is prepared to conquer the world. But to his confusion his first prospective employer asks him some very

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direct questions. "What do you want to follow as a life vocation?" Bill does not know. "What do you think you should earn?" Bill looks sheepish. "What qualification do you think you have for this particular kind of work?" Bill has no qualifications. "What are your habits of life? What do you do nights? What is your knowledge of the value of money?" Bill is embarrassed and in the end he is not accepted.

Our young graduate goes from place to place until he has visited twelve firms, all doing different types of business, — but with no luck. The thirteenth employ him, not because they think he is particularly qualified, but because they must have a man at once. While the position is not one of great relative importance, yet it represents a real job to be done, where some initiative and courage and a great deal of industry are essential, and where the test of success can be measured in a tangible and practical way.

In school Bill had not been dealing with jobs that could be measured in concrete results. He seems utterly unable to assume responsibility and unconscious that he is expected to pay scrupulous attention to small details. At the end of a short time Bill's employer checks up on him. He finds that he has worked only the actual hours required, that he has not made himself familiar with any other department of the business, that he has not taken advantage of the firm's opportunities for educational advancement, and that he has saved no money. The strange thing that his employer discovers is that Bill thinks he has made good, and that he should be in line for promotion and an increase in salary. So he lays before Bill certain conditions of improvement in his work and his economic habits that must be complied with if he is to hold his position; and Bill, grossly insulted that any one should presume to dictate to him in such fashion, forthwith resigns and goes looking for another job.

In ten years Bill holds six positions. Each employer has made an unprofitable investment in his training; but the great pity is that Bill, at twenty-eight, is still not settled in his life job, has not succeeded in any one of his positions, and is drifting on the sea of economic chaos without a purpose.

Now Bill Jones is not an isolated case; he is a typical product of a modern high school. He and his fellows are being turned out in thousands every year to grapple with conditions in life and the business world for which they are hopelessly unprepared. I have

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had occasion to examine the products of the public schools from two widely separate points of view. During eleven years' experience in the teaching profession, — three as a rural school teacher and eight as a city high school principal and superintendent, — I became familiar with the operation of our educational system. Afterward I gave up teaching to enter business, and there I have had some opportunity to study the product of that system. Out of this double experience, I must confess a sense of disappointment at the feeble equipment that public education gives young people for the management of their life problems. And every business man who has given thought to the question must have experienced a similar disappointment.

Under our plan of public education, Bill Jones is abruptly transplanted from academic study, which offers relatively little of practical value, into a field of actual experience, where the test of success is the ability to do useful things. This marked divergence between academic schooling and the practical requirements of the business and social world represents a fundamental weakness of our educational system. This weakness, I maintain, will not be corrected until we change the foundation of the system, and base public instruction on subjects which contain in themselves the essential principles of what people need to know in meeting the daily problems of life.

Educators, as well as business men, are ready to grant the slight understanding their graduates have of the practical needs of life; and yet decade after decade goes by without any fundamental change in the system. Naturally, we have great sympathy for the educator's problem. He is struggling with a crowded course of study, with a congested student population, and with a system inherited from generations past. The modern school teacher is a victim of the system without being a party to its vices. And when we consider some of the material sent to be educated, we are ready to grant the educator a double portion of sympathy. But the inconsistency between our educational system and the requirements of practical life is a far more serious handicap to social progress than most of us have realized. While struggling with his current problems, is it not time, therefore, for the educator to ask himself whether we have not outgrown our present program, and whether advancement of the times does not require us to redefine the object and purpose of education?

The question is not whether Latin should be started in the

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seventh year of grade school or in the first of high school; or whether decimals should be taught in the fifth grade or in the sixth. These are details of administration. The real question is to ask what place Latin and decimals and the other subjects of the school curriculum hold in the needs of the people. Or, to put it another way, are arithmetic, algebra, geography, history, Latin, of enough relative importance in the normal experiences of people to justify their being made the major themes of our educational program, involving the time and efforts of twenty-five million school children, nearly a million teachers, and an annual expenditure of some two billion dollars? This question can be answered only when educators give more consideration to the practical needs of students than they do to educational tradition. If education is not preparing students for life, then it is time for us to readjust the machinery with this end in view. The object of this article is to consider some of our present shortcomings and to offer for consideration several suggestions for a new formula.

The only intelligent way to test the effectiveness of our educational system is to examine the grist that has already gone through the mill. Let those of us who have issued from our schools and faced the problems of life with such equipment as was given us, ask ourselves whether we have found that our academic training has prepared us to perform the duties of independent citizens. How helpful have we found our school subjects in dealing with the real problems of life? And if we were making a school program now for our own education, should we be satisfied with the present curriculum, or should we draw up a new plan, building it around something more basic and practical, and reducing the present subjects, — or most of them, — to a secondary place?

It is necessary to point out here that I am not attempting to consider secondary education as a scheme of preparation for college work. That is another question entirely. I am, for the moment, looking at secondary education as something complete in itself, as a plan whose justification must be found in itself; and such is the way it must be considered if we are to do justice to the millions of young people who will never, — and indeed, *should* never, — go on from school to college. These millions pass directly from school into life and at present they are doing so without adequate preparation. This is the significant fact that the existing system ignores.

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It seems that the time has come when we must separate our two groups of students in their early years. More and more, the private preparatory schools will take over the function of fitting the smaller group for their college work; or a special branch of the public school, — such as the Boston Latin School, — will be developed in the larger centres. Meanwhile, the public schools as a whole must consider it their special function to prepare for useful lives the millions whose academic training will end with high school or sooner. There can be no logical relationship between a system of free education provided for all the people and compulsory under the law, and a system of higher education from which only a small number can ever hope to benefit.

I should define education as a training process whose purpose is to give young people a proper sense of their personal responsibilities in life. If this is a reasonable definition, then it is evident, when we examine our present program of secondary education, that it is not adapted to produce this result. If a group of broadly experienced business men, unbiased by precedent and the traditions of education, were asked to develop a program for our public school system, they would, in all probability, consider first the common needs of people in their daily life, and make these needs the foundation of their plan. Considering the matter thus, they might suggest for consideration some such basic formula as the following:

1. A course in the elementary laws and habits of health, designed to lay a firm foundation of physical endurance for the future demands of life and work and provide an understanding of the social and economic value of a healthy body and how to keep in good physical condition.

2. A broad, comprehensive course in vocational and economic guidance, with emphasis on the proper selection of a life work, the essential elements of success at a life job, and the management of a life income.

3. A course in the interpretation of democratic citizenship, designed to produce a quality of enlightened civic conduct and political thought that would raise the standard of community life.

4. A course in the modern social arts, with emphasis on culture and good manners; the cultivation of a taste for good music, beauty, wholesome entertainment, and refined social conduct; and the encouragement of any special artistic tendencies.

5. A course in ethics, with emphasis on individual integrity,

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honesty, respect for the rights of others, and the creation of a standard of moral values.

Since health is the thing most essential to the happiness and success of a normal life, to instil into young people an understanding of the laws of health should be regarded as a primary function and duty of public education. Every young man and young woman should learn from competent instructors how to keep in good physical condition. They should learn the plain, unadulterated truth about sex, and the physical responsibilities of individuals to each other and to their families, and not be left in ignorance until they find out at the hazard of their health and reputations. To carry out a far-reaching course in physical training, the public schools need physical directors who are experts in the scientific principles of health, and not merely experts in games and contests. Athletic contests have been developed to such a degree in American schools that they threaten to eclipse the real essentials of physical training. Our young people are overtrained to win games and are not even normally trained for permanent physical values. What our committee of business men would want to accomplish through a course in health would be, not merely the sturdy development of a few contesting athletes, nor the medical care of subnormal children from poor and neglected homes, but the scientific physical training of *all children*, and particularly, the normal ones from whom the rank and file of our future citizens must come.

When one has learned how to regulate one's health, the second great responsibility that every individual owes to himself and to society is to find a proper sphere for his activities and to work out his economic life to a successful conclusion. Public education should do all it can to save young people from floundering about aimlessly in life because they can not decide what work they are qualified to perform. To make vocational guidance effective, we must have highly trained directors with knowledge of many fields of industrial and professional work. They must know what personal equipment is necessary to enter and succeed in each field, what different jobs may eventually lead to, and thus be able to inform young men of the opportunities ahead of them and the price they must pay for success. Above all, vocational guidance should show them, — by actual tests of ability, — what their own possibilities and limitations are, and in this way aid them to make the most of such abilities as they have.

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But when we sift all the other influences, the question of how to manage the life income intelligently comes nearer the bed-rock of permanent human happiness than any other single factor. And yet this question has been practically ignored, both by public and higher education. It is within the power of education ultimately to silence the appeals of fake speculation; to protect innocent people from dishonest financial schemes; to substitute orderly management for economic waste. Education should teach young men and women the importance of looking ahead to future needs. They should be taught the value of life insurance, the advantage of buying it at an early age, the principles of investment, how to judge a good security, and where to go for unbiased advice. Certainly public education can desire no greater challenge, opportunity, or duty than this; for on the intelligent management of personal affairs rests the duration of our economic civilization.

America, at present, is suffering from want of competent citizenship; and we will never have as competent citizens as we need until public education undertakes to instruct youth in their civic responsibilities. In a democracy it is fundamentally essential that public education train its democratic citizens to a sense of personal responsibility for good government. And democracy must be interpreted, not merely as a form of government, but as a formula of civic life. Courses in so called "community civics" that have been inaugurated rather generally in public education are to be commended; but they tend to deal too much in forms of governmental organization, and too little in the principles of enlightened civic conduct necessary if we are to raise our standards of common thought and common action.

I have heard it argued that if we undertake to make education practical, we shall run the danger of losing its cultural values. The idea seems to have gotten abroad somehow that culture is the opposite of anything practical. To speak of making education practical is at once thought to mean putting a material interpretation upon it, thus ruling out all that is cultural and ethical. Surely we can never measure our educational progress purely in terms of the dollars and cents it costs to maintain it, nor in terms of the market value of an individual's labor after he has graduated from school. The finest values in life defy the measuring rods of commerce. But at the same time, if culture is ever to become a real thing among us, it will be effected through studying facts

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that have a direct bearing on the occupations and interests of every-day life. Education has failed to develop the very culture on which it bases its defense of the *status quo* by refusing to show what culture is good for and how it applies to the common experiences of daily life. If we can better educate for culture by supervising the table manners of students in the school cafeteria than by translating a dead language, then how shall we continue to repeat that the second method is superior to the first?

Ethics was placed last among the five points of the program, not because it is least important, but rather because ethics is the logical resultant of all the others combined. I am confident we shall agree that honesty of purpose and action is fundamental to high moral character, and that character is the most essential quality of a noble and useful life. We can not hope to make an idealist of every Bill Jones, but we should undertake to give him a sense of justice and fair dealing. All education fails unless it awakens these finer qualities; and ethics, integrity, idealism, — in short, character, — are far more the result of honest work well done than of any amount of moralizing or preaching.

If I were to attempt to sum up in a single sentence the essence of the formula roughly outlined here for the education of Bill Jones, I should state it thus: that public education should undertake to help Bill to think honestly and act honestly, and that the public school curriculum should be rebuilt around such fundamental subjects as health, personal economics, good citizenship, good manners, and ethics, so that it would lend itself to the development of a high sense of personal responsibility.

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THE LEADING EXPRESSIONIST

With Oscar Kokoschka in London

JOSEF BARD

IT was on a chilly April evening that we met on the boat running from the Hook of Holland to Harwich. The Channel was choppy, and most of the passengers escaped to their berths to take medicine or lie down in the posture recommended as infallible against seasickness. The boat was full of the usual crowd, — bankers from the Continent, German commercial agents bringing shoe-inlays against fallen arches, or similar useful patents from the Fatherland, a group of nervous students off for the sights of London, and tired-looking English tourists returning from macaroni to bovril.

A tall, gray-toned figure walked down into the half-deserted saloon, and with no small pleasure I recognized Oscar Kokoschka, — the representative man of modern art in Austria and Germany, — Kokoschka, the playwright, poet, cartoonist, and, above all, the leading expressionist painter. His head, in shape and expression, is like that of a Melanesian God with an elegant bowler, but with widely expanding gray eyes wondering what has happened in the world since human hearts are no longer cut out with obsidian knives and thrown before idols. His head is just as haunting as his paintings are. One can not escape from seeing his paintings after once giving way to them, seeing them with a painful accuracy, — those irregular faces which look as if they had been flayed after the artist had wrung off the mask of pretension; and those never-seen colors, which one remembers only as the colors of dreams that have passed away. He is not like another painter-friend of mine whose imitations of nature are so perfect and accurate that during the after-war inflation period, rich peasants bought his paintings by counting the hens and roosters and paying the market price for as many as there were. I am sure that if Kokoschka should paint chickens the peasants would not like them, but the hen and rooster would recognize their fowl-souls on the canvas.

As usual, Kokoschka was in charge of a gentleman, assigned to him as an A.D.C. by the firm which monopolizes his works, whose function it was to pay bills, attend to tickets and luggage,

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and in general navigate Kokoschka into the harbor he was bound for. This is not an easy job because Kokoschka loses tickets, forgets addresses and the names of friends, cities, and continents, and may easily take it into his head to accompany a stoker whom he meets by chance in the harbor, on a journey to China.

After I had reassured the stern guardian that my way was the same as theirs, — to London, — and that we were old acquaintances, I was left alone with Kokoschka and we recalled long pleasant evenings in Vienna and a particularly happy afternoon in his atelier when he broke his accustomed reserve and held forth in a long recital to wondering professors of history about the cave man and his art, — the cave man who, when rare things happened, when a child was born or a new animal killed, made a note of it in a secret corner, to refresh his memory in case of need.

Kokoschka had tired of Germany and was going over to paint in England and try to understand the English. He had few friends over there and was nervous because his English was limited; and he seemed to be glad to accept any help that I could offer.

For several weeks I called regularly in the late afternoon at the Savoy, where Kokoschka had rooms. Breaking through the army of admirals and rear-admirals who by special dispensation seem to act as porters and lift-administrators in that popular resort, one walked through a long corridor and caught a glimpse of numberless couples in the huge hall, swinging around in a rhythm which some modern psychologists believe to be a direct expression of a deep human fear of returning to the intra-uterine stage, and from there to the primeval slime. Penetrating to the lift, one was shot up to the top floor and ushered into a room where Kokoschka was drinking in the grandiose spectacle of enormous London stretching out into hazy distances along the Thames. On top of that Babylon, where the people of counted hours, down below, were enjoying their pleasures of the minute, high up in the air where the roar of London tuned down until it was like a voice from the past, Kokoschka watched the ever changing April sky, the flying clouds, the factories and palaces, the tugs, boats, and bridges, and strained his powers to project a piece of canvas into the future so that after a hundred years it should still be understood as a message. Below, people lived their horizontal lives; above, Kokoschka was trying the vertical miracle

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of throwing one's life into the future and, while mixing his colors, took the greatest pains that they should come out at their best only after two hundred years of varnishing.

What a London it was that he expressed in his colors! There was something in it which could have happened in the stone age and something that will be the same after a few thousand years. The palaces and factories were ruins and modern steel at the same time. A chill of penury and incipient decay lingered on the Embankment, but above the sun pushed light through an eternal atmosphere of gray moisture, silvery blue vastness, and vibrating, powerful lines of green, dragon-blood, and white.

The head waitress, who kindly agreed that the picture should be put in her room for the night, stood in mute wonderment before it. She could not grasp it, but she felt its beauty and meaning and was a good enough British patriot to ask the artist in a simple, winning way to stay longer in England and paint some more. Happy painters! Since the cave man gave up drawing for writing, and drawing ceased to be an every-day occupation, a painter commands respect or at least silence; and even a sign-board decorator would refrain from criticizing Rembrandt, whereas anybody who can write a bill of fare will indulge in a few critical remarks about the style of any author, including Shakespeare.

Kokoschka is not a continuous and systematic worker. Sometimes in a couple of days he will cover an imposing piece of canvas, and then an inertia will take hold of him. He suffers from depression, from a guilty conscience which suggests that he has wasted his forty years of existence; and for days, weeks, — sometimes for months, — he will amble around with hollow eyes and a pale, haggard face. Then something seems to happen that pulls him out of this state. But while working he invents the queerest plans to keep himself on the job and fight any desire to escape work. One afternoon we were having tea in his room and talking idly. He was not painting that day because he had stayed out late the night before and felt tired. The smoke of London got into his eyes and nostrils. At about six o'clock in the afternoon I observed that Kokoschka got nervous and restless as if expecting some unpleasant visitor. Suddenly the door opened and, without knocking, the "Boots" walked in, a burly cockney who asked in a menacing voice:

"Any painting done to-day, sir?"

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Kokoschka smiled, blushed, bit his finger-nails, and like a truant child before his teacher began to stammer:

"No, sorry, sorry. Nothing to-day, nothing." The "Boots" looked at him reproachfully, shook his head like a shocked father on the stage, and then went out, slamming the door behind him.

"Now, what the devil does this mean?" was my question when I recovered sufficiently from my surprize. After a long examination I slowly extracted the truth. Kokoschka had asked the "Boots" to come to his room every evening and wash the brushes. He gave him five shillings each time, and the "Boots" told him that with this extra money he was buying ham, treacle, and plum pudding for his consumptive wife and seven sickly children. Now Kokoschka paints every day, because if the brushes are not used he can not give the money to "Boots" and he has a bad conscience because his laziness is depriving a poor family of their extra income. "Remember the Boots," he says to himself in the morning and turns with a sigh to his work. The intelligent "Boots" at the Savoy, living up to the traditions of Sam Weller, soon found out his rôle and played it to perfection. But on the whole, waiters, lift-boys, porters, chambermaids terrorize Kokoschka into a complete paralysis, so that he does not dare leave the hotel until a helpful friend emerges, pays the bills, and tips the formidable menials in his name.

Kokoschka is not a social success. When meeting people he moves shyly and awkwardly, slips on the floor, and behaves altogether like Baudelaire's Captured Albatross: "*Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent à marcher.*" His mind's wheel is not geared to fit the topics of ordinary conversation. His language is obscure, he speaks a Viennese dialect, using abrupt sentences which baffle even his own countrymen if they are not accustomed to it. In his effort to reach the minds of his listeners with the immediateness of revelation, he often fails to convey any meaning at all. The same thing is true of his plays. One must read them with ears closed to the ordinary meanings of words and even with eyes half-shut, to understand, or at least faintly touch, their significance. And yet sometimes, a few broken words glow like sparks in darkness, like his observation that: "Americans are like Christmas-trees," or the wisdom of his advice to a repressed friend: "You should become a murderer because you have such a sweet murderer's face!" Kokoschka enjoys an African savage who merrily cuts off his enemy's head, because the African is

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from one genuine block, and prefers him to a European Christian, — all mixed up like an elaborate cocktail.

When he is among his own friends in genial surroundings, Kokoschka's manner changes. He is talkative, at his ease, a perfect cavalier. I did not know that he had a large group of friends in London. I found it out only later when he invited me to see some of them. Very few of them were English. They were a motley crowd of Russians, Hindus, South Africans, and Germans.

We loved to stroll aimlessly in the streets of London, to reach silent squares, and then again to come out into the noise of the Strand, Leicester Square, and Piccadilly. There, standing before the entrances of theatres, we watched the elegant audience arriving, the impeccably dressed men and their pink and white skinned women in bright colors. There was always a gray crowd of ordinary mortals assembling and observing the theatre-goers with a look that had a little envy but more of the perverse curiosity with which a snake looks at exquisitely feathered birds whom he is going to swallow. We saw many beautiful women, with well shaped heads and that reassuring mixture of elegance and health that gives superiority to English beauties. Kokoschka looked at them with admiration, regarding many as future guests in that Palace of Love which, he asserts, he is going to build when he becomes a nabob.

He is always taking up new impressions and, like an insatiable Moloch, clamoring for more. He sees in Goethe the last European who was a sounding-board for whatever reached him from the big, wide world. Since then, Kokoschka holds, thinkers and artists have been limited to groups and nations, and he yearns for a universal sensitiveness and for an expression capable of reaching young and old, European, Chinese, and Negro with the immediateness of these little drawings with which naughty children decorate the walls of lavatories.

He fled from Austria, Germany, and France, where he finds little life and much stagnation. In England, he was first impressed by the order, by the beauty of London, by the quality of work and goods, — even by the enormous matches. But slowly he became gloomy. He felt something narrow and tired in England. He cursed Samuel Pepys as the first bourgeois in England, and when we read Dean Inge's essay on patriotism, he pointed out with malice that while in the first part Inge is inclined to see in patriotism a half-way house between egoism and universal human

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sympathies, at the end he is only too glad to register a lump in the throat at the sight of the white cliffs of Dover. He had little respect for either Turner or Whistler or any of the modern fashionable portrait painters who, acting as mummy-preservers, embalm the bowels and blue eyes of their clients.

"The English are foggier than the Germans," he used to say, "because they believe with more sincerity in the exclusive reality of their utilitarian world-illusion, which the bourgeoisie has created with the sweat of imagination."

The longer he stayed in London, the more he yearned to go among the African Negroes and instead of landscapes make picture-magic and charms. He holds with great tenderness to a beloved old mother in Vienna, for whom he sticks to the lucrative side of his art. One felt with Kokoschka the enamel of civilization melting off the human landscape, and primitive man peeping out everywhere.

There was some danger connected with our visits to the British Museum, because Kokoschka had a longing for the stone implements of Neolithic man. He sees in the people of the stone age an extinct race who have left only a few offspring like himself, still in possession of a magic world picture. A stone hammer attracted him so much that I had to draw him away from the case. Otherwise he would have broken the glass. He yearned for that hammer, would have given everything he had to possess it, for he recognized it as having something to do with his own life. And when I showed myself skeptical as to his racial memories, he became silent and mournful and then asked me to touch the scar on his left side around his heart, the wound he brought back from the War. It was exactly on the same spot as the cut on his self-portrait, made ten years before the War, a portrait of a skeleton pointing with a pained grimace to a wound around the heart, the wound that happened twelve years afterwards.

Kokoschka believes that a cosmic catastrophe ruined the magic unity in which mankind once lived with the "heart of the world". It was, he says, probably the catastrophe of the moon's losing her dominion, after which the natural matriarchal composition of society broke up and with the patriarchal family were introduced legal conceptions, the rights of the State, and the almightiness of thought. The recollection of women as the source of all power lives in the belief that long hair gives force, artistic talent, and the sad tale of the destruction of the matriarchate is

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symbolized in the Biblical story of Samson's locks. While mankind established esthetic conventions and made rules to be learned instead of learning the direct meaning of lines, sounds, and movements, dispersed groups, — still in possession of a magic power, — continued to exist and pass their quality from mother to daughter, seldom to sons. Moses must have been one of their descendants. He was a convinced stone worshiper and brought more eternal laws engraved in stone than the Romans have engraved on metal.

Mankind lost directness of expression. They lost the power of expressing themselves immediately in pictures. The love for the charade, the craze for the cross-word puzzle all come from a dim racial recollection that blazes up when anything emerges which appeals to a slumbering power, — the magic of pictures.

It is the language of pictures that Kokoschka tries to recover, their immediate magic reality buried under conventionalized esthetics. As Plato's ideas are faint recollections from a previous higher stage of existence dimly remembered, so Kokoschka's lines and colors come from worlds which have passed, worlds where the moon and women were dominant, worlds for which he is weeping. That is why a picture from the Old Testament like "Lot and his Daughters" suddenly says more about the world of the patriarchs than the words of the Bible, flowing through ears which can no longer hear their meaning.

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THE PRIVATE NOTE-BOOK OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Translated and Published in English for the First Time by

CARL LORAIN WITHERS

THE heirs of the Collin family, with whom Hans Christian Andersen made his home, recently brought to light a private note-book of the great teller of fairy tales which had not previously been known. The Danish editor, Julius Clausen, believes it was written in the years just before or after 1850. It is THE FORUM'S *privilege to present it first in English. Mr. Withers translated it and brought it from Copenhagen, where he studied lately as a traveling fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.*

PEOPLE reproach me for my wanderlust, saying that I betray my Danish blood in staying away from my homeland. How little such people understand me! My poems and my other work will show how Danish my heart is, and indeed my very roving is an exact proof of my true ancient Danish blood. It is the spirit of the Norsemen that is in me! Out into the world they pressed. And therefore, the artists of no other nations have the good fortune of the Scandinavians in being able to make most other lands the settings for the action of their own folk.

Round in the world the Scandinavians roamed; they discovered America. I rove forth like my forefathers! Where they sought spoils and plunder I seek spiritual gold, fresh fields for the mind. Down in Lombardy they slid to victory on their shields; the Vaerings, honored and proud, traveled on to Constantinople; our forefathers' names rang in Normandy; and in England the kings of Denmark triumphed, the banner of Denmark waved.

In my very flying out and return I am deeply Norse!

Worsaae writes in *Memoirs of the Danes and Northmen in England, Scotland, and Ireland:* "As a natural result of the lingering Danish rule over wide regions in Northern England, the Danes, too, belong to that group of mysterious invisible beings which the imaginative energy of the common people has created to haunt those parts. Among the remoter mountains in the northwest, men still believe that in the evening wind they hear the tones of vibrating strings and of melancholy songs in a strange tongue. Often, when no human being can hear anything out of the ordinary, animals will lift up their wondering ears. They

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hear 'the Danish boy', sadly singing the ancient scald-songs over the burial mounds of his once mighty fathers."

God, grant me power to sing of Denmark's life and beauty so that the strange tongue will carry in the silent evenings to English ears, and they will say it is the Danish boy singing over the graves of his once mighty fathers.

This evening a sickly, tattered form appeared in my room. It was the former actor Bigum. He has been coming for a couple of years now with humorous begging letters. "Only an actor," I remember he wrote, going on to tell how he must go to Kjøge with holes in his boots to give a declamation exhibition. This time he comes from the hospital where his foot has been sawed off. "I have not been here very long with you, and, — " he continued with a sort of pride, — "I apply only to artists, although I have to go without a coat on my back. That's putting it too strong, I have a coat such as it is. I am going to —— now, to rid myself of the world." I gave him a little money and a few apples. "Will you give a wretched man your hand?" he said. I dreaded to do it, he looked so diseased and filthy. But I could not say no; I shook hands with him, and, — the instant he was gone I rushed out and washed myself; but it itched the whole evening.

In a lane over by Glorup there is a little tumble-down peasant house. No one lives there, it is too wretched; but his Excellency, the old owner, will not tear it down because there is a stork's nest on the roof and storks come there every year. For their sake the house will stand until it falls in. Last autumn, when the storks had gone, I saw growing up out of the nest a great yellow blossom, that lifted its head high into the air as if the nest were there for its sake. The picture comes back so often into my thoughts. The proud, straight flower in the stork nest.

There are many stereotyped souls with gold edges and Saphian bindings.

The steamer out yonder is a whole little world where every person has his joy, his pain, his Something that fills him entirely. Each walks about freely and is yet the prisoner of his world. Within that wooden structure his human freedom lies. And the ship moves and disappears, the wake closes, even the smoke vanishes.

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The Public is a man of great distinction: he can both have the paper of command in his hand and have the chamberlain's rosette on his coat tail. That is to say, he can have honor both in front and behind. He is a great gentleman, to be bowed before, although he often is a pure, — oh, pardon, I said what I did not mean. One naturally does not say that aloud to the Public, to that general Mr. Crowd who has the unquestioned right to go into all theatres, where he usually makes an exhibition of himself. He laughs inanely, applauds inanely, and corrupts talent whenever its head is not in quite the right place. Oh, how I want to sing a song with the refrain

Publicum!
Dumb, dumb, dumb!
Says my mandolin.

Nature picture, Bregentved, between Christmas and New Year: It was thawing; a little snow lay on the grass; but the fresh, leafy branches of the briar bushes formed little huts over the ditches, more attractive than in summer time. Within the garden shone the vermilion leaves of some strange willowy shrubs, whose name I do not know. The forest was black, the sea like heavy, congealed lead. The clouds, — they were not really clouds, but wet, chasing wisps of fog, — skimmed across the landscape. Black crows flew by in great flocks, without cawing. Everything seemed to sleep. Velvety green moss showed wherever the snow was scraped aside and on the lee side of the trees. A gleam of the sun came over the water, and it shone like molten tin.

It is the same with books one read in younger years and takes up again when an older person as with the people one spent his youth with and meets again now. Certain few traits can now be understood better, but we find much that we do not like. With books it all lies in our change, with persons the change can be mutual.

Holy Art, which all talk about and judge like the wind and weather, and in wind and weather and holy silliness! I, too, have a right to an opinion, says the butcher to his wife, — the spiritual butcher. And if you hear the voice of a respectable laborer, as a wood-cutter can be, especially skilful and respect-worthy in

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cutting wood, why you must have reverence for the respectable man's opinion, and you have it.

Publicum!
Dumb, dumb, dumb!
Says my mandolin.

A left-handed man came into a car with a distinguished man. He straightway sat down on the right and said, "Honor him to whom honor is due!" The left side was to him the right side. A man shall always set himself in the current of thought.

A lady dreamed that all her teeth fell out. "I must have lost a friend," she said. Oh, it was only a false friend, all the lady's teeth are false.

A man had a fine beech tree. The romantic young lady from the great farm near-by often said when she saw this tree: "You must have it painted! It is charming! It deserves to be painted."

On the young lady's birthday the man had the bark scraped off and the whole tree painted, — red with yellow stars.

The tree died.

There was once a man who in his sixty-seventh year tried to think of a witty remark. He lived only to think of one, and at last one came to him, but he died, died over the joy of thinking of it, and no one got the benefit of it. The witty remark was one that should be said at lunch: it suited that time. Yet now the man was dead and had come into the other world together with the spirits. At last came twelve o'clock for the first time since he had thought of the witticism. It was the hour for all the spirits to appear, and the watchman slept. He said it now, and no one laughed because it was unsuitable to the time. And so he went into the grave again with his witty remark, which no one knows, including ourselves. And now you see why this is a sad story, if a short one.

It is wonderful that we Danes, who are so good-natured, have a derisive name for everybody.

"There is a Hollander," we say and think of a drowsy, stupid, indolent fellow. Yet how little the idea matches that breezy, energetic folk. No nation has more prejudice, I think, than the

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Danes. "German wind bag!" we say. The Swede is false, the Frenchman lecherous, the English are silly! For each and all we have an evil epithet. But *we*, the little island race with the tip of land called Jutland, we regard ourselves in the spirit of Pharisees. We strike our bosoms and say, "I thank You, God, that I am not like the others!" We consider ourselves so modest, so open-hearted! It has become a saying among us: *We are the good people.* To deride and sneer, to watch for the weak points in our neighbor, that is our evil nature.

And that I have it and say so, — proves that I am Danish.

There is no true nobility except the nobility of intellect, and in the course of years the princes choose their great men from among these noblemen. The nobility of Denmark are Tordenskjold, Bartholin, Griffenfeldt, Tycho Brahe, Ørsted, Thorwaldsen. The nobility of the world are the potter's son Themistocles, the tailor apprentice Tordenskjold, the tenement-dweller's boy Thorwaldsen. Most of the born noblemen are but the shield-bearers for the nobility of genius. They are only stage viands, without juice or strength.

I felt that I was bound to him. His friendship was a greening palm against which I rested my head. Then along came a certain woman and I said to her, "My faith is in him." "Your faith!" she repeated, smiling. Oh, in that smile there was devouring death. It breathed over my tree, which seemed to bend; I grew dizzy. Oh, what a deadly poison filled the air in that instant, — I grieve that he could change toward me, could be the first of us to feel less warmly! And yet in that instant I too felt the same change. I distrust him. I can be shaken in my faith merely by a mocking smile.

There are moments in which the remembrance of the beloved dead so fills us that we live back in a vanished time, live with the dead yet living.

There is a kind of sympathetic ink which leaves no traces on the paper but in which every letter, every curve, comes out clear again when it is held over the warmth. At such a moment the warmth revives something that has vanished. In elder people flame up the passions of youthful love, the sweet melancholy the lover feels for his absent bride.

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In the woods there were many mushrooms of all colors, some quite vermilion. A few of these were covered with warts like cream pastry dotted with almonds. Some mushrooms were green as grass, and still others were white and jelly-like. We can easily imagine all these mushrooms changed at midnight to pretty women, alluring and caressing. And now they are seen by day; the pitch-black and sickening ones are dying bacchanalian spirits.

I saw the black wood snail eating mushrooms. Was he their conquering evil demon? Of the snail I know for certain only one fact: he spits.

Philosophers!

The Daughter of Dorte Engelbreth

How easily contented our ancestors were in matters of taste we can see from the following. When once during the three years the lady lived in Copenhagen she was in a company with the poet Kingo, and according to the custom there should be rimes given at the table, Kingo recited the following couplet impromptu:

> I was near a rime, but I knew not what,
> For the mistress of riming beside me sat.

Whereupon she answered:

> O matchless poet! You call me so!
> That you are my master all people know.

These two impromptu couplets went from mouth to mouth through an entire century and were written down in all diaries as expressions considered as witty as we deem epigrams by Baggesen or Wessel to-day. The lady was ranked very high in that time, when rime was mistaken for poetry.

"In good company the back parts have a seat but no voice," once said one of my teachers in Slagelse School to a pupil.

Our Italian Opera

The Italians have begun their performances. I have heard them. If only I had not! How happy to be unable to melt before harmonies, to be at one with one's neighbors and one's surroundings! Still, Rossi interests me. There is something in his singing that seems to say, "Oh, how miserable I am! They are

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applauding out there for me as if I were a great singer, they love me, they make copperplates of me, they dote on me, and I am nothing! I know only too well how it should be. I suffer and weep in the deepest of my soul, because my voice is insufficient, because skill and power is lacking in me!" Yes, Rossi says that to himself, and that self-acknowledgment, that pain, tremble through his song in certain moving tones, and, — he is the pearl in *la banda*. It was *Lucia* that we saw, and the title rôle was sung by Madame, — God knows who. Art does not know and she does not know art. Madame Marziali was Lucia. In most Italian women there is something noble, there is animation and movement. But there are those qualities in the poorest *donna*, and Madame Marziali is such a poor donna, a very poor one. She has the Italian movement, but her soul never dreamed of Lucia di Lammermoor as the poet portrays her.

My neighbor in the orchestra, an honest-looking man, clapped steadily, and when in the mad scene she went three times round with outstretched hands, he cried out, "That is acting!"

Why does no painter give us sunlight in a wood? To paint pictures of the sun would be foolish. It is impossible. But its reflection can be given. We can see its rays on the water, we can see the leaves of the trees made transparent, we can see the rich light on the leafy branches. On the tree trunks we can see shadows of the people who walk by.

It is not enough to reproduce faithfully; the *artist* can avoid that, but Genius gives soul.

There are impossibilities for God also. He can not erase the past, undo what has happened.

The waves of the ocean move toward the north. At the same time, the gulls go southward. That is like the movements of the time. The moment drives the waves in an opposite direction to the stream of progress. This stream, however, continues.

Whoever wishes to study the human heart correctly must creep into a mail-bag and read there.

The other evening they gave in the theatre that crude new play, — and Bournonville's beautiful ballet, *The Fair at the*

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Quai. During the play Bournonville came into the parquet. "You are watching the ballet?" he said to me. "Yes, if only I were on the other side of the footlights!" I answered.

It was all right for Adam to dream a woman for himself, but there wasn't much to her. She was the first to subscribe to death.

"Now he's dead and the devil has got him, and we've all got the same way to go!" said the swallow. I heard that saying or proverb when I was a child.

Snow-storm in Copenhagen

We had a regular snow-storm yesterday. Air and earth were a white, drifting whirl. The window-panes were covered over with snow; and it crashed down from the roof in avalanches, all that caked-together snow, until it grew dark within the room. There was a flight of human beings out on the street. They ran, they flew, and at the street corners they fairly rushed into each other's arms, held fast one to the other, and as long as they did so, kept fast footing against the storm wind. Carts and horses were plastered over with white. The drivers stood facing backward in the carts and drove. A few pedestrians kept in the shelter of the wagons, which could move but slowly in the deep snow. A little path was shoveled out along the houses, but filled up in some places; yet these long, narrow paths were the only places where people could walk, and wherever two people met, both stopped stock-still. Obviously, neither wanted to make the first move toward stepping out into the deep snow. Silently they stood until, as if with one accord, each sacrificed an opposite leg and let it reach out into the snow. It was a good place to learn to recognize selfishness! And all the time it snowed and stormed.

Dwellers by the Orinoco River call the dew star-spit.

On the stage of Nature there is no fault to be found with the scene arrangements as in the Danish theatres. Out there you do not meet palm trees on the Danish island Amager, cactus in the Tyrol, beech trees high up in Norway, and moonlight in every cranny.

Yes, there is a great difference between nature and the Danish stage.

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Home and Abroad

Ah, *at home*, when you go round the corner the sawdust blows in your eyes, everything is quite accursed, you are robbed of your share of the sidewalk, jolted on the arm, and you get your new clothes greasy. But *abroad!* Then you remember the Danish songs, the Danish woods and clover fields and storks, — all the happy and affectionate things! All sharp memories have lost their sting, but the sweet have still their savor, and so everything is perfect at home. It is the same with mountains, — at a distance they are blue and bathed in ethereal mist.

However far a man may travel, he has always an electric thread that binds him to his fatherland, and the longer it is, the finer, the more sensitive.

The Folk Book

A folk book, that is something for the basement, for the farmer in the country, or at the highest for the tender young student, you say. But that is not right. It is a book for the people, and the people are not the poorer group but the whole group, the soul of the entire nation, both those of noble birth and farmers. A folk book shall be read by all classes. There is something in humanity, something wherein God, — that is to say the Good and the Beautiful, — shines. It is the stamp of our divinity and it grips us wherever we see it. It grips all, the entire folk. The book wherein such traits are gathered is a book for all, a book for a folk, a folk book.

There is a book about animals that shows in narrative guise how human animals can be. We should have a folk book about human beings, showing how godlike they can be. Of such a nature is our story of the pious wife of the knight, who brought food to the poor in spite of the commands of her harsh husband. One day when she was carrying a basketful of food she met her husband and told him it was roses. And indeed it was roses, fresh and odorous, when she lifted the cloth. In such a book belongs the story of the half filled bottle on the coat of arms! On the battlefield an enemy lay dying and he asked a soldier for a drink to quench his thirst. The soldier, also thirsty, took his flask from his own mouth before he had drunk a drop, and handed it to the dying enemy, who at the same instant drew out a pistol to shoot him. Then the soldier snatched back his flask, drank half its contents, and gave

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the rest to the dying man, saying, "You have deserved only half!" The ruler heard about it and dubbed the soldier knight, giving him a half filled flask on his coat of arms.

In a folk book not only the great characteristics should be gathered, but the small ones also, which can be very gripping. Not all the pictures in a gallery are great. Variety is what gives interest.

Let us hear again of that French king who was the benefactor of the poor and to whom a snow monument was raised with the inscription: "You helped more quickly than this snow can melt."

The earth's crust extends only three miles down and within it burns a frightful mixture of fire and lava. We can already feel the heat in the deep mines, which go down scarcely half a mile. The earth's crust resembles the shell of an egg, and upon that we carelessly build our cities. The mob does not realize this, has not heard about it during the thousands of years. What are thousands of years in eternity? After thousands of years the crust of the earth was riven, and the Alps, the Balkan Mountains, and the Vosges were lifted up. We crawl around like ants on a hill.

Octogenarians are often people who have never done anything to make the Lord willing to have them.

Many people are better than they seem. So it is, too, with some periods and nations.

Sarah had no children before she had been in the harem of Abimelech, the king of the Philistines. She called the child Isaac, which means, "People will laugh!" Sarah had good human insight. She knew well enough the workings of the good folks' minds.

Newspaper Criticism

There is one trait in our newspaper literature which is so disgusting, but so characteristic, that it must be harped upon.

One of our students, very gay in all public places, — audacity itself and, therefore, called amusing when he was generally only impudent, — fell in love with Mathilde B., — that is, as much in love as he could be. So he went into a *conditori*, spat on the floor, and began scratching over it with his stick, an M.B. with a crown on top. "Isn't that amusing!" he said. And that person delivered to the papers articles about the Beautiful!

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When the heart's canary bird begins to sing, reason usually stuffs her fingers into the ears.

Everything that Copenhageners have is lovely; in this they are true Berliners. "The beautiful Strandvej!" they say. Yes, the first two miles is built up of cobble-stones; but it is healthful to rumble over rough ground. Two or three ordinary homes to the four mile stretch are extraordinary, the other buildings are small houses endlessly imitative and prosaic. The view is a flat field and the water with the flat Swedish coast beyond. There is a great hulk of a house which looks as if it were lost on the way out of the back of an omnibus. Small houses with clean curtains and the family of a laborer. Dust coming in through every window, — but the people inside can in spite of it see everybody that goes by, and on Sunday that means a whole throng. Harmless people with parasols, father pushing a baby carriage, — that is what is called "driving in the woods". Out beyond Charlottenlund are a number of many-seated carriages; inside is a single woman or an old man sitting and waiting for more to come, for the driver starts when every seat is taken. These quiet, yearning vehicles drag the spirits quite to the bottom.

Everything shall be in the country. "Here is such a healthy air for the children!" says the father of a family. "And my wife will improve so much. Here is a bath-house, and one can walk." That is to say, one can walk on the road or on a few metres of land by the water, always the same, endlessly flat, so flat. The towers of Copenhagen can not be seen for the stickle-berry bushes, so flat the land is. The castle on Fortunen stands like a barn lantern set out in a field. Through the glass lantern can be seen the charming Strandvej, the delight of Copenhageners. Where it really begins to look like something, people do not come; it is too far from the city.

What have I written? A tragedy, in which no one dies, but in which they are tortured as mankind can be tortured without life's going out, — an event that brings both tragedy and suffering to an end. The tragedy deals with Ambrosius Stub, the Danish poet and his fresh, sad songs, the same who went as merrymaker to the feasts of the magistrate of Funen and played the fool for those who were spiritually beneath his heel plates.

The farmer had it quite different in those days. Now he gets his own growth over his own rye field.

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Proverbs from the Time of Saxo

He sings a swan song, but has wormwood in his mouth.

Patience is our greatest strength.

What good is strong armor on a trembling breast or good arrows in a cowardly hand?

One day at Glorup when everybody was away calling and I preferred to stay at home, the Madam came from Nyborg and wanted His Excellency to take shares in her tannery. I gave her an envelope for her letter and told her she must write on the outside of it, "His Excellency, Moltke, Knight of the Elephant, Order of the Great Cross of Dannebrog, *et Cetera*." That was difficult at first for her to write. "I am only a woman," she said. And when she came to *et Cetera*, she hesitated, sighed, — and wrote "*Extra*"!

The Reverend X. used to write in his letters to friends and acquaintances, "I have a story to tell you when we see each other. The cue is . . . (for example, a spoon, Hans)." In that way he would give a few words by which he could be reminded of something he wished to tell.

They say of S. that in Odense where he lives he is so stingy that he stays up nights and barks to make people think he keeps a dog. He lets the neighbors' rooster in with his hens every morning; but when feeding time comes, the rooster is driven home before the grain is scattered.

(A Story I Heard When I Was a Child)

A simple woman wanted to save a piece of roast for her husband, and put it in a pewter plate upon the stove to keep warm. When the plate had been melted away this woman said, "What an intelligent cat we have! He has eaten the plate and left the meat."

Hebraic Proverbs

a) Your secret is your prisoner. If you let it escape, then you are its prisoner.

b) The world is not like what your mother tells you, but like what your neighbors tell you.

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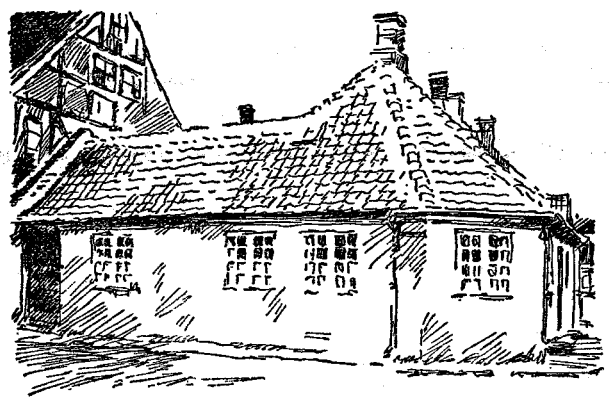
The two worst comets, according to what my father used to say, are the state lottery and brandy-wine.

Man has evolved so far that concerning Art and Poetry we encounter the most varied opinions, the most inane remarks and theories, — everywhere in conversation. But no one has yet gone far enough to reconcile all that with what the papers say. Yet ordinary poetry is quite like them, quite as vapid, stupid, and partizan.

God does not notice the stamp of the coin to see whether the time has put there a crown or a beggar's stave: He looks at the metal. The gold shall ring true to gold, the slag shall be cast into a heap of its own.

That fat, heavy man, you know, was a pitiful little paring when he was born. The stork brought him two months too soon, so he had to be put in a crock full of lukewarm gruel and set on the stove, where he was kept for four weeks.

The best poetry has its admirers, the worst has its transported public.



Andersen's Birthplace

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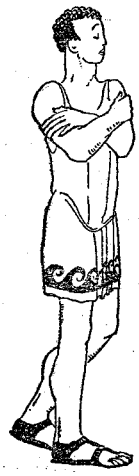

ACHILLES AND THE TORTOISE

F.P.RAMSEY

Drawings by Muriel Hannah

EVERY so often THE FORUM *sends out from its editorial Ark, over the waters of specialism, a turtle-dove to cull green leaves from the Tree of Knowledge. This time she has returned with the tortoise-leaf from the book of logic. The mathematician selected to explain the world's supreme puzzles in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" here shows how trivial riddles may cause profound mental distress. You will not be alone, says our Science Editor, in disagreeing with his method of approach.*

But the author does not have the last word. Readers are invited to join in the retort courteous and the quip mathematical. By way of inducement the Editor offers a prize of $100 for the best comment. This may be an essay or criticism in at least one word and not more than 3000 words. Or it may take the form of a picture, a pun, or a piece of philosophy. The prize will be awarded to the effort which shows the highest degree of intelligence, whether it is intricate, humorous, or expository. The closing date for the receipt of manuscripts is October 1.

ALL exact reasoning, especially mathematical reasoning, rests on the supposition that a precise statement is either true or false, and can not be both true and false. Consequently mathematicians have in recent years been forced to give a lot of attention to certain cases in which simple and apparently flawless reasonings can be used to establish contradictory conclusions. For the situation which arises is as uncomfortable to the mathematician as it would be if he could prove that two sides of a triangle were together greater than the third side, and also prove that they were together less than it.

A simple illustration of this is provided by the following example, from which all mathematical elements have been removed.

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The word "short" is a short word, but the word "long" is not a long word. This suggests a division of adjective words according as they do or do not have the property which they connote. Words like "short", which apply to themselves, let us call *autological;* and words like "long", which do not apply to themselves, let us call *heterological.* Now suppose we put the question, "Is the word 'heterological' a heterological word?". Then we at once obtain contradictory answers. For if it is heterological, that means that it does not apply to itself, i.e., that it is not heterological; but if it is not heterological, then it does apply to itself, i.e., it is heterological. How can these conclusions be reconciled with the Law of Contradiction?

Let us take another example, one which actually forced the great Frege to admit that his system contained some fundamental mistake. Classes we can divide according to whether they are or are not members of themselves. Thus the class of men is not a man, and so not a member of itself; but the class of things other than men, is also not a man and is therefore a member of itself. Now consider the class of all classes which are not members of themselves. Is this class a member of itself or not? If it is a member of itself, then it is one of its members, i.e., one of the classes which are not members of themselves, and so it is not a member of itself. But if it is not a member of itself, then it is not one of the classes which are not members of themselves, and so must be a member of itself. We have thus proved both that it is and that it is not a member of itself.

About a dozen such contradictions have been found of various kinds, and it is probable that only a little ingenuity is required to invent as many more. The result is a serious crisis for mathematical and philosophical thought, which has not, however, received the attention it deserves, owing to the scarcity of philosophers who are good enough mathematicians, and of mathematicians who are good enough philosophers to get a firm grasp of the situation.

The situation is not altogether a new one in the history of thought, for at least twice before the intellectual situation has been overshadowed by apparently insoluble contradictions. In the ancient Greece, Zeno of Elea propounded his paradoxes about motion, which can not be regarded as finally having been cleared up until the latter half of the last century. The most famous of these is the race between Achilles and the tortoise. Achilles, who

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races ten times as fast as the tortoise, gives the tortoise ten yards start. By the time Achilles has run this ten yards the tortoise is a yard farther on. By the time Achilles has run this yard, the tortoise has gone one-tenth of a yard farther. By the time Achilles has gone this one-tenth of a yard the tortoise will have gone another one-hundredth of a yard; and so on, the tortoise being always ahead and Achilles never catching him up. The solution of this paradox requires an adequate theory of the infinite divisibility of space, which was only achieved in recent times. Fortunately, however, men were prepared to trust their common sense before they were in possession of a theoretical justification for their conclusion.

The second great thinker who invented contradictions of this sort was the philosopher Kant, whose "antinomies" were an essential part of his system. He produced proofs that, for instance, space is infinite in extent, and again that it is only finite, that it is infinitely divisible and again only finitely divisible. From this possibility of proving contradictory results, he deduced that the sphere of human reason was limited, and that contradiction was the natural consequence of arguing about things beyond the range of possible experience. His position has, however, been overthrown by the general recognition that it is not possible to prove by *a priori* reasoning either of these results.

Now again we are faced with contradictions, but the present situation is different in several ways from either of the preceding ones. Then the contradictions were invented by philosophers to support their systems, whereas the modern ones were, to begin with, stumbled upon by mathematicians who had nothing to gain for their theories from them and could only regard them with dismay. The modern contradictions, especially the more mathematical ones, therefore appear as obstacles inevitably encountered in the pursuit of science, not as the artificial creations of philosophers. Another difference is that the paradoxes of Zeno and the antinomies of Kant related principally to space, time, and motion. Whereas the modern "paradoxes of the Theory of Aggregates", as they are called, are matters of pure logic and demand for their solution not merely a new theory of space and time, but a reform of logic; that is, some new idea as to what is a good argument and what a fallacy.

The work of Mr. Bertrand Russell, although it is not universally accepted and does not profess to be completely satisfactory,

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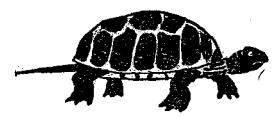
is by many regarded as giving an approximately correct account of the matter. His solution is given by his "Theory of Types". The most important idea in this is that a series of words which form a grammatical sentence may, nevertheless, be nonsense. For instance "virtue is triangular" is a grammatical sentence, but, according to Mr. Russell, nonsense. It is not merely that it is false to say that virtue is not triangular, but that this statement is literally nonsense, for it is only things and not qualities like virtue that can significantly be said to be triangular. It is therefore necessary to distinguish different "types" of things, and to declare that the result of applying an adjective to a thing of the wrong type is not falsehood but nonsense. There is not really a contradiction but simply a nonsensical arrangement of words which looks like a contradiction.

In this way, by the principle that the rules of grammar do not guarantee significance, we can escape about one-half the contradictions of which the one about classes is typical. But the other contradictions like the one about "heterological" are not so easy, because "heterological" is not a nonsensical word, but expresses a real property of an adjective word; and since it is itself an adjective word it is the right type of thing to be autological or heterological, and the question, "Is 'heterological' heterological?" is not nonsense. In order to deal with a contradiction of this sort we have to make further "typical" distinctions among the adjectives which are applicable to a given sort of thing. The need for this can be made apparent in the following way.

Suppose we have a set S of characteristics. For instance, let them be, if possible, all characteristics significantly predicable of things of a certain type. Then we could ask whether a given thing has all the characteristics of the set S; and if it had, we could regard this as a further characteristic of it, and we could introduce an adjective A, to mean "having all the characteristics of the set S". As the characteristics of the set S will be named by a set of adjectives, the question is raised whether the adjective A can be an adjective of this set, or whether, since it presupposes the totality of the set, it can not be regarded as a member of it without a vicious circle; so that whatever set of characteristics and adjectives



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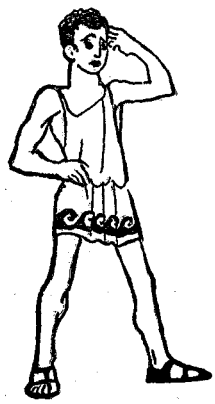
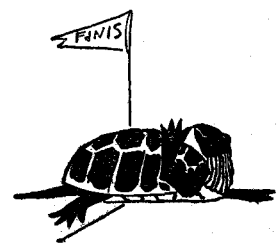
we take, there will always be other characteristics and adjectives which presuppose the totality of the set taken and so can not be members of it. If we adopt this view, we shall reject the possibility of an all-embracing set of characteristics predicable of a given thing and construct a hierarchy of different orders of characteristics, each presupposing the totality of those of lower orders. In this way we can solve the remaining contradictions. For instance, "short" and "long" are adjectives of the lowest order, but "heterological" is found to be one of highest order, because it means "meaning a characteristic not predicable of itself". The indefinite *a* in this means that a totality of characteristics is involved in it. These we must suppose to be of some definite order, say the lowest, so that "heterological" will mean "meaning a characteristic of lowest order not predicable of itself", and "autological" similarly "meaning a characteristic of lowest order predicable of itself", and "heterological" which involves in its meaning the totality of lowest order characteristic means therefore a characteristic of higher order and is thus neither autological nor heterological.

Such is Mr. Russell's solution, but it can not be regarded as completely satisfactory, because it has the unfortunate consequence of invalidating an important type of mathematical argument, on which a good deal of modern mathematics rests. This difficulty has again thrown the subject into the melting pot, and some eminent mathematicians have expressed the opinion that parts of their subject (which has always been regarded as the only part of science that never needs revision) are radically unsound. It seems, however, to the present writer that Mr. Russell's theory can be amended in a rather subtle way which will entirely overcome the difficulties. The key to the situation is found to be an ambiguity in the notion of meaning to which logicians are being obliged to pay more and more attention. But the matter is too intricate for non-technical discussion.





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THE FLAG AND THE DOLLAR

AMOS PINCHOT

IN the June issue of THE FORUM, *Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers warned Mexico to mind her manners or prepare for intervention which, he said plainly, could not be delayed forever. With that view of the matter, Mr. Pinchot takes issue sharply. Admitting that the American citizen is entitled to invoke the flag's protection, he asks whether the dollar has the same right. If Yankee investors seek extra profit in turbulent lands, ought they not accept also the risk that inevitably goes with it.*

CAN Mexico maintain her isolation?" is the question asked by Rear-Admiral Rodgers in the June issue of THE FORUM, — a question deriving importance from the fact that President Coolidge forced it on the attention of the American people by his now famous Palmerstonian speech at the United Press Association dinner at the Biltmore Hotel on April 25. Twice in the last eleven years we have narrowly escaped war with our neighbor to the south, — a neighbor passionately desiring peace, since she has all to lose by war. And so constant is the pressure exerted at Washington by American financial interests, that it will be little short of a miracle if Mexico, during the next ten years, is able to "maintain her isolation", which, in plain language, means remain a nation and not be annexed by us or transformed into a dependency.

Broadly speaking, there are two main arguments for the termination of Mexico's "isolation". These are: first, that the Mexican government is not strong enough to insure a degree of stability and order that will permit Mexico to provide the world with such raw materials as it requires of her; consequently, there must be intervention (a suave word carrying all the implications of armed conquest); and, second, that the dollar of the American investor is not being treated fairly in Mexico. Therefore, we must go down there and see that it is given consideration.

The first of these arguments forms the thesis of Admiral Rodgers's FORUM article. The second, which for convenience I shall take up first, is the stock argument of interventionists and was made official Republican doctrine by President Coolidge on April 25, when he said: "The person and *property* of a citizen are a part of the general domain of the nation even when abroad. . . . there is a distinct and binding obligation on the part of self-respecting governments to afford protection to the persons and *property* of their citizens wherever they may be." (Italics

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mine). Mr. Coolidge makes no distinction between person and property, — the man and the thing. And here, as I see it, he is on dangerous ground. For, though the flag has always followed the citizen across international lines and protected him, are we ready, entirely ready as a nation, to commit ourselves to the principle that it shall also follow and protect the dollar?

Attracted by the possibilities of making larger profits than can be counted on at home, I take my money, or some of it, out of this country and go down to Mexico. Why do I do this? Is it because I like the climate of Mexico or have confidence in the stability of Mexican political and economic conditions? By no means. I take my money to Mexico because I think it will bring me more profits there than here. Why do I think this? For the precise and particular reason that, on account of comparatively unsettled conditions and the consequent risk of investment, the return on capital in Mexico is larger than the return in the United States. And that increased return, and nothing else, is the reason why my dollar or any American dollar goes south of the Rio Grande.

As a man of ordinary experience, I am aware that risk is the factor that determines the rate of return. I am aware that, if conditions were as stable in Mexico as they are here, and business risks equal, the returns would be equal in the two countries. Moreover, it is clear as sunlight that, if the risk of investment were the same in Mexico as in a country like ours, whose revolutionary period is happily in the distant past, the Mexican government would not be offering to foreigners such favorable opportunities for the making of vast profits as it does actually offer. It would not have to. Capital would come in anyhow.

In a word, it is all perfectly right and proper for me to take my dollar to Mexico or any other place and get all I can out of it by every decent means (or leave it there and come home as most investors do). But for me, — after subjecting my dollar to the larger and fully anticipated risk for the sake of the larger and fully anticipated return, — to come running to the American taxpayer the moment the risk materializes and the return does not, demanding that he, the taxpayer, who has never invested a cent in Mexico and probably never will, shall send his son and his money southward to get my adventurous, deliberately hazarded dollar out of trouble, is obviously a performance that requires diplomatic description, lest the public should see it in its true

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light and call it by its correct and by no means agreeable name.

And it is not as if the fate of the American dollar invested on foreign soil meant anything to the American consumer. It does not. A limitless supply of petroleum coming from the Mexican wells to this country would hardly lower the price of gasoline or kerosene here by a fraction of a cent. As conclusively shown by the report of the Senate Sub-Committee on Manufactures, based on its investigation of the oil industry in 1922–23, the price of petroleum products has no relation to the supply of petroleum. For not the law of supply and demand, but the Standard Oil Company controls prices by controlling the avenues of transportation. Indeed, the whole shoddy theory of dollar imperialism is a too much tolerated fraud, the tragedy as well as the comedy of which lies in the fact that, under the hypnosis of industro-financialism, society is inclined to accept any humbug that allegedly helps business.

There is only one course to take in regard to this war-breeding doctrine. We should abandon it, — abandon it promptly and wholly. There is no halfway ground. Either American arms protect the American investor's dollar in foreign lands, or they do not. If they do, then we must be prepared to fight in Mexico, Nicaragua, or any country where the dollar needs us. Obviously the only way to keep out of such embarrassing and dangerous positions, is to go on precisely the opposite theory from that of the Coolidge administration.

The American dollar away from home, is on its own and must take its chances. It must accept the laws, good or bad, and the administration of laws, good or bad, of the government whose territory it has entered. It must rely solely on the good-will and intelligent self-interest of that Government to protect it, and not on an extraterritorial extension of the authority of the American Government. And, though it may occasionally suffer, in the long run it will be the gainer, for such a course will go far, much farther than the present bullying policy of our State Department, toward establishing good will, security, and increasing trade opportunities among our neighbors.

Now, as to Admiral Rodgers's FORUM argument for intervention, namely, that, since Mexico does not produce as she should, we have a right, — indeed, a duty, — to enter forcibly and make her produce, this is the argument we hear applied by imperialists as glibly to the shores of the Mediterranean as those of the

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Caribbean. And, provided we admit there exist no values of consequence but material values and that the first and great commandment of a nation is to produce things wanted by other nations, it is a formidable argument, indeed, one to which there is no answer.

Admiral Rodgers presents this argument both convincingly and honestly. Indeed, he argues in such a way that, though one need not agree with his conclusions, one can not but admire his candor and praise the clarity with which he states his position. He says:

> Four great nations have won world supremacy on the basis of mass production by machinery, — the United States, Germany, England, and France, — while other countries, without their wealth and coal, remain agricultural and export raw materials. . . .
>
> The new economic conditions require that weak Governments the world over must either make themselves strong internally, or go. The opinion of the world will permit the downtrodden classes anywhere a chance to right their wrongs by armed insurrection; but after reasonable opportunity, if they fail to make good, the world loses sympathy and expects them to take up their fetters and get to work again. Mexico has had fifteen years of disorder in the name of liberty, but has not yet developed a government strong enough to guarantee that security which international business demands. . . .
>
> This closely knit economic world must supply the Big Four and the lesser nations of their kind with raw products, or their machine industries slow down and all communities suffer, even the most pastoral and simple with the others. Mexico has products that the world looks to her to provide. She can not go on making the world wait. If she establishes security, which will permit her people to work in the fields and mines and exchange their products for those of other nations, all will be well with her internationally. If she can not, or will not, do so, she will surely suffer infringements of her sovereignty by foreign powers bent on doing for her what she can not do for herself.

And he ends his article with the ominous sentence: "May Mexico soon realize her danger."

Now, if it is right for us to subjugate by war a so-called backward nation (for this is the only possible interpretation of Admiral Rodgers's "infringements" of sovereignty and "doing for her what she can not do for herself") because such a nation does not produce enough for our machines, why is it not just as right to go to war with a forward country because it produces too much? Overproduction by another nation may do, in fact often does, more damage to industrial life than underproduction. And the justification of war for such a purpose opens the door to war for any business reason which, after all, is perhaps, what industro-financialism of the American school is leading up to.

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We are living in the age of the machine, which must be fed, however our minds and spirits may starve. Man, said Allen Upward, made the Machine with his own hands, and then, according to his idolatrous nature, fell down and worshiped. Nevertheless, many of us will agree that there are limits to the sacrifices, — sacrifices in happiness, sacrifices in our ideas of the purpose of things and the dignities and decencies of life, — which should be made to a machine even in an age of idolatry.

As I have said, if we look at Mexicans, or any other people, or for that matter, at any single individual in the world, solely as a cog in a world machine of quantity production, and as possessing only such rights and choices of action as the needs of the machine shall permit, the discussion ends. That is, it ends if Admiral Rodgers's contention, that Mexico's lack of order prevents her from producing her quota of raw materials for the use of ourselves, England, France, and Germany, is a sound contention.

However, unluckily for this contention, Mexico is not doing so badly. Indeed, she is making good progress toward that Utopia of industrial fecundity which, in the opinion of Admiral Rodgers, will warrant us in not insisting that her people shall, as he so aptly puts it, "take up their fetters and get to work again." Her foreign trade has grown from 454,903,000 pesos in 1910, the last year of the administration of Porfirio Diaz, which is generally regarded by American industrialists as a model administration, to 1,067,208,000 pesos in 1925, or an increase of about 110 per cent. A sizable part of this increase is due to the development of the oil fields. Yet, exclusive of oil, there has been a growth of nearly 300,000,000 pesos. And approximately 73 per cent of Mexico's exported products are sold to this country.

Even during the most disturbed period of Mexico's nine year struggle for liberty, her oil production showed a steady crescendo, which was highest in 1922, the second year of Obregon's administration, the subsequent falling off being occasioned by the failure to strike new gushers in the Tampico and Vera Cruz districts. It should be carefully noted that no revolutionary activities have been recorded for some years in the oil regions. Consequently, any statement attributing Mexico's decreased oil production to revolutionary movements against the Calles government should be taken with a grain of salt.

In his FORUM article Admiral Rodgers achieves the unusual triumph of keeping oil out of the Mexican question. To be exact,

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the word "oil" appears but twice. Once in conjunction with hemp, tobacco, coffee, and lumber, in a list of Mexico's natural resources. And again when he notes that religious and radical questions are exciting "as much or even more notice than oil".

In reality, oil is and long has been the bone of contention between Mexico and this country. And naturally so, for the stake of American companies in Mexico is immense. In 1924, our government estimated American investments in Mexican oil lands and refineries at $478,000,000. In the same year, Mr. Doheny, who subsidized Secretary of the Interior Fall and had ex-Secretary of the Interior Garfield and ex-Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo on his payroll, valued his Mexican interests at $218,000,000. In 1925, a Wall Street firm put American investments in Mexican oil at $700,000,000. President Harding put Fall, an ardent interventionist and owner of Mexican properties, in the Cabinet and President Coolidge kept him there till the oil bribe from Doheny was revealed by Senator Walsh's investigation. The Standard Oil Company has vast interests in Mexico. So have Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Harry Sinclair of Teapot Dome fame. On April 25, President Coolidge announced that the question of American oil titles in Mexico was not arbitrable, a disquieting statement, since a man who repudiates arbitration is generally either tremendously right or tremendously wrong. And one would feel more confidence in the President's position, had some of the individuals claiming title in Mexico shown themselves better citizens in their own country.

As a part of the thesis that Mexico, under a liberal government, can not maintain the degree of order necessary to the fulfilment of her function of keeping the wheels of other people's factories going, there is often introduced an eulogy of Porfirio Diaz, the strong man who, according to his admirers, kept Mexico faithful to her international duty of production. "Mexico," says Admiral Rodgers, "has been in turmoil since Diaz fell in 1910."

No one disputes that Diaz kept order. But was it the order that comes with progress, opportunity, and happiness or something by nature very much the reverse? As has often been said, the most orderly man in the world is the dead man. But next to him, perhaps, it is the peon bound to his task and his master's land by debt and fear. Says Professor Parker Thomas Moon of Columbia, in his just published *Imperialism and World Politics:*

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An order reigned, on the whole, during the long dictatorship of President Porfirio Diaz, a shrewd mestizo, who ruled Mexico from 1877 to 1880 and from 1884 to 1911. With one firm hand Diaz suppressed insurrections in Mexico, while with the other he welcomed foreign capital. With money borrowed from abroad some thirteen thousand miles of railways were built. Concessions were granted on generous terms to foreign capitalists who wished to exploit Mexico's mines, her oil, her land. Diaz was praised as the strong man of Mexico, an enlightened despot; he was given the G.C.B. by King Edward of England; all was well with Mexico, from the viewpoint of the foreign investor.

This was one side of the shield of the Diaz dictatorship. The other was that he sold much of the people's land to wealthy *hacendados* and land speculators. "Ninety per cent of the villages on the central plateau were left landless," says Moon, "While many small owners lost their little farms and joined the ranks of the discontented agricultural laborers held in bondage by debt. The census of 1910 showed that 6,000 hacendados owned 550,000 square miles; whereas only one-fourth of the land was owned by the common people in commons and small farms; and the agricultural laborers held in debt service (peons *de campo*) with their families made up over sixty per cent of the total population. Here was good material for revolution."

"He liberated his people from sloth," said a well-known American concessionaire of Diaz. True in a sense. Diaz made them work as they had never worked before and for incredibly low wages. In effect, they had to become the slaves of the rich farmers and industrialists, since their means of independent living, — the land, — was gone. Admiral Rodgers contends that when Diaz fell, Mexico had fifteen years of disorder in the name of liberty. Certainly the revolution against Diaz did not bring the Mexican ship of state into calm waters for some years. But, on the other hand, it may equally be said that under Diaz the bulk of the Mexican people had thirty-three years of slavery in the name of order; that the ensuing disorders were the direct result of his tyranny to which, like all tyranny, the cardinal objection was that it inevitably fathered a period of disorganization.

Read McMaster or any standard history as to the conditions prevailing after our own revolution. Repudiation of debts, small respect for federal authority, inability to enforce contracts, no foreign policy, no credit for the United States on any exchange in Europe, turbulent scenes even in staid Rhode Island and Massachusetts. And after the Civil War, the state of things was even

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worse in the Confederate states. A Committee of the House of Representatives reported that, in the first nine months of 1868, 784 people were killed in feuds arising from reconstruction conditions in a single state, 50 wounded by gunshot and 365 maltreated. Bloody border warfare went on for years. Industry and agriculture were paralyzed in a third of the states.

Mexico has had her revolution, as we had ours. Now, under the leadership of Calles, a man of fine intelligence and integrity, as well as a great educator, Mexico is going through her period of reconstruction. May this not be wrecked by industro-financial groups here that have shown scant consideration for the property, the law, and the honor of their own land!

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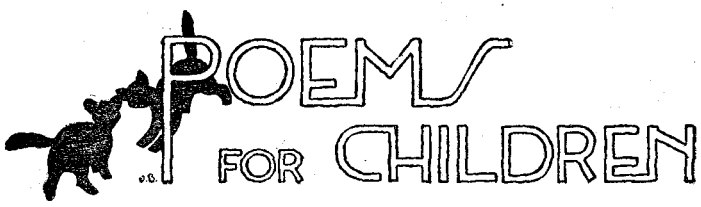

TO A CHILD

MY dear, my dear, we can not play
Together any more to-day.
The great, big I inside of me
Has hunched itself up small, you see;
Has thought small thoughts; said small
things, too,
To match the you inside of you, —
Your you that is so chubby-small,
My I that is so lanky-tall
That it has had to bend its knees
All twisty like Japan's dwarf trees!
And so it's crying, "Really, now,
I must stretch out myself somehow!
It's nice to squat on nursery floors,
And dress one's thoughts in pinafores,
And let sweet words twist through a smile: —
It's nice, — for just a little while!
But I am used to sitting straight;
My thoughts are rather too sedate
For pinafores, — a wise word slips
More easily through smileless lips!"

I'm sorry that the I in me
Should act quite so outrageously
Just when the you in you's begun
To find our play the greatest fun.
But grown-ups' selves are very queer! —
(You'll think so when you have one, dear!)
Because of mine, we can not play
Together any more to-day!

— *Violet Alleyn Storey*

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TO MY TWO SONS

(*Being aged five years and five days, respectively*)

MY little sons, because I know
That Love perpetuates but woe,
I write these lines so you may read
Some night upon your hour of need.

Not ours the power nor desire
That filched you, little sparks of fire,
Seducing from the dust of years
You sleeping ecstasies and tears.

Despite a moment's truce of bliss, —
Though Troys burn skies up in a kiss, —
You'll gather salvage of your doom:
Each step is stepping to your tomb.

And all our struggles and our strife
Compound the nothingness of life:
Reasons for which your tongue may seek
From tongues too full of loam to speak.

Where vanity is pillared thick,
Emptiness dons a mask of brick;
And tumult and the roars repeat
Reverberations of defeat.

Not you nor me the plan may please,
Where Chance is hatching cruelties;
Where man atones for grief and strife
For his fatality of life.

My sons, when on your visions bent
(Poor motes of disillusionment!)
On you, I wonder, will you see
The red sun bleed mortality?

So, as your eyes explore my heart
To spy some clue or light or art, —
For questions, nesting in your eyes,
My sons, I now apologize.

— *Louis Ginsberg*

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PUNCTUAL

IT'S eight when she comes out for wood;
When wreaths of smoke arise
Above her square old house, it's nine; —
Ten, — when she's crimping pies.

It's sure to be eleven if
She's scuttling down the street,
A market basket on her arm
And rubbers on her feet.

For years we've told the time by her, —
So punctual are her ways. —
It's good for her she wasn't born
In those queer Grecian days

When gods could change a living soul
Into a tree or rock.
They might have turned Miss Lisbeth then
Into a village clock!

— *Violet Alleyn Storey*

WOOD-GATHERING SONG

HERE are the chips that the ax has cleft.
Here is the waste that the woodsmen left.
Bring the basket and pile it higher,
Heap it high for our evening fire.

Warmth and comfort and food and light, —
These will be in our home to-night;
Shake the basket and pile it higher,
Heap it high for our evening fire.

— *Cora A. Matson Dolson*

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

YOUNG GLORY

"I FEAR I don't know America yet," said an English guest of mine at the club the other night. "I have been to America several times. I have listened a great deal more than I have talked. I read your magazines and newspapers. Yet there must be an America which I have not seen."

Determined that he should at last encounter an American who did not outtalk him, I maintained as provocative a silence as I could. Exacticus, the most talkative member of the club, was dangerously near, but he was fortunately deep in his book.

"You see," my guest continued, "I can not quite put aside a vague but persistent impression that America must be very great, not in size and numbers, of course, but in quality, in some mysterious power I have so far missed. Yet I must confess that I find everywhere the opposite, — a great quantity of effort and output, but little quality; a great number of notions, but few ideas; a wilderness of prejudices, but few principles. If I went by superficial impression, by what I see and hear and read, I should say that half your people seem to be boosters and the other half blasters. You will forgive my speaking so frankly and fully. I am really asking a question."

"Well?" I replied, then lighted my pipe slowly so that he might take heart and go on.

"But you must not answer my question with another," he answered. Then he took to lighting his own pipe and putting it out (I saw him do it deliberately), so that he would have to light it again. But Exacticus saved me. No alluring book could compete with a chance to "cross his legs and talk it out".

"May I remind you, sir," he began, "of a few lines about England by an English poet?

> If England was what England seems,
> An' not the England of our dreams,
> But only putty, brass, an' paint,
> 'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! — but she ain't!"

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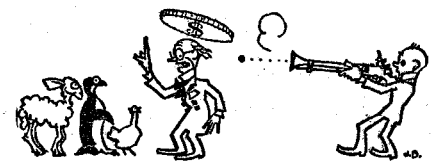
"Yes, that's quite to the point," replied my English guest. "But, you see, I could tell you what England is, so now, if America is not what America seems, then you must tell me what she really is."

"Well," I began, "that's not so easy. There are so many contradictions. The picture is so complicated, so changing, —"

"Rubbish!" put in Exacticus with his usual urbanity. "The main picture is consistent enough. Don't confuse us with your red herrings." Then turning to the Englishman: "The boosters and blasters do make most of the noise, but we don't take them seriously. Perhaps you do not realize that our chief recreation is exaggeration. We all love a circus in our time off. Mencken with his hell-fire on earth is just as necessary a part of the show as Straton with his hell-fire in the next world. We used to have only boosters, — linguistic fireworks, 'the American eagle screaming for all it was worth.' It was a one-sided show. Now we have the foil to it, — linguistic pyrene, bored cosmopolites hissing for all they are worth. It's a better show, but it's *only a show.*"



"But the reality?" queried the Englishman.

"I was coming to that," said Exacticus. "Just get clear in your mind that Old Glory and Young Shame are merely diversions. The reality is *Young* Glory. Lindbergh, if you must have a spectacular case; but you'll find the same qualities, in less degree, the same simplicity and honesty and intelligence, in all sorts of plain people. Sinclair Lewis thinks them commonplace, but they're the people who make the world go round. Why, sir, his own Main Street region refutes him: it has turned out those dreadfully commonplace Americans, — Arthur E. Morgan, Lindbergh, and Lewis himself! And if Lewis would get a new pair of glasses, — but, there, he's one of the blasters. I'm getting off the track and making the picture as complicated as the Pedestrian pretended it was. Just keep your eye on the plain people. They don't break the laws much, they don't often make the headlines, but they make the world go round. They are rather crude still (that's why I call them '*Young* Glory'); they're only beginning to

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understand the arts; and they are sometimes grossly ignorant of Europe, — just as Europeans are sometimes ignorant of them. But they're not the caricatures you put in *Punch*. They are not without social grace and modesty, even if they are not wholly preoccupied with it, and they are rare good company on an outing or by the club fire. They're so alive and so square. You won't find them much in educational institutions or in the church, in journalism or in law, but rather in medicine, engineering, and business, — in those activities which just at present are conspicuous for honesty, imagination, and intelligence."

"In business?" queried my guest, with a smile.

"Yes, sir, in business, particularly in manufacturing, which I believe surpasses most of the professions in honesty as well as in appeal to adventurous and imaginative men. For there's another reason why I call these people '*Young* Glory'. They have the vitality of young adventurers. They would have been sea-dogs in your Elizabethan days. Now, sir, imagine an *honest* Elizabethan living to-day. It seems to me he might do great things."

Talking later to Exacticus, I remarked, "That was a very good reply of yours, — and a temperate one for you, I must say!"

"Well," he answered, "your English guest was so courteous that I had to speak softly. But to the blasters and boosters and the foreign lecturers who think they know what we are, I feel like quoting your seafaring friend, Judah Cahoon: 'Close your main hatch and don't try to unload that cargo of lies on me!'"

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WHAT IS BUNK?

Forum Definitions — Sixteenth Series

ALTHOUGH *Webster's New International Dictionary* does not define it, the American public seems to be in no doubt concerning the nature, attributes, properties, and manifestations of Bunk. "Bunk," says Paul S. Phalen (West Newton, Massachusetts) is "a pure Americanism, to express the idea of nothing at all." Well, that's something, — enough to start on; and from this Alpha we jump to the Omega of the Reverend Elmer H. Johnson (New York City), who concludes rightly: "THE FORUM is Bunk to the man of closed mind."

What, then, is Bunk? "The material inside a bubble," says Anna M. Anderson (New York City). "An argument with a false bottom," says Helen M. Stone (Minneapolis, Minnesota). R. M. Lowell (also of Minneapolis) invokes Einstein and the gods of relativity when he writes: "Yesterday's truth is known to be Bunk to-day, and perhaps what many may consider as Bunk to-day, may become to-morrow's truth." But in spite of changing fashions, the Reverend O. S. Barnum has noticed that "Bunk never acts the clown, but always appears in the vesture of decorum."

As examples of Bunk, which, according to Shakespeare, is "the seeming truth which cunning times put on to entrap the wisest", A. V. Curtis (Terre Haute, Indiana) submits the following: "the usual 'line' handed out year after year by the politician to his easy constituency; the proud boast that we are a Christian nation; the oft-repeated assertion that the interests of capital and labor are identical." And like a trip-hammer, William Kenneth Moyer (Souderton, Pennsylvania) rattles off a list of his favorite Bunks: "virgin men, Nordic supremacy, New York gin, communism, theology, numerology, astrology, a lot of otherologies, art for art's sake, love at first sight, marriages made in heaven, the League of Nations, Platonic love, prohibition enforcement, college degrees, the crime wave, the naughtiness of modern youth," — *et cetera ad infinitum.*

At this point Francis Davison Major (Kearney, Nebraska) reminds us pregnantly: "Verily, Bunk is Bunk and should be debunked;" and we are constrained to submit forthwith the prize-winning debunkers:

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1 Bunk, — a mighty poor apology for a bed, or an equally bad substitute for a fact. The one hasn't even a genuine spring for the purpose for which it was made; the other, not one genuine ring of truth in the statement. The former is as false as a farce; the latter as limp as a lash. Bunk is that which has neither foundation nor back-bone, whether it be a frame to lie on or a frame-up that can't be relied on. (*Mrs. Mary E. Ryder, Burlington, Vermont*).

2 Bunk is mental junk. (*Submitted simultaneously by O. F. Page, Fredonia, New York, and George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

3 Bunk is what is left of the world's wisdom and experience after modern youth has picked out the things it considers essential. (*Grace Mills, Newark, New York*).

4 Bunk is the counterfeit coinage of the Realm of Reason. And in no other realm is there so much counterfeit in circulation. Those who pass it usually do so originally for their own profit, but it is, for the most part, passed innocently. It always bears a general resemblance to what the citizens expect, has always a taking design and pleasing lustre, passes with extraordinary ease, and is rarely suspected. But it is worthless if called in question. There are no facts behind it to insure its redemption. It is not guaranteed by Reason. (*Henry W. Gardner, Little Compton, Rhode Island*).

5 Bunk is the treasure chest of the advertising man, the bugaboo of the scientist, and the limbo to which the average man consigns everything that he doesn't understand. (*André Dorynoff, Westfield, New York*).

6 Bunk is the product when conceit is multiplied by loquacity; the quotient when perfidy is divided by deflation; the remainder when effervescence is subtracted from presumption; the sum when hypocrisy is added to fraud. (*Elinor Lennen, Los Angeles, California*).

7 Bunk, — the filling for nine-tenths of the sermons, speeches, and magazine articles in existence, — nothingness in the guise of something, — the three-ring circus stuff of intellectual Barnums, — what the oratorical Mother Hubbard gives her dog Public when the cupboard is bare, — the safety-valve of a low-pressure boiler, — a waterspout minus the water, — a mirage on a great speech desert, — worthless stocks which bankrupt brains carry on their balance sheets as current assets, — birth throes at the accouchement of a false alarm, — fool's gold displayed in the window to cover shortages at the bank of ideas, — poppycock. (*Russell C. Marshall, Bartlesville, Oklahoma*).

8 Bunk, — the manna of morons. (*H. V. Bowers, Johnstown, Pennsylvania*).

Next term to be defined, — COMMON SENSE. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than September 25. Any book mentioned in this number of* THE FORUM *will be given as a prize for each winning definition (not to exceed five dollars).*

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Woodcut by Dorothy P. Lathrop

At First Sight

A Novelette in Four Parts—IV

WALTER DE LA MARE

SO SMALL A THING AS A GRAY SUEDE GLOVE, DELICATELY SCENTED AND FOUND ON A LONDON STREET BY YOUNG CECIL JENNINGS LED TO UNEXPECTED EMOTIONAL ADVENTURES. FINDING THE OWNER OF THE GLOVE IN ITSELF WAS AN ADVENTURE, FOR CECIL, FROM BIRTH, HAD BEEN UNABLE TO RAISE HIS EYES FAR ABOVE THE GROUND. BUT IN SPITE OF HIS GUARDIANS, MRS. LE MERCIER, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "GRUMMUMMA", AND HIS COUSIN EIRENE, WHO CARED FOR HIM TOO MUCH, CECIL DID FIND THE YOUNG LADY. A RENDEZVOUS BY THE RIVER AND A SOMEWHAT DISASTROUS TEA AT GRUMMUMMA'S HAVE BEEN HIGH POINTS IN CONSTANCY.

HUMAN beings for the most part are so confident in the exquisite skill of their senses that only now and then do they realize how severe are their limitations. Not to be able to define whether the sought-for lost thing lies concealed in one's own small earthly house; not to be able to see through even a sheet of paper; not to be aware that one's nearest and dearest at but a hundred paces' distance is in deadly danger; not to hear the faintest echo of the burning or icy *thoughts* in a close companion's mind,—such is humanity's queer fate in its inexhaustibly rich environment. And yet poor Cecil never regretted the agony of the next few minutes of irresolution and despair, even though, as he was to discover when they were over, it was only a universal insensitiveness that was keeping him unaware.

Unaware, that is, that not twenty yards distant, seated on the damp grass on the shelving bank of the deep-flowing stream, her hands clasping her knees, was the young woman he longed for, her head turned towards him at an acute angle, her dark, quick eyes drinking him in. It seemed that she had made up her mind to give him time, and to give him his own time. Without otherwise stirring, she turned her head away again, and once more steadily surveyed the flowing water.

The delicate cheek bones under the low brow and straight, black eyebrows were as pale as ivory in the reflected light of an almost colorless sunset. It was in part the pallor of shop life and of poor food and indifferent sleep. But then ivory does not capture this particular bloom until the animal that cultured it has gone into the dark. It was peace itself to be sitting here now after the awful conflict, inward and outward, of the last few days. It was curious, but somehow she had always been aware that her very slimness, meagreness, those narrow bones of hers, quite apart, of course, from the childhood that had toughened her to this world's usage, made up exactly the kind of physique that could survive most mishaps. She had never much cared what became of her,

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not at least until that absurd morning when her missing glove had been all but restored. And now, after a black, exhausting night, when dreams in the shallow sleep that had at last descended upon her mind at the first cheeping of the sparrows had only increased her torments by a conviction of hopeless inefficiency, she knew exactly what was to become of her. But she had never for an instant foreseen that in the meantime she was to see again one who was, after all, the final cause of her decision.

Already in the failing light her face appeared a little duskier, its grave scrutiny fixed on that exquisitely lustrous and fluid looking-glass. She speculated how deep it actually was; smiled inwardly at the thought of how shallow it need be. She looked across its water and watched a moment with a curious, spiritual greed in her eyes the haze-swathed fields with their fringe of solemn and gigantic elms. Her nostrils quivered as if with a suppressed sigh or shudder as she breathed in the honey of the first few linden flowers. It was a mysterious thing to be alive, or rather, not so much to be alive as to be one's only means, as it were, of sharing all this. When she was gone it would be all gone too, — except, of course, what might come after. And she hadn't much time to think very closely about that.

When indeed one is accustomed to finding pinned on with a midget pin to the corner of every scrap of lace or embroidery that one proffers across the counter its precise price to the uttermost farthing, one is not likely to fail to realize that not only whatever happens in this world, but whatever one is responsible for in it, has affixed to it its own price also. And that, too, to the uttermost farthing. And yet it was a luxury to feel your hands clasped round your bony knees and to be huddling like this with your limbs and body close together in this deep, rain-soaked grass that would certainly teach you all in good time not to be so imprudent. An overwhelming affection for the cage of her own body suddenly swept over her. It would be a pity to waste it.

And then, very cautiously, furtively almost, as if the soundless grinding of one sinew of the neck against another might be audible in this intense hush of evening, she turned her head once more and surveyed the stiff, awkward-looking shape now only just discernible, humped up so inanimately on its wooden bench under the tree. It would be silly, as well as unkind, maybe, to keep him there any longer. She gave a little sort of nod at the water, much the same little nod as she was accustomed to give when she had jotted down the total of a customer's bill on the piece of cardboard at the end of her shop-book. Then she rose, stole up the bank, and went over to where Cecil was sitting.

"Good evening," she said close to him. "Here's a bad penny, you see."

His whole body turned around in her direction. He thrust out his hand as if to ward off an unexpected enemy. But she made no move to reassure him.

"I didn't know you were there," he said. "Is there anybody else near?"

She laughed softly. "So you have discovered at last, then, that I am not the kind of person to be seen with."

He rose to his feet and stood perfectly still, his hands trembling a little in spite of himself.

"I could say things like that too," he replied, "but I should hate myself for doing so."

"Which might be," she retorted, "the beginning of a perfectly horrid quarrel. But I didn't mean anything at all. I just said it. One must say something. I learned that the other day."

"This is all so horribly open," said the young man, sweeping his cane round with an incredibly magnificent gesture as if in proof of it. He might be Satan himself, surveying from his mountain top the outstretched Kingdoms of the World. "Could we go on a little farther, do you think?"

"Why, yes indeed," she answered. "To Land's End, if you like, — if we could. But I've got to be out of the streets by ten, or say eleven, or I shall be on them for good on Monday."

"I never knew any one," said Cecil, "who had such a dreadful way of telling the truth. You must be very young for that."

An inexhaustible serenity seemed to have descended upon him. It seemed that he was without an enemy in the world, that before them lay an infinity of space fenced in only by an infinity of time. "If you only knew what I feel to be with

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you again," he muttered. "I have been waiting for you for ages. "But had, — had given you up. I have been ill again you know, idiot that I am."

"Well," she said in a curiously flattened voice, which yet seemed to conceal an intensity of music, "Never mind that! Here I am. I don't mind, I mean, if you have been ill, as long as you are well again, you see," her voice danced on. "I am always more or less contented when I haven't any decisions to make. There are none left now."

She smiled to herself as fondly as a beauty at the reflection in her glass. "I didn't suppose I should see you, and yet impossibles do come sometimes." She turned her head away and went on with an effort, "I can't say I am sorry to see you. Nothing now, nobody in the world could make me say that." Once more she twisted about. "Is that a dreadful way of telling the truth? Like losing a whole boxful of gloves, I suppose."

"You never say anything," he replied gently, conscious, it seemed, while they loitered slowly on, of every saw-edged, exquisite blade of grass stooping green under the evening sky, and here and there laden with a last crystal universe of rain-water. "You never say anything without saying something different immediately after. I don't see, I mean, why you should always give a sting to everything. Mayn't we be, — just friends for now? You see," he hastened on, "I want to speak to you very badly indeed. I have got to make plans. And I am just wondering if you could help me."

"Where did you leave Mrs. le Mercier," she inquired, "and, — and that other young lady? I enjoyed that tea party. But I had, of course, heard of Canon Bagshot before, — often."

"I have left them at home," he answered amiably, "or rather, Grummumma will be at home by now."

"Will they be sending a rescue party, do you think, — from the street girl?"

"Oh," he said helplessly, "you will just break me up if you go on talking like that. You don't know what I have been through these last days, — thinking you thought me a perfect, — oh, I don't know what you can not have thought me."

For the moment Miss Simcox made no reply. Her inward glance had vaguely returned with a wry little grimace to scan the vista of her own last few days; but she was not going to say anything about that. Instead, and for no clear reason, a flush of color slowly spread over her pale face. She could feel the heat of it as she blurted out, "Then you've missed me? *Missed* me, — missed me?" With a wrench she regained herself. "Well, then, all I can say is, that I've missed you too. I mean, if you are kind enough to talk to me, I *like* talking to you. In the whole of my life I have never talked to any one like you. I mean that *I* have never talked to *any* one, and that I have never talked to any one like *you*. Do you see *now* what I mean?"

"I hear what you say," said Cecil in despair again. It was odd that anything so substantial as the ground upon which they were walking should seem to be at least as immaterial as the water of which it was the restraining buttress. "I can't think what you can find in me," he added lamely.

"And me?"

"I don't find anything. I *am* you. You are *here*." As if even this sweet, pure air of summer might be a little suffocating in certain conditions, his companion had lightly touched her throat with outspread fingers. "Do you," he went on hastily, "do you understand what I mean?"

He came to a standstill, gesticulating with his hand as if over a mathematical problem. "The moment you come, my mind is like another place. I have never seen anything of this before, — this green, this loveliness, that water. I don't even know what they are; they have gone back to their own secrets. Do you remember, — when you were a child . . ." he continued ruminatingly as she made no answer but a vigorous, tragic nod he couldn't see, "And know how little I *can* see; and therefore see pretty close, too."

"Don't let us say any more about that," she replied with a slight shudder. "There are worse things than not seeing everything. . . . I wonder if, do you think, just for this once I might take your arm? I assure you there is not a soul in sight now. There was a robin knocking stones together a moment ago, and I saw a bat in the air. Up there is the first star, over the river. Do you understand what *I* am saying? All it means is that I have gone to heaven, — before I die."

She had slipped her ungloved fingers

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through his arm, and the pair of them paced on towards, — though they did not know it, — towards the sea, and not towards the source of the river. They looked just like what they were, — two ordinary sweethearts traipsing gently along together. And a benevolent passer-by might have thought amiably how pleasant an eventuality it was that a young man so severely handicapped by indifferent sight should yet have been able to find a future helpmate.

But then that kind of foolish self-sacrifice is just like the gentler sex, though as a matter of fact there was an odd vestige of the masculine in the way in which this silk-shaded young man's companion walked along beside him. There was a hint, too, almost of the athletic in every movement, which is only to say, after all, that even in the indifferently nourished bodies which civilization is so freely responsible for, some spring of the wild animal may still remain.

A strip of woodland juts down hereabouts toward the water, and the stream liquidly loops itself around its uttermost trees. The two young people went on in an eternity that was a moment until they had reached this point, and there, with a few silver birches and hazels thinly screening them from the world they had for a moment left behind them, the young woman came suddenly to a standstill.

"I must go back in a minute," she said. "And if you don't mind, I would prefer to go back alone. Meanwhile we are here, and even a little time is a long time when there's not much left." She laughed softly.

Irked by the obstacle of the rooty bank at this bend, the water gurgled as if in echo of a never ending lullaby. At least to some ears it might sound so, though for Cecil it resembled the monologue of a hopeless voice babbling of everlasting darkness. "You have only just come," he said, "and now you talk about saying good-by."

"I didn't wish to. I must."

"Well, then," he said, "all I am going to say to you is this; and would you please listen as patiently as you can? It's, — it's nothing much." He waved his fingers in the air, took a deep breath, and plunged on. "What I mean is this, — I haven't very much money now, but I have some. A little income, you know, only three or four hundred a year, — but certain. It's a horrible little to go on with, but even Grummumma can't keep me out of a good deal more than *that* in a few years' time. Can't. Apart from that, and I don't mind saying it a bit, she can't live forever. I don't want her to even live as long as that. Honestly I don't. I wouldn't so much mind if she had driven me, — just harassed me, you know. It would have done me good. But she held tight to the bit, until my mouth's all covered with blood. I know now what's gone on all along. It's her way, her self, her domination. *That's* what Scarlet Women are made of. I see it now even though they, — well, that's what I *mean*. And I simply can't stand it any longer. Possibly I should have stood it, — at least for some little time, — if *you* hadn't come. If *you* hadn't come, I believe I should have gone moldering on like a suet pudding in a damp pantry. Oh yes, I know what I am talking about all right! I saw a slice of that once, on my own plate, when my nurse didn't think my eyes could get under the bandage." Cecil breathed again. He paused. Then, — "What I am saying is this," he went on tranquilly, "would you mind telling me how we can get married? I mean what do they do? I don't mean the Canon Bagshot way. I know that's impossible. But isn't there some place where you can get married just for the time being, without, I mean, going to a church? And especially, if you are a Roman Catholic. Could we go to a church later on, don't you think, when we have got safely away? I want to get married to you at once if we can, — if I may. And yet I don't think I have even told you I love you. I don't think there was any reason to say that. You must have thought me even a more positive silly than you do think me if you think that. I don't want to be impatient. I mean, I don't want to vex you into saying no, — that is, if you won't have me. You see, I am so dreadfully ignorant of all these things. But you said just now that if you weren't back in your home by eleven, it would be the streets on Monday. What did you mean by that?"

It was ludicrous what a muddle the young man was in; and yet how easy his listener was finding it to sort it all out and to see exactly not only where the commas and semicolons ought to have come in this

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remarkable piece of oratory, but also the full stop, the "period", as she had refused to learn to call it when she was (for a year or two) at school. That was before the drapery business set in. That was before her father went off with the other woman. That was when the none-too-wise but good-humored woman next door took care of her for a time. That was quite a long, long, long time before she had met this young man with the green shade over his eyes.

There was a look almost of a half-witted creature on her face as she now stood staring at the water. And yet, like a singularly intelligent canary or like a singularly instinctive blackcap or mocking bird, she was trying over, — as rapidly as Paganini might a phrase in Mozart, — she was trying over half a dozen tunes in which to reply. She chose the hardest.

"When I was engaged, — to my cousin, you know," she said, "we found out about getting married without a parson. You go to what is called a Registry Office. We thought we might have to. Do you see? It would, of course, have been everlasting damnation to me, if we had; or at any rate a good many centuries of purgatory. And to you, — if you *could* in your kindness marry me, — it would be the dismalest and most horrible thing you ever conceived of doing in the whole of your life. No, no, I can't marry you. I don't wish to. Oh, no. Don't let us waste this little time in talking of foolish things like that. I couldn't marry you. I couldn't. I don't wish to. And I don't even mind confessing now, — as you see! — that I thought all this out even after that first time we met on the Pavement. It was vile of me, I know, but it's my character. I always see ahead. From the very first instant. When you are, — well, some girls wait for marriage, just for the chance, like . . . but never mind; that's all over now. Until you came I never had a friend, — not a *friend*. Did you really think I would ever risk, — when you knew everything, — losing, — oh, you don't seem to realize," — she suddenly turned on him, — "how hopelessly, blindly unpractical and unworldly you are. You say you are a fool: well, you *are*, — in all that *I*'m not. I have been soaked in it ever since I was born. If you asked me to go to the devil with you, I'd go, — gladly. And yet, before God, I love you. It breaks my heart to say it. I didn't know it was possible. I didn't know what it meant. And yet, you won't or can't understand about my cousin. . . . But don't listen to that. What's the use if I never could and never, never would say yes. Just listen only to what I am saying now. I love you. It's spelt l-o-v-e." She gazed at the half hidden face with an agonized smile. "And simply because of that, it must be, — we must leave each other here. It's night now. Don't let us talk any more. But you *must* be able to see I couldn't go back with you now. My legs wouldn't bear me. And honestly, I don't think I could manage to *say* good-by. So would you," — a fantastic, almost jocular note had edged into her curious voice, — a voice like that of a delicate instrument whose sound-box has somehow or other become cracked, muting the clearer timbre of the thing, — "So would you please kiss me, and I'll be gone."

Cecil groped for the hand that hung limp and inert beside the old serge skirt. He lifted it, and looked at its fingers. He counted them. They were long and narrow-boned fingers, and belonging, as they did, not to her right hand, they were a little less marked with work.

"I don't want to tell you," he muttered, as if to himself, at last, and still examining them in the clarifying focus afforded by his shade, "I don't want to tell you how shockingly miserable you are making me. You think I am a coward. You don't believe I could ever do anything, ever break free. You say you love me, — you *say* you do, — but you don't believe in me, not at all. I might just as well be a child for all that you are saying. But then I know it can't mean anything. I mean, I know you couldn't help saying it, and I can't tell you what I think of you for *having* said it. But you see, what I feel is that if you are going to keep to what you say, — even if after all you weren't utterly meaning it, — then I *must* see your face. I couldn't kiss you until I had, and it may be more than I can bear, more than I can manage, I mean. There isn't any moon, either," he added helplessly. "Would you mind taking tight hold of both my hands?"

She flung her arms away from him, took a quick step backwards, stooping low, like a dangerous animal about to spring. "Do you mean you are going to try that horrible thing, — now?" she cried at him.

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"Be quiet, do. You don't know what you are saying. Be quiet, do. Here I am. Look at me! Oh, you will hurt yourself. You said you might die. And," — Her voice ran down the scale until she was scarcely more than whispering, — "And how, pray, do you know what I look *like? I* do. You should see the looking-glass my landlady gives me: that's where I powder my nose!" A corrosive sardonicism had come into her voice. There was a look almost of vindictiveness in her narrow face and blazing, disquieted eyes. "Oh, for God's sake," she said, "do try and be a little kind to me. There won't be very much time for it, if you only knew."

But Cecil had followed her up, and she could retreat no further unless she was to plunge at once into the black, swirling water a foot or two beneath the bank. He was lifting his chin with convulsive efforts and had thrust both hands on her shrinking shoulders as he did so. And at last, with a strangled sob, he found himself gazing eye to eye with this phantom of his dreams.

Strangely enough, he had been without the least expectation of what that face looked like. It hadn't seemed to matter. And now that he was scrutinizing it, only half conscious of the appalling pangs which were darting from skull to spine, it was not as if he hadn't recognized her, but as if this were the first face that as a mortal creature he had ever seen at all.

And before he could make the slightest motion, she had thrown her arms around his neck and had hidden his anguished and distorted and transfigured face between her breasts. "There," she said. "How could you do it! Oh, dear, my dear! Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear! Have a moment's peace. Don't you see it will be mine?"

Cecil had lost ages ago the faintest remembrance of his infancy; or rather, he had never let himself think about it. And now he had reached a momentary, yet eternal oblivion, though it was an oblivion fenced in by pain and misery.

"Listen," he said drawing back at last, still clutching at her hands, "I know now what you meant just then; I know what you meant. You meant you had made up your mind to kill yourself to-night, — to drown yourself *there*. Well, then, listen to me. You don't move an inch until you have sworn to me by the Holy Ghost you won't do it. Do you understand? I can't keep you, I know that. I just only ask you to go back and think it over, and to come again here in the morning. I shall be here. But before you go, even if it's forever, — and surely you couldn't, you wouldn't treat me like that! — you will promise me not to do it. Not to be so hopelessly wicked, you understand. You simply couldn't do it, leaving me the burden."

Her fingers in his grip seemed to consist of little else than thin bones. "Oh," she cried into space, "isn't that selfish Man all over! You don't know what you are condemning me to, you cruel boy. You don't know it. If I told you," she went on rapidly, "that to stay here, — to stay on this earth as I am, — will be only to go from one thing on to another, pillar to post until. . . Do you suppose yours is the only tender-hearted Grandmamma in the world? Oh, if you knew how I long, and now of all times, to get away. And I believe even God would forgive me, if He has any longing left. Ah, well, you *don't* know. And what's the good of talking!"

"But you promise?" Cecil repeated. "For after all, you are not thinking of me. You haven't remembered what my life has been like, — silly fop that I am."

"My dear," she sobbed brokenly, "your hands are all wet. I can't really see your face, but you are shuddering all over. I will take you home after all. We can walk well apart. . . . But no, — no!"

"But you promise?" he repeated.

Her eyes strayed from the hideous penthouse shade to the dark, secret water.

"Yes," she said, "I promise."

Nothing seemed to matter now. She knew all that she was. Every thought in her head seemed to have foundered in an unfathomable pit of darkness. "But you don't know what you are asking," she added again, with a sound that might almost have been taken for laughter. "You are asking me to go on loving you, and that I shall not be able to bear."

She drew her hands gently away and stood for a moment quietly looking at her solitary companion, as if uncertain whether or not she had ever seen him before. But in a while the illusion cleared away and she realized where she was: the darkened wood, the mocking, gurgling water, the empty, starry sky.

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"Listen," she said at last, stooping forward, her shoulders seeming to fold themselves a little together like the curve of a bird's wings. "Are you safe now?"

He nodded.

"Not in pain?" He shook his head in his agony.

"And you won't quite forget me?" He made no answer.

"Well, then," she went on earnestly, like a child repeating its catechism, "never forget that I came to the *end* of my life when you came to its beginning. I didn't know what it meant to love anybody. And I'd rather have gone; for you see, when you looked up at me, something came here, — I can't explain, I . . ."

And even though Cecil was of more obstinate stuff than she, she kept her word. For the sun ran high in the heavens next morning, and the scene around him alive with its scintillating Summer beauty: skylarks in the empty blue and nimble fish plopping on the silky surface of the water, when, — she not having returned, — he himself, too much worn out with pain and hopelessness to pay any attention to such radiant but illusory promises, made his way back to Grummumma.

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Race Prejudice in the South

Mr. Sam W. Small, Washington Editor of "The Atlanta Constitution" makes answer to Edward Franklin Frazier, author of "The Pathology of Race Prejudice" in the June FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

That there is race prejudice against the Negro among the Southern people needs neither confession nor apology. It has existed since the Negro came among us and will persist while Whites and Negroes dwell side by side in a Southern environment. Pathology can not diagnose it and psychology can not overcome it. And there is no indication of insanity in it, as was claimed by Edward Franklin Frazier in the June FORUM. The psychogenesis of it is instinctive race repulsion and the function of it is the inhibition of interracial social equality. If one probes that prejudice anywhere from the Potomac to the Rio del Norte he will find the core is enmity to social equality. All else about it is husk.

Prior to the Civil War and Negro emancipation there existed in the South only the instinctive race repulsion already mentioned, accentuated by the relation of master and slave. There was no apprehension that the Negro would develop a White equality complex. The White mass kept its solidarity by affinity and race pride; the Negro mass lived, moved, and reacted under the control of the race that it accepted as superior and dominant. In those pre-war times we knew of social equality only through the stories brought back to us from the North, and they sounded abnormal and revolting.

After the Civil War and emancipation, the whole aspect of racial relations underwent sudden and direful changes. The Southern people realized that the bonds of interest and authority that had previously subsisted between the races were broken forever. Each race sensed the fact that thereafter it must be sufficient unto itself. Had they been left unagitated from without to find a *modus vivendi*, they would have found it early in terms of confidence, interdependence, and peace. But that adjustment was not permitted. Political readjusters, carpetbag cormorants, and religious communists descended from the North upon the Negro. The methods they used to win his confidence, embitter him against the Southern Whites, and fire him with a rage to "put the Black heel upon the White neck" are so historic as to make their recital here superfluous. The concrete effect of them is the main thing.

The experiences of that Southern "reconstruction" era fixed all future relations between the races in the South. Since then "White supremacy" has become with us as cardinal a principle as any in science or religion. The casual observer or political thinker is apt to classify that principle as a political one only; but the warp of it is social in substance and strength. Constitutional, legal, and political equality of the races are now normal acceptances by the Southern Whites. But anything tending to set up any form of social equality of the races at once arouses elemental resistance and that resistance can be forced even unto blood.

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The contention that race prejudice is the cause of Negro disfranchisement in the Southern states is wholly untenable. There is not in the constitution or the electoral laws of any state in the South a shred of discrimination against the Negro as a voter.

The lynching in the South of more Negroes than Whites is preferred as proof of race prejudice having a psychosis of insanity. That theory is ridiculous. A lynching that would be an act of insanity would be a guiltless act; but a lynching is never anywhere an act of insanity. The writer, during a newspaper career of more than half a century, has witnessed and reported five mob lynchings in the South. Two of the victims were White and three were Negroes. In each case, the mob pulsed with a common feeling of intolerable outrage and acted with the common purpose to execute an earned penalty without awaiting the leaden-footed operation of the community's legal machinery. Lynching anywhere in our country is criminal and indefensible. That more lynchings occur in the South than in other regions is true. The fact is obviously explicable. In the South more Negroes commit crimes that incite mobs and the Negroes that are lynched are executed because of their crimes, and not because of their color.

Again, the denouncers of race prejudice among Southern Whites might enlighten popular understanding by explaining this paradox, to wit: We are told that Southern race prejudice "paces the floor and curses" when it is proposed to appropriate public money to Negro schools, yet in the last quarter of a century White authorities in the South have quintupled appropriations to Negro schools and the total annual allocations now run into nine large figures.

What is needed in a discussion of race prejudice in the South is not a pathological thesis, but practical investigation and an honest appraisal of facts. To a verdict so arrived at, the Southern Whites will frankly confess.

Often in reading the essays of those who assign to race prejudice all uncomfortable circumstances in which a Negro may find himself in the South, one is moved to ask why no mention is ever made of race prejudice in the make-up of the Negro. Has he none? Is his mind free from antipathy to the White race? Is it perfectly impartial in weighing the rights and relations of the two races? We in the South know. We have no illusions respecting that phase of the interracial problem.

The conclusion must be that, in the South at least, as long as white is white and black is not white, the race prejudice that preserves our system of civilization from social equality of the races will be adamantine.

SAM W. SMALL

Atlanta, Ga.

Voices in Protest

We have received many letters protesting against Edward Franklin Frazier's "Pathology of Race Prejudice" in the June FORUM. *Together with Mr. Small's reply in this month's Rostrum, we publish these letters from Southerners.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your valued magazine has been coming to me for many months and has been a source of great pleasure, yet the article by Edward Franklin Frazier which you allowed in your June number, contained such a gratuitous insult to Southern people that I have been tempted to cancel my subscription to THE FORUM. I am aware that freedom of speech is one of your cardinal doctrines and for most subjects I heartily agree with you. But all writing, all statements, should be within the bounds of decency and bear the marks of truth. In neither respect does this exponent of the "Race Problem" meet the requirements.

He claims to be a psychologist and his psychopathic conclusions would be horrible if they were not ludicrous. Claiming at one fell swoop that it is impossible for White people to understand the Negro, because the Whites are "insane", he asserts that his marvelous powers of psychoanalysis enable him fully to probe the abnormalities of the Caucasian mind.

It seems to me that he is but an illustration of the old story of the drunken man who insisted that every one save himself was intoxicated. Edward Franklin Frazier should cultivate his conscience, strive after the truth instead of broadcasting hideous falsehoods for the very evident

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purpose of standing in the limelight of objectionable notoriety.

JULIA S. LUCKY

St Petersburg, Fla.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have been a silent member of the FORUM family for many years and have enjoyed the delightful literary feasts served to its patrons. Kindly grant me a little space to express my just indignation aroused by a libelous article appearing in the June issue of your usually "fair and just" magazine. The entire article is a deliberate insult to the South, a great and loyal section of the Union.

Let me advise Mr. Frazier to come South and visit among our representative citizens, get acquainted with us. The scales of Prejudice and Suspicion will fall from his eyes, and the light of Truth enter and clarify his mind. Then he will see clearly the error of his present judgment.

THOMAS N. MERIWETHER

Fountain Head, Tenn.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read the article by Edward Franklin Frazier, "The Pathology of Race Prejudice," in your June FORUM.

Now the simple truth is the White people of the South do not believe in intermarriage of the Whites and Blacks. We are willing for any white man to entertain and preach intermingling of the races and intermarriage of Whites and Blacks in his own country, but not in ours. The race problem is indeed a problem, the solution of which has not yet been found. Time, patience, a just, a fair consideration, will, we think, ultimately bring a solution. It will never be helped by such articles as this. It can only be fairly dealt with by those who are familiar with the situation as it really exists.

RUFUS HARDY

Corsicana, Texas

Responses to Ultra-Violet

Professor S. J. Holmes, of the University of California, contributes some speculations on what fishes (and ants) see.

Editor of THE FORUM:

To ascertain whether or not fishes can see colors is, as Mr. Fox has stated in his article, "What Can Fishes See?" in the June FORUM, no simple problem. The real problem, I believe, is to ascertain whether animals react to changes in color or to changes in intensity of illumination. Only after considerable controversy has it become fairly well established that fishes really distinguish between colors when the intensity of illumination is rendered constant.

We might live for some time with a color-blind person without becoming aware that he could not distinguish red from green. In fact, a color-blind person might not discover his own deficiency. As to ultra-violet light, it may be responded to not only by fishes, but even by ants and small Crustacea. Possibly the world of the ant may be more chromatic than our own.

S. J. HOLMES

Berkeley, Calif.

Fishes with Vision

Another reader rejoices that fishes can see.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I so thoroughly enjoyed the article, "What Can Fishes See?" in the June issue of THE FORUM that I can not refrain from writing to tell you so. I imagine there are no places in the world above water where color, — gorgeous color, — "runs riot" as it does under the sea near tropical reefs. The colors of flowers and of birds even are surpassed in splendor and variety by those of fishes; and it is very pleasant to be told, by Mr. Fox, that these are not lost on the fishes themselves.

Masefield in "Dauber", speaking of fishes, exclaims (if I quote correctly), "what unknown joys by these unknown," — an exclamation melancholy in its implication of wastefulness, and that, happily, Mr. Fox's experiments relieve by proving that at least the colors of fishes are not *unseen* by the fishes. Probably no experiment can be devised that will prove whether or no fishes have a sense of beauty or a sense of joy in the colors they wear, — and change, — but, thanks to Mr. Fox we know that they can *see* ultra-violet; and we are humble and delighted.

ELIZABETH TROTTER

Philadelphia, Pa.

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China Needs Truth

Dr. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, answers Dr. Hu Shih's article "China and Christianity" in the July number of THE FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have a great deal of respect and regard for Dr. Hu Shih, who, I believe, is seeking earnestly to find the right way and to use his great influence in leading his nation in it; and I hope he will not make the mistake of construing nationalism in terms of impoverishment or of conceiving Christianity in provincial instead of universal terms.

There are those, of course, who think that nationalism means rejecting everything new and foreign, but we have not so construed nationalism in the West, nor can any nation so construe it without suicide. China is not for one moment, even in its greatest denunciation of foreign things, practising the doctrine of hermit self-sufficiency; it is seeking to absorb a thousand elements from without and unless it can succeed in doing so it knows that it is doomed to a sterile and dwindling destiny. Every earnest Chinese ought to desire to construe the principle of nationalism in such a way as would make him both loyal to China's past and open-doored to that great future which is before China if she will come into the universal inheritance of humanity and share with all the rest of the world our common treasures, both material and spiritual. To resist anything simply because it is foreign is to play the part of one's own worst enemy. Both individuals and nations should count nothing human foreign to them.

Likewise it is a mistake to think of Christianity as either provincial or racial. The Western nations did not invent it; they got it from Asia. Every book in the Bible was written by an Asiatic; most of the great Christian councils which determined the doctrine of the Church were held on the soil of Asia, and what Christianity offers to China is not something American or European, but something which America and Europe have laid hold of because they believe it to be human and universal.

Whatever truth there is is universal truth, meant for and needed by all men everywhere, and China will only retard and impoverish herself by refusing any truth whether in science or religion, industry or art, medicine or engineering, because it comes from without.

ROBERT E. SPEER

New York City

In Defense of Dish Water

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read Evan Morgan's poem, "The Eel," in the June FORUM, over and over and it grows on one all the time. It awakens a deep response in the heart and that is the supreme test of real poetry. But allow me to differ with Waring Cuney, the author of "No Images", who says "dish water gives back no images". He can not be a good dish washer whatever may be said of his verse. Greasy dish water does not give back images, but if you use plenty of hot water and the right kind of soap, dish water is not unlovely. You know what Emerson has said about heaven's being reflected in a puddle. One morning I had a pan of good, sudsy dish water and a little sunbeam stole into the kitchen and lo, little rainbows came and danced among the bubbles! I wish the modern poets would cease striking such a hopeless note, anyhow. If life is chiefly mud and greasy dish water, as they seem to think, why put it into verse? Well, I know the right kind of dish water images the heavenly and so does every homely thing used to serve mankind.

MAUD F. JACKSON

Laurel Springs, N. J.

Honesty the Best Policy

Dr. Hobson raises questions suggested by Dr. McCord's article, and comes to an old conclusion.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Doctor McCord's "Doctor in the Dock" in the June FORUM, suggests four queries and possible answers.

1. Is a jury commonly suspicious of the testimony of a medical expert? Yes. Because the trained medical man thinks in scientific terms, he talks in the same language, which is more or less unintelligible

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to the ordinary juryman. For instance, microscopic findings are Greek to the mind unfamiliar with the microscope. A man quite unfamiliar with the microscope might easily be suspicious of a statement based on such findings. The same is true of incredibility of chemical tests or of many other refinements of diagnosis. To be convincing, the character of the witness must be beyond question in the mind of the juryman.

2. Does a medical man lose in prestige among his colleagues from frequent appearance as expert witness? This depends entirely on the fundamental trustworthiness of the medical expert. Pomposity, insincerity, grand stand mannerisms will quickly react on the estimate his colleagues form of the worth of the expert witness. On the other hand, colleagues in medicine recognize rock bottom values as soon as colleagues in any other group.

3. Is there a considerable percentage of unethical medical men deliberately posing as medical experts for publicity or for high fees? No. There are unethical members in every profession or trade. Medical practice rather swiftly solidifies character for good or ill. Like the partizan politician, the unethical medical man may connive with his kind and deceive the untrained thinker. But by his equal in scientific training he is soon rated at his essential value.

4. How shall the odium of apparently conflicting expert medical testimony be met? By changing the usual legal procedure. Instead of marshaling expert witnesses to put the evidence in such a way as to win the case or to break down expert testimony on the opposing side, get the whole picture from expert investigation.

None of the solutions offered are adequate. With the present method of selecting a jury, the jury can not be competent unless the medical expert can translate his scientific lore into language intelligible to the twelve-year old. The partizan expert is vicious. The court expert can not be expected to rise higher than the level of the partizan politics which gives him a job. Integrity of character is the only safety, just plain honesty on the part of every person involved.

SARAH M. HOBSON

Chicago, Ill.

Two Good Examples

The two greatest sources of opposition to birth control are, according to this reader, the doctors and the Roman Catholic clergy.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The article by Dr. Sutherland and the letter from Father Cooper in the June FORUM are notable examples of the inconsistency that characterizes the position of the two most militant agencies opposed to birth control: namely, the medical profession and the Roman Catholic clergy.

First let us consider the position of the doctors. In brief, they hold that contraceptive measures can not be at the same time both safe and effective. Various reasons for this verdict have been given by the medical men whose opinions I have heard or read, but in view of the striking unanimity of the opinion, it seems somewhat surprizing to me that the great majority of doctors who are married, practise in their own families the very thing against which they so solemnly warn others.

The spectacle of a great and learned profession solemnly warning the laity against a practice that is almost universal among its own members is to me one calculated to stir the mirth of the gods. In this connection also, it should be remarked that when Dr. Sutherland begins to descant upon a wife's obligation to "the husband who supports her, to the state which safeguards her, or to the God who created her," he forthwith labels himself as an evangelist and thereby forfeits a large part of his claim to serious consideration as a man of science.

The position of the Catholic clergy is even less defensible. "Birth control," says Father Cooper, "is normally the offspring of selfishness. Normally, too, it is the parent of selfishness." If this is true, then what is to be said of the attitude of a Church which insists that its holy men and women, those from whom one might surely expect the supreme example of unselfishness, shall not merely restrict the exercise of the procreative function but shall refrain from it altogether?

In brief, it would seem that in the eyes of the doctors and of the clerics of the Catholic Church, birth control is a dan-

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gerous, immoral, and un-Christian practice when indulged in by any one outside of the medical profession and the clergy.

The real issue in the discussion of birth control is not whether people shall deliberately restrict the number of their offspring, but whether we shall remove the foolish legal prohibitions by which we seek to prevent them from obtaining the necessary information from those who are qualified to impart it. Such legislation may retard, but it can not prevent the steady dissemination of information on the use of contraceptive measures.

Meanwhile, the more we have of such convincing indictments of sex tabu as that contained in Dr. East's recent article, the sooner we shall come to a sane and healthy attitude on a problem which has suffered far too long from misguided piety and pseudoscience. We have, as Shaw has pointed out, suffered too much and too long from an attitude which has regarded sex as either sinful or funny. We should be grateful to those scientists who are helping us to see it as something quite beautiful and natural.

IRA N. HAYWARD

Logan, Utah

The Best Solution

Miss Widdemer suggests the best way out of this birth control difficulty.

Editor of THE FORUM:

My attitude concerning birth control is one more of expedience than of theory. From the theoretical point of view, birth control is a mistake. It means the wiping out of the governing, the responsible, the thinking class, while the unthinking class reproduces in unlimited quantity. The physically, mentally, and morally inferior people the earth, while the responsible-minded, educated, physically superior class feel it wrong to have more than one or two children. We are facing an end like that of the Roman Empire: a nation gone to wreck because only the unfit are left to govern.

So much for theory.

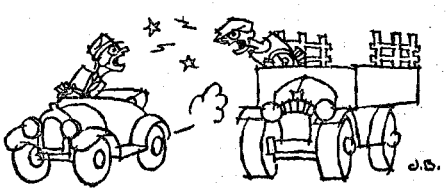
The facts we face are that, principally because of economic pressure, — centralization in cities and the immigrant's underbidding on standards, — the better classes have been forced to birth control as the only alternative to a life of more painful self-denial as to standards and to likeness with their class than any but saints consent to. There is no use discussing whether or not the educated classes should use birth control, because for them it is irrevocably here. Therefore the only remaining thing to be done is to try to equalize matters by spreading birth control among the lower class. The dock-laborer's wife scrubs offices all day, bears a child a year, and is back at her scrubbing, breaking down her strength and her capacity to bear the right kind of children, within the week.

She produces fourteen children, a majority probably physically, mentally, or morally unfit.

To sum up, therefore: if there were any way of putting pressure on the eugenically fit to make them sacrifice everything socially and economically to having large families, it would be the best possible thing. As it is too late to do anything about this, the next best thing is to teach birth control to the eugenically unfit.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

New York City



To a Truck Driver

Hardy toiler, how I hate you!
— For I always imitate you,
And befoul myself conversing
In a flood of oaths and cursing.
It's a most distressing thing, O
That I imitate your lingo.
For this feeble-minded mocking
Shows a lack of poise that's shocking,
And my futile, hard boiled yearning
Can't prevent you from discerning
That I'm just attempting smugly
To pretend I'm rough and ugly.

PARKE CUMMINGS

Westport, Conn.

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Breaking Silence On the Third Term

President Coolidge's silence on the third term question may be broken, but THE FORUM'S *readers have taken quite a different tack, and have been anything but silent on the subject. Last month, in our symposium on the third term, the majority favored giving Mr. Coolidge a third term.* THE FORUM *debate, "Shall We Break the Third Term Tradition?" in the August issue has brought forth another crop of letters from all over the country, and this time the pros and cons split half and half.*

YES

The prejudice against a third term for a President seems to me to be useless now, for the simple reason that conditions have so changed that the dangers of a dictatorship appear to be fantastically unreal. Mr. Coolidge is a probable candidate chiefly because there are at this time no national issues which have aroused the full emotions of the American people.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
(*Editor of "Collier's"*)
New York City

President Coolidge has made substantial progress toward our important objective of honesty and efficiency in administration. In my humble opinion we will better fend against the bogy dictator by continuing this progress another four years than by replacing our leader with any untried man. I am for reelecting President Coolidge.

H. C. GARDNER
Chicago, Ill.

I have always felt it an unfortunate precedent that a chance to serve a third term should be denied to a Chief Executive who had served well and proved a valuable head to our Government. Let us dispense with this tradition which proves a decided handicap in working out the system of election and good government.

WILLIAM FAIR KLINE
New York City

In my opinion the "third term tradition" is a silly piece of poppycock. When we have a good man in office, he should be kept there just so long as he proves his worth and capabilities. What would become of a business organization or corporation, if the President and Board of Directors were changed every four or eight years?

THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.
New York City

The third term delusion had its birth in our experimental days when the dread of kings and dictators was rife in the minds of a pioneer people, and it comes to us as a tradition from the past and from the cradle of an infant Republic. It might be patriotic to give it a place in our archives of memory as a relic of infancy, — but since we are growing up we should not permit it to impede our progress. President Coolidge having proved his ability as our chief executive should, in my judgment, be renominated by his party and elected by the people, — and that is the sentiment of the people of this section of our state.

SAMUEL A. POWELL
Harrisville, W. Va.

NO

I know that four and a half innings counts as a baseball game, but I do not know how long a man has to serve as President before it should count a full term. Let's decide that two years constitute a term and stand resolutely against a third term for any one who has served more than six years.

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR.
New York City

I have a high regard for President Coolidge. He has performed his duty cautiously, intelligently, and honorably. But he should step out at the end of the present term. If he lays down office then, he will be followed by the good wishes of millions. If he seeks another term and gets it, he will incur the suspicion of a wish to build up a system which in time easily might be extended in a way to create a dictatorship.

ALBERT F. DEMERS
(*The Troy "Record"*)
Troy, N. Y.

An essential of representative government is the rotation of offices; a necessary safeguard of political morality and of a balance of power of the coordinated institutes of government. A third term is opposed to the continuity of Republican institutions.

EUGENE DEL MAR
Philadelphia, Pa.

When we begin to think of any man as necessary to our government, decay has that moment set in. It is the glory of our land and our political science that the woods are full of men for any post from President down.

BURTON ALVA KONKLE
Swarthmore, Pa.

The placing of the power of the presidency in one man's hands to continue there more than eight years would be a most dangerous precedent. I think the President of our United States has far too much political control now, and it grows with time.

PARKE P. FLOURNOY
Washington, D. C.

Inasmuch as there are as good men as Mr. Coolidge in both of the great political parties no exigency exists for the termination of a tradition conceived in caution, born of foresight, and nurtured in the cradle of wisdom. Eight years are enough for any one man to have the honor, the power, and the glory.

ALBERT S. HATCH
Atlanta, Ga.

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The Future of Christianity in China

Has Christianity a future in China? Dr. Hu Shih, in the July FORUM, *says No. China's Nationalistic spirit, he feels, will eventually destroy the Church. To this question,* THE FORUM'S *readers here make answer. A large majority are optimistic about the work of Christian missions in China, for of all those from whom we have heard, only three agree with Dr. Hu that Christianity is doomed.*

YES

We should remember that we have been almost two thousand years adjusting ourselves to the Christian religion, and many of us are like the Chinaman. We do not want to credit the Christian religion with what it has done for us. Christianity has come to stay in China. The reactions against it are not much greater than they were in some of the other nations. The practical benefit will be the greatest aid to its endurance.

P. G. McCURDY

Fort Payne, Ala.

Whether we shall have Buddhistic Christianity, Confucianistic Christianity, Taoist Christianity, or any other form of Christianity, it is the spirit that counts. Christianity is not seeking to dominate but rather to minister, to find life by losing it. To say that Christianity is fighting the *last* battle, to take the abnormal type for judging the whole is incoherent and unreasonable. Christianity, like any other religion is growing and struggling to grow that it may serve best.

YU SHAN HAN

Boston, Mass.

I believe that Dr. Hu Shih has a misconception of Christianity if he thinks that in the final result it will run counter to China's rising tide of nationalism. Furthermore this real, essential Christianity is not Gantryism, and it is not fighting a losing battle. Eventually the religious and ethical principles taught by Christ will be seen, not as antagonistic to the other religions, but as their fulfilment.

DWIGHT E. ALLEN

La Salle, N. Y.

True and essential Christianity is harmonious with all that is noblest and best in the aspirations of the new leaders of Chinese culture.

RUFUS M. JONES

Haverford, Pa.

Christianity has survived hundreds of pessimistic predictions and it will survive Dr. Hu Shih's. It is interesting to note that while some people are speaking pessimistically about the present vitality of Christianity in China, every mail brings to our office accounts of the steadfast devotion of multitudes of Chinese Christians who are carrying on Christian work.

ARTHUR J. BROWN

(*Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church*)

New York City

If Dr. Hu Shih will prove that Christianity has failed in far Cathay, then it is his prerogative to declaim against it and demand something better. If he can prove those pioneer men and women, who sacrificed and served, did not live right and did not die right, then he might be justified in saying that Christianity is fighting its last battle.

MARY INGE HOSKINS

Florence, Ala.

Dr. Hu Shih acknowledges that Christianity has done wonderful things for China, namely unbinding their distorted feet, abolishing the opium trade, and giving "high ideals" to the people. He overlooks the truth that Jesus is a living reality in the human race, — and that can not be destroyed. Undoubtedly Jesus is in the hearts of many Chinese men and women.

JAMES R. WINCHESTER

(*Bishop of Arkansas*)

Little Rock, Ark.

Those Chinese who have understood the teachings of Christ will uphold them even unto death. And it will be this sacrificial offering which will water the seed of a newer and still greater Christianity in the Orient.

PAOLO S. ABBATE

New York City

NO

It is preposterous to think of Christianity, in its moribund condition, as making an appreciable impression upon the bold intellectualism of the Chinese Renaissance. Competent scholarship is diligent in the review of trends in religious thought. The prophets of the New China stand firmly on the defensive against irrational philosophies and fanatical religious systems. Christianity, in China as elsewhere, must be self-subversive.

HOWARD ELSMERE FULLER

Loxley, Ala.

I can positively declare that China will never accept the corrupted Christianity; the Chinese are too wise, they know better. And the Cantonese armies will resist all attempts of foreign powers. And neither will Japan, or India, or Persia accept Christianity, a druidic confusion.

F. G. WILSON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In my conversations with a number of students from China at the University of Wisconsin, their aspirations and hopes for complete Chinese independence have won my complete sympathy. While we have been crying, "America for the Americans," I feel very much like shouting from every housetop, "China for the Chinese," politically, socially, and religiously. I would like to see the Western nations withdraw all their missionaries from China.

R. B. ANDERSON

Madison, Wis.

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Catholic Training

As a supplement to Hiram Wesley Evans's article "For New Marriage Laws" in the May FORUM, *the following material from the sixth religious survey at the University of Notre Dame is of interest. One of the questions asked was: "If you marry, do you intend to choose a wife who can give your children sound Catholic training?" And here are some of the answers:*

"I will marry no other. I have seen the results of a family reared by a mother who was a lukewarm Catholic."

"Yes, since my conversion I have been helped a great deal by the Catholic religion."

"By all means. I feel that God would hold me responsible for them."

"I have severe doubts of this. My girl is a non-Catholic, but I can't help loving her."

"Yes, if she doesn't, she can clear out and I will."

"Absolutely. I have had no such training and I realize what I missed."

"Absolutely, if by 'sound' you mean 'broad-minded' as well as 'thorough'. Too many staunch Catholics lack breadth of view."

"Yes, but I do not want too much of it, for I fear it breeds intolerance in religion."

"Absolutely. She is a non-Catholic at present, but she was raised in a convent school and I am sure she will become a Catholic."

"My wife need not be a Catholic. I will attend to the religious training of my children."

Dietary Discriminations

Races are known by their codes and creeds,
Nations and kings by their sinful deeds;
But a man may be known by the stuff he reads.

THE Lowbrow snatches a peppered meal
From the pink paged papers' daily squeal,
Or the physical torture magazines,
And the muttered titles of movie screens.

Nebulous, credulous, and naive,
In a journalist chaos of make-believe,
From a tabloid dawn to a sports page eve.

THE Highbrow wrinkles a tortured brow
O'er poetry cryptic and deep, — and how!
Or the polysyllabic ecstasies
Of a twentieth century Johnsonese.

All that is subtle and suave and smart,
With the spice of sex and the air of art,
Offered ad nauseam, — à la carte!

THE Middlebrow pasture is chiefly found
In the sensible slant and the middle ground;
Where opinion savors the salt of earth,
And words are the servants of wit and worth.

Lord, preserve us this saving quorum,
In urbanity, sanity, and decorum, —
The Middlebrow remnant that reads THE FORUM!

DONALD F. ROSE

Bryn Athyn, Pa.

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Italy's Vagabond Tyrant

Has America a lop-sided view of Mussolini? Mr. Hand, a frequent contributor to the Rostrum, thinks so.

Editor of THE FORUM:

America is getting a one-sided view of Mussolini. Your contributor, Fredericka V. Blankner, in the May number, has assisted materially in presenting the favorable side of Italy's self-constituted dictator and tyrant, who with his three hundred thousand black-shirted constabulary rules her people with an iron hand.

Shall Mussolini's success in rebuilding a demoralized nation blot out his record of crime and defiance of his government in his earlier years? Until he organized and led the "march on Rome" with a bare handful of young men and seized, bound, and gagged a prostrate people, living under a spineless king, he was little better than a vagabond and outlaw. Was he suddenly transformed into an unselfish patriot on gaining the power his ambitions prompted him to seek and fight for? Shall a man who requires his people to sing his praises day and night and punishes critics with death be lauded as a real, unselfish patriot?

Mussolini is the greatest tyrant of the age. He has suppressed free speech and a free press. He has abolished the law-making body or bent it to his will. He is ruthlessly suppressing all religious worship except the Roman Catholic. His hand is against the Y. M. C. A. and all Protestant organizations.

No wonder Mussolini expressed great friendliness for America, considering the $2,000,000,000 donated Italy by the United States in the debt settlement. Moreover, he is finding it easy to spread his propaganda in our country through his paid agents and a too willing press. He meets no opposition in the organization by his agents of Italians, both aliens and citizens, into militant groups of Fascisti who swear allegiance to the tyrant, regardless of their obligations to the country of their adoption. So Mussolini has reason to be friendly to the United States. He has brains, yes. But his career thus far has revealed a corrupt heart filled with an overweening egotism and ambition to gain for Mussolini a glorified "place in the sun".

WILLIS L. HAND

Corvallis, Ore.

An Idiotic Arrangement

One high school teacher thinks religion does not belong in our schools.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read with profound interest the debate in the June FORUM between Messrs. Winchester and Watts on the question, "Shall We Force Religion Into the Schools?"

Having been a high school teacher for thirty years and having had in my history classes more than twenty-five hundred students representing many faiths, have I not a right to say a word on this topic? Moreover, I taught a year in the state where, under the law, we excused about twenty per cent of our pupils every Wednesday afternoon that they might go across the street to receive "Religious Instruction".

Since these pupils were taken from more than half our recitations, the school program was disrupted and most of the work had to be repeated the following day. How could any arrangement have been more idiotic?

But why instruct boys and girls in religion at all? By religion I mean belief in the supernatural, in the existence of a god, in an after life, as well as the other doctrines mentioned above, none of which we know anything about whatever. If the church wants to teach her votaries these medieval notions let her take the responsibility, but surely it is not the business of the school to do so, nor to surrender a minute of time for such a purpose.

It is the work of the school to teach the truth of history and science and to inspire a reverence for this truth. The world is daily growing less religious and more humanitarian. And this is as it should be. We are thinking less of service to God and more about service for man. The schools are able to teach humanitarianism without any aid or advice from the church, and are doing so.

OSCAR O. WHITENACK

Denver, Colo.

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Ruled by Mediocrity

Mr. Pisgah finds the Achilles's heel of American democracy.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is very evident that O. N. Pisgah's "Impressions of America", in the April FORUM, were drawn from that class of American tourists who advertise themselves as such, in Europe, and from American expatriates who go to Europe to buy in the cheapest market in order that they may enjoy as long as possible the profits they have made by selling in the dearest market over here. Generally speaking, these are not the finest exponents of American culture, although they no doubt represent the typical American to the European mind.

Likewise, Pisgah's impressions of American women sound like the snap judgment arrived at after a study of the few poor samples furnished by these two classes.

As to his ideas on the relationship of the sexes in this country, they are biased by the Old World conception of that relationship. With all his faults, the average American man has attained a higher ethical development than the average male of the species in Europe. Therefore, love, for him, isn't just a synonym for passion.

But Pisgah does hit a vulnerable spot in American polity when he says: "In Americans, I feel the strongest tendency and will to keep art and letters democratic by treating their creators as equals, and by *ignoring everything that surpasses the comprehension of the average citizen.*" In order to give verisimilitude to that bit of fiction in our Declaration of Independence which maintains that all men are created equal, we have simply ignored the superminds of this country with the exception of those who could contribute to our economic well-being. In piping times of peace and plenty, we complain that our legislative and congressional halls are filled with mediocre minds because our most intelligent citizens will not enter politics. But have we ever tried to get at the reason for this refusal? Is it not because we have exalted the average citizen and placed him in positions of great political power, while "there is not a touch of humbleness or gratitude for those elect whose values give an increasing sense and justification to existence"? Pisgah points out the fact that our intelligentsia are not a "social force". But how can they be a social or political force when, as this keen observer truly says, we "are not willing to give them an elevation above the standard of every day life"? Are we not trying to carry on without our most intelligent citizens?

ONE OF PISGAH'S "MOST TYPICAL AMERICANS"

Backward or Forward?

Here is a reader who feels that Professor McDougall is looking in the wrong direction for a solution of the causes of crime.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Professor McDougall in his article, "Crime in America," in the April FORUM, asserts that it is our deplorable lack of respect for tradition which is responsible for the present high rate of crime. An adherence, at this juncture, to a clear cut code of conduct based upon beliefs of Right and Wrong (principally Wrong!), handed down from the Fathers, and enforced with the rigidity of the Law and Prophets is the "psychological resolution" he offers us! May I venture to ask which way Professor McDougall is going?

There has been, these latter years, steadily at work a movement toward a new attitude in human affairs. At last there is being made a patient effort to understand the nature of the forces that shape destinies. Are we going to abandon this admirable attitude, which is certainly the only method scientifically tenable, and fall back upon tribal tabus? If the present crime wave in some measure is due to the breaking up of the mores, a discarding of those inherited beliefs which are being retested for present uses, does it necessarily mean that things are going to "the dogs"? May it not mean rather that we have reached that stage of our evolution when we can no longer comfortably "muddle through"? While a repressive policy may bring a spurious peace, it is not a solution.

In lumping together crime and the neuroses, Professor McDougall has weakened his case for tradition. A neurotic is one whose ego-ideal founded upon parental

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authority, (i.e. tradition), is so strong that he can not tolerate in himself those desires biologically necessary for the survival of the individual and the carrying on of the race. The neurotic has carried morality too far, an overdose of Puritanism in childhood is what he is suffering from.

It is always easier to punish than to educate. It takes longer. Then, too, the educator has to begin with himself. It is quite a "chore".

But let us not be hoodwinked into falling back, regressing to that state from whence we came.

What we all want is not to go back to outworn things but to aim for "Life, and Life more abundantly", no matter how hard the attainment may be.

ELEANOR BURNET

New York City

Voltaire's Prophecy Come True

A singularly fitting quotation from Voltaire on eighteenth century missionaries to China.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Dr. Hu Shih's article in the July FORUM is nothing more or less than a reiteration of the practical application of Voltaire's "romantic" philosophy of two hundred years ago.

In "The Princess of Babylon", Chapter 5, Voltaire puts the following benediction in the mouth of his wise and just Chinese Emperor as he sent on their way out of China "a gang of foreign Bonzes (missionaries), who had come from the extremities of the West, with the frantic hope of compelling all China to think like themselves. . . .":

"You may here do as much harm as you have elsewhere. You have come to preach dogmas of intolerance to the most tolerant nation upon earth. I send you back, that I may never be compelled to punish you. You will be honorably conducted to my frontiers. You will be furnished with everything necessary to return to the confines of the hemisphere from whence you came. Depart in peace, if you can be at peace, and never return."

Dr. Hu Shih merely corroborates the prophecy of Voltaire upon its almost complete fulfilment within two hundred years after its utterance.

L. N. SPERLING

Cleveland, O.

A Wise Bird

Mr. Yeomans, a frequent Rostrum contributor, makes some observations, on the Pedestrian.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The Pedestrian is a wise bird in his generation. It is true Americans do not, as a rule, know how to loaf, or how to play. It is also true that we must learn to do both if we are to spend our increasing leisure time profitably. But when this same wise Pedestrian intimates that no one knows what the folks of the future will do when machinery has made their day all play and no work, he is "talking through his hat". Humanity falls, more or less, into the classes of "brains" and "no-brains". "Brains" can be relied upon to take care of themselves. "No-brains" will do exactly as they do with their free time now; that is indulge a frantic desire to be doing something else in some other place.

FLOYD L. YEOMANS

Marne, Mich.

God Forbid!

What too much free time would involve.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It takes no Ecclesiasticus to know that if all this free time became ours, it, too, would be vanity and vexation. Should Pedestrian's too lavish prophecy be fulfilled, there would yet be a crying need for another invention,—something to dispose of all the deadly bores let loose. Heavens, how we should miss the good old days when they were too busy to drop in for a ten hour call! To the heinous suggestions with which Pedestrian simply reeks, I breathe a fervent "God forbid".

WILLSON BARRETT

Rusk, Tex.

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The Forum Near and Far

These two letters, one from Chile and one from Australia, bring good news of THE FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It has been a reassuring incident during the last three months of Latin American sojourning to find the familiar cover of THE FORUM steadfastly holding its ground in bookstores and on news stands and, still more gratifying to American citizenship, to find a knowledge of its contents coming into conversations in Lima, La Paz, Valparaiso, and Santiago. I admit having been surprized at first but after a time THE FORUM's presence among Spanish and French periodicals, and FORUM topics in Latin American clubs, newspaper offices, at dinner-tables, and in casual conversations became rational enough.

If "Pan-Americanism" is ever going to mean anything actual, something must be done toward building up a common meeting ground of intellectual interest between the American republics. A professor from the University of Santiago who had spent six months as exchange lecturer at the University of California was my shipmate for several weeks of Pacific voyaging. He repeatedly said that what his country most dreaded was not "imperialism" as that term is distorted to apply in Nicaragua and Mexico, not even capitalistic exploitation of South American wealth in raw materials. It was the dread of sensational and irresponsible journalism, daily, weekly, and monthly, in the United States.

You may understand, therefore, how helpful it was to a North American to hear now and then the clear note of THE FORUM substantiating his contention that not all of the United States was sold on selling; that a healthy minority still opposed mediocrity and standardization of opinion; that agencies were in being and at work capable of creating stronger international bonds than chewing gum and gasoline.

GEORGE MARVIN

Valparaiso, Chile

Editor of THE FORUM:

You may welcome a line from the writer, — THE FORUM's General Representative in Australia, — a subscriber for more than twenty years and a reader who thinks that its appeal steadily increases and its general excellence dwarfs most of the current monthly magazines. When Australians have grown to know and to trust THE FORUM and to realize that its ends are not selfish, it will be as widely read and enjoyed in Australia as it is in America.

To "interpret the new America that is attaining consciousness in this decade" is truly a great aim, but is not THE FORUM unconsciously perhaps aiming at and achieving much greater things, namely: the interpretation of the *new whole world* that is attaining consciousness with all that that implies, and the world-wide dissemination of the best thoughts and opinions of the world's most painstaking observers of all kinds in every continent, — thus influencing and aiding world development and civilization?

It is difficult to write with restraint and in condensed sentences about such a brilliant, highly readable magazine as THE FORUM. It provokes me to forget myself so far as to smother with praise, and pat on the back, not alone its Editor-in-Chief, but also each of his Associates. Frankly and honestly, I regard it as the outstanding leader of all the magazines I have read, — and I have read a variety of them.

ARTHUR T. WOODWARD

Victoria, Australia

Silent Cal

THE FORUM's *Third Term discussion has moved one reader to poetry.*

Calvin, your silence
Has worried us so,
Enlighten us please, —
Let us in on "the know".
Give us your answer.
For it we yearn,
Tell us, friend Cal,
Do you seek a third term?

Here is another
The news writers ask,
To persuade you to answer
Has proved quite a task.
Tell us please, Cal,
May your answer be ready,
Did you protest
The third term for Teddy?

F. J. WADE

Sullivan, Mo.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

"Will Be Altered To Suit Tenants"

NO, that is hardly true. The average tenant of our great Republic would be much happier if those annoying historians would leave his pretty little bungalow alone, and would allow him to continue dreaming that the democratic suburb in which his home is located is really the finest, the most original, the most sublime and unmatched expression of human courage and ingenuity the world has ever seen. Wherefore, we had better change our sign to something like this: "Will Be Altered To Suit the Reasonable Demands of the Intelligent Patriots of the Year of Grace, 1927." For that would represent with a much greater degree of veracity what our historians have been doing of late. They have been "altering" the stately but uncomfortable national mansion of the late Garfield and Hayes periods until now it is beginning to resemble a true and reasonable home for the people of our own day and age.

It is true that in doing this, they have been obliged to send a few of the lovely old cast iron dogs to Ye Olde Antique Shoppe, that they have been forced to hack away the ornamental wooden Gothic porch (so nicely exposed to the warming rays of the northern sun) to make room for a couple of extra showers; that some of the lovely colored-glass windows have been replaced with plain, ordinary, everyday panes of glass. But for the rest, they have stuck as closely as possible to the plans of the original builders. The edifice is just as American as it was when Tom Jefferson indulged in his favorite architectural studies. But it is American in the spirit of 1927, rather than of 1827. And for better or worse, those of us who do not belong to the Daughters of the American Revolution and kindred associations, have to live "here and now". That is a nuisance. But it is one of God's little jokes. And we may as well make the best of it.

This change in the method of our history writing has come so gradually and so quietly that the honorable opposition has never had time to recover from its first shock and offer any definite kind of resistance. Here and there in forgotten corners of the land,—such as New York City, where the leading political minds still dwell peacefully in the atmosphere of an Irish village of the early sixteenth century,

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— there have been outcries of "treason". But no one in particular seems to be paying any attention to these belated efforts at "patriotic rehabilitation" and their "true vindications of American righteousness". Thus Pastor Weems has been relegated to the museum of historical curiosities. As for the greater part of his contemporaries, they have become classics, — and classics, as every one knows, are books about which all people talk knowingly but which no one takes the trouble to read.

All of which leads us up to the text for to-day, — the two monumental volumes of MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT by Vernon Louis Parrington (Harcourt, Brace, $8.00). Professor Parrington of the University of Washington has reversed the old theological dogma about the blessed virtues of the East: he might publish his works under the device, *Ex Occidente Lux*.

I am familiar with the duties of the true historical critic. He should faithfully go through the seven or eight hundred pages of the work under discussion. He should pay a little closer attention to those chapters with which he himself happens to be familiar. He should endeavor to discover a few misprints in private names and show his own erudition by correcting them. He should, if possible, establish beyond a shadow of a doubt that the cousin of Cotton Mather had eight boys and seven girls, and not seven boys and eight girls as the author has so mistakenly stated on page 739. He should discover that the Bibliography has omitted to mention the serious contributions to the subject under discussion by Professor Dr. Paul Lehrsamkeit of the University of Greifswald, published in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* for 1843; and furthermore, he might express surprize that his own name was not mentioned in the index. To approach a book like that of Parrington in the approved fashion of historico-bibliographical criticism would be as fair as to reproach the magnificent modern image of New York City for an occasional outburst of Paramount Pudding or Gaseous Charlotte Russe.

This, then, is a good book. It is an exceedingly good book. It reads well. This man Parrington, of whom I know nothing and about whom I can write in the most detached of detached spirits, seems to know whereof he writes. And best of all, this learned *opus* breathes an air of perfect manners. The author seems to have accepted God's inscrutable decision that it shall take all sorts and manners of men and women to make a well regulated world.

He has a very decided point of view of his own, and it is visible to all those who have eyes with which to see. It is a modest, well behaved, liberal point of view. The author is handy with the microscope and the scalpel, but once he has entered the historical laboratory, he leaves his own little ax behind. He may have such an ax, but it is handed to the door man for safekeeping. If he happens to disagree with some of our defunct national heroes, he allows those heroes to explain their follies for themselves and permits his readers to draw their own conclusions without any gratuitous sneering on the author's part. He may know that the furry animal under discussion is really a woodpussy, but he leaves it to the olfactory organs of his audience to discover that pleasant fact.

Professor Parrington seems to have realized that no one is ever convinced of the error of his ways or views by being told they are wrong. The patient (upon very rare occasions) may allow himself to be convinced of his wicked ways by being exposed to the right ways of living and thinking. But the cure by way of the sledge-hammer and the sermon has been proved a total failure, and most intelligent historians (which nowadays seems to mean most historians) have realized this state of affairs and act accordingly when bestowing the fruit of their researches upon an unwilling public.

Let me confess to a profound but firmly established conviction that we shall not be able to accomplish much with the present generation. Reared in the self-laudatory atmosphere of a triumphant business world, the present day citizens of our glorious Republic will reject all efforts which tend to prove that something more subtle and impersonal than their own great deeds has made our land what it is. They will remember the historical fabric with which they were familiar in the days of their youth. And they will die stoutly maintaining that the modern historians

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are parlor Bolsheviks and have sold their souls to the devil and the modern school of Germanic criticism. Their children, however, will know better, and it is for these that men like Parrington labor.

Endlessly the current of soggy literature runs from the press-mills to the nearest sea of oblivion. The few things that are worth while in that dreary stream are too often allowed to be drowned before some one on shore has recognized their value, has fished them out of the dreary soup, and has shown them to the bored multitude for their ultimate delectation and profit. If, for once, I happen to be that person on shore and can shout: "READ THIS!" I shall feel much less ashamed of some of the terrible critical concoctions of my past life than I do now.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

A Neurotic at His Best

THE stunning genius of J. K. Huysmans plays like a chameleon out for a holiday in DOWN STREAM (Covici, $2.50). The book is a group of deft and startling cameos, presenting Huysmans in several important attitudes. Here is the artist in first flight, borrowing the recipe for prose poems from Baudelaire and then proceeding to concoct an even more delectable nectar; the self-conscious writer who throws his power into the prevailing movement and becomes the militant realist; and again the man with a delicate stomach. There is in this volume, so admirably translated by Mr. Samuel Putnam, a brief novel of realism, a series of Baudelairian sketches, the title piece, several engaging critical papers, and a preface to *A Rebours* written twenty years after the appearance of the novel.

I shall be content to confine myself to the fiction; the critical papers would require an entire article for themselves. In "Marthe", — the brief novel of a girl of the streets, — Huysmans is present with his inimitable command of lightning bolts. The story is stark, unpleasant, unrelenting. Because the author is Huysmans, one looks for daring, and finds it; the phrases crackle like strings of Chinese ladycrackers, with here and there the unexpected boom of a substantial explosive. Huysmans, the art critic primarily, wastes no words in padding; he has a picture to paint, and he does this unforgettably. Marthe, — the principal figure of the story, — is pitiful, glamourous, cheap, and typical. The story concerns her one great love rising and falling among a carnival of little ones.

Huysmans in realistic garb is apt to overdo his part. It is as though he said at the outset: "This is to be a realistic story. Mark these words! I will show my brothers how to do this type of thing with gusto." In the effort to attain a generally lascivious and repulsive atmosphere, Huysmans frequently resorts to the artificial. He selects words purposely, it often seems, for their shocking qualities, when milder words or no words at all would suffice. This occurs rarely, however, and the reader follows the story of Marthe hardly realizing the candid method. In the end, there is borne away a sense of fragile beauty, rather than the sheer ugliness which predominates. That is, perhaps, the essence of Huysmans's genius.

OLIVER JENKINS

India, Mother of What?

JUDGING by the mushroom growth of Hindu cults in this country, many Americans seem to believe that India can still furnish spiritual guidance to the world. But Miss Katherine Mayo in her recent book, MOTHER INDIA (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), shows that India is a sick, decrepit old woman spawning every known disease, ancient and modern, into the world. Miss Mayo has given us our first really comprehensive and impartial social study of India's seething millions.

The author goes straight to her main objective. The British have been frequently taken to task for failing to improve social conditions in India. But Miss Mayo boldly charges that the Indian people are themselves responsible for their physical miseries, for their ninety-two per cent of illiteracy, and for their almost incredible poverty in a land teeming with natural wealth. No government, she insists, could make satisfactory headway against such obstacles as these tradition-bound natives create for themselves. Climate, indifference to public health regulations, ignorance of hygiene in private life, — these are serious causes of India's backwardness; yet none can compare with the devastat-

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ing weakness that has come from generations of child mothers and child fathers. In India's system of child marriages Miss Mayo sees the primary cause of the nervelessness and want of stamina that characterize the people. Not only are children married and allowed to live together from the beginning of puberty, but it is the custom for men of thirty, forty, and fifty years of age to take little girls of nine and ten years old as wives. The consequences to women and to their puny offspring, — nearly half of whom die before the age of five, — can be readily inferred. Miss Mayo handles these startling details with judgment and discretion, at the same time leaving no room for doubt.

The English are constantly reproached for denying education to the masses. "Why is light denied?" is a favorite cry of the Indian agitator. But education, like charity, must begin at home; and the men of India have strenuously opposed even primary education for their women on the ground that it would unfit them for their sacred household duties. One consequence of this situation is to deprive the villages, in which the bulk of the population lives, of women school teachers. Thus the work of educating the masses is left solely to men, and those qualified for teaching with one accord refuse to go into the villages and will accept nothing less than university appointments.

Nor is this all. Sixty millions of people, outcast for ages, called by the sinister name of Untouchables, are forbidden by law and immutable custom to go to school at all. In early days the Brahmins understood that their privileges as a ruling caste depended upon their superior knowledge. With severest penalties they kept down the masses, and the tradition has hardened into stone. For countless generations these unfortunates have been so cruelly deprived of natural human rights that it may safely be said that such a condition has no parallel in history. Even Gandhi's immense prestige and authority have never made the slightest difference in the situation of the Untouchables. And this society which holds sixty per cent of its own people in the most terrible bondage is the same society, — be it remembered, — which proudly claims for itself the most exalted spiritual attainment known to man!

Right thinking Indians and Indian sympathizers will regard Miss Mayo's revelations as the faithful wounds inflicted by a friend, and they can not put aside her indictment. Hindus are blaming British rule for ills which flow from ancient, immemorial sins of their own. England is not responsible for child marriage and *purdah* and child widowhood with all their hideous consequences to the health and morale of the whole Indian people. England is not responsible for the sex ideas which make an old man of the average Indian by the time he is thirty. England is not responsible for the caste system which enables the Brahmins to oppress and prey upon all the lower orders of society. The masses pay in tribute to the Brahmins many times more each year than they do in taxes to the British Government. Finally, the wastage in cattle, the refusal to rotate crops or to raise food for animal consumption, are certainly not the doing of the English. Rather, they have almost been the undoing of the English, whose heroic efforts to mend conditions have, as yet, borne so little fruit. The British may not be doing all they might or should do, but Miss Mayo proves conclusively that the task they have undertaken is one to confound the wisest.

FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.
ANTOINETTE ROTAN PETERSON

Africa for Americans

BECAUSE more and more of those thousands who travel seek an adequate book on North Africa, but find none except in French, Hamish McLaurin has come to their aid with WHAT ABOUT NORTH AFRICA? (Scribners, $3.00). Written primarily to inform those who want to learn where to go and what to see, parts of it are necessarily as dull as Baedecker. Nevertheless, when the author idles in the market place at Marrakech, threads the gorge of Chabet el Akra, climbs the minaret of Touggourt at sunset, or ambles over the Sahara in a desert-going Renault, he has the breath of North Africa in his nostrils; he feels the pulse of Islam, and his pages become absorbing.

One wishes he had made more than passing reference to the Roman cities of Djemila and Dougga, to the oak covered heights of Les Chênes, and to the turbu-

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lent beauty of Bone. Even so, most of what matters in three thousand miles of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia is in his book: the sun, the picture-postcard surf, and the green of the coastal hills are there, as are the legends of mosques and palaces, the inordinate smells of markets and native quarters, and the friendly desolation of the Sahara. *What About North Africa?* is useful as a guide book; and since it is written in English instead of in statistics, it also makes good reading for the stay-at-home traveler, if too much is not attempted at one sitting.

HERBERT BRUCKER

When Sainthood Was in Flower

THE Harvard University Press has issued a book by Eginhard which reveals the ninth century biographer of Charlemagne in a new rôle. THE HISTORY OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BLESSED MARTYRS OF CHRIST, MARCELLINUS AND PETER ($5.00) is a delightful narrative of the manner in which Eginhard piously stole the bones of two miracle-working saints from Rome and transported them by donkey, accompanied by fitting manifestations of divine grace, to their new shrine in the German forest.

This most engaging little book is full of the flavor of the period and of Eginhard's own fine and charming personality. A man of the world, familiar with courts and important affairs, a scholar, yet accustomed to dealing with men, Eginhard still brings to these wonders he relates an attitude of faith mixed with a certain shrewd caution. "I felt sure and shall always feel sure," says he, "that the holy power on high through which these miracles and others of this kind are believed to be wrought never allows anything to happen or to be done without good reason among the creatures whom I doubt not belong to his providence and government"; and he concludes, "but I hope that unbelievers, and they that belittle the glory of the saints, may be induced not to read them (the accounts of the miracles) at all; for I doubt not that they would seem fantastic. And so, annoyed by the crudity of our style, they might not be strong enough to avoid blasphemy and envy, thereby making clear that they hate God and their neighbor whom they were bidden to love."

Modern historians make a great point of going back to sources. If the reading public will occasionally follow them, especially when such an agreeable source as this offers itself, they would find history becoming a very living and real thing. Another point to be noted in favor of this little book is that the translation which preserves with so much grace the flavor of the original was the last literary labor of the late Barrett Wendell.

FREDERICK S. HOPPIN

What Is Truth in Russia?

THIS reviewer hasn't been in Russia since the Spring of 1918 and he has often wondered what has happened there in the interval. The published accounts have been far from satisfactory, for writers have injected their prejudices for or against the Bolsheviks into their accounts; and even allowing for this, there seemed no way of recreating a satisfying mental picture from the highly colored facts presented by both sides. Thus Russia has become as remote from Europe as in the days of the Tartar invasion. Always an enigma, Russia since the Revolution has remained hidden behind an almost impenetrable wall. What goes on behind this wall? What sort of life do people live there? What do they do, and what do they think?

A great debt is due Mr. Lancelot Lawton for lifting the curtain on the Russian scene. His RUSSIAN REVOLUTION (Macmillan, $7.50) has that authentic touch which no longer leaves room for doubt. It is the first convincing account of that new Russia hitherto obscured by prejudice, "wishful thinking," and opinions unanchored on facts. So complete and detached is Mr. Lawton's treatment that he leaves nothing to be desired. It was no small achievement to make the incredible appear credible, and the fantastic seem perfectly natural and inevitable. Certainly, the picture he presents of life in Russia to-day is enough to stagger the imagination; the sheer nightmare of it would have confounded Dante. It reads like a colossal, sinister jest perpetrated by the Devil himself. It was not for noth-

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ing that the Bolsheviks turned all the lunatics loose (on the ground of easing the housing problem): their spirit seems to be at work among the unnerved populace.

This is not to say that Mr. Lawton is unjust to the governing class. He readily concedes the honesty and good intentions of the leaders and of that "artist in revolution", the great Lenin. At the same time, he makes it clear that the chaos of post-war Russia was a challenge to supermen; and however great we may concede the Bolshevik leaders to be, the truth is that they are helpless to stem the forces they themselves have helped to loose. Above all, he reiterates with deadly effect the incompatibility of communistic theories with human nature,—in particular, the human nature of Russian peasantry. The one note of relief in this bedlam of Bolshevism is the patient faith of the upper bourgeoisie,—the greatest sufferers of the Revolution. In spite of everything, they persist in hoping that "something good may come of it all". Mr. Lawton portrays all classes of society, and the impress of the eye-witness is strong upon all he writes. His chapter on the new Russian theatre is particularly stimulating.

After this, ON THE TRAIL OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE, by Frank A. Golder and Lincoln Hutchinson (Stanford Press, $3.50), comes as a postscript. These authors traveled the length and breadth of Russia from 1921 to 1923 as investigators for the American Relief Administration, and their note-books give us scattered glimpses, some of them very illuminating. In many respects, theirs is an interesting book, no less instructive because it serves to supplement a greater book destined for the permanent shelf.

JOHN COURNOS

Daniels Come to Judgment

IT is no exaggeration to say that in the field of criminology, the policies and programs of society have too often been *a priori* and tainted with emotionalism, rather than informed by the spirit and methods of scientific research. This has been true, for example, of the indeterminate sentence, the reformatory system, parole, and probation. That we are just entering an era of calm, critical social stock-taking is evidenced by Edwin J. Cooley's book, PROBATION AND DELINQUENCY: THE STUDY AND TREATMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL DELINQUENT (Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, $3.00).

Here is a convincing statement of the important social possibilities of probation when administered with the proper aims, methods, and personnel. Too often probation work has been carried on mechanically, perfunctorily, and unimaginatively by untrained job-holders. Rarely, indeed, has the rehabilitation of criminal offenders proceeded from intelligent study and planful control and been given that kind of trial which alone can establish its importance in the administration of criminal justice.

Dr. Cooley's book is a popularly written report of a vital experiment conducted at the instance of Cardinal Hayes, by the Catholic Charities Probation Bureau in the Court of General Sessions of New York City. The experiment differed from most probation work in that "a large, well-trained probation staff" was employed and the "case load" of each probation officer was limited to a reasonable number, instead of absurdly loading him with two to three hundred probationers to supervise at one time. Adequate psychiatric and psychological facilities were called into play in every case, a social investigation of high quality was made of each prisoner's background, an employment bureau was specially organized as a branch of the probation office to aid in the work of rehabilitation, and all cases were registered with the "social service exchange". Finally, offenders were not indiscriminately granted probation in violation of the very essence of this rehabilitative endeavor, but were so carefully selected on the basis of their promise that only eighteen per cent of over 3000 offenders investigated by the bureau were placed on probation.

In the thoroughness of this program and the scientific manner of its execution, Dr. Cooley's organization has set new standards. That it is good economy to spare no pains and expense in administering probation according to these high standards is shown by the Bureau's guarded prediction "that eighty-five per cent of the probationers will be permanently adjusted in the community".

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Dr. Cooley's report also furnishes statistics as to the make-up of criminals and the conditions of criminality. These tend, in general, to confirm the pioneer studies of Doctors William Healy and Bernard Glueck, which showed the considerable amount of confirmed criminal tendency among prisoners and, more important, the very early genesis of anti-social trends in the careers of criminals. That the problem of crime is largely a problem of youth has not received nearly the attention it deserves on the part of social philosophers, social engineers, and legislators. It should be the key-note of future efforts to cope with criminality.

It must be added that Dr. Cooley's book, while thus reflecting an extremely important social experiment, is not itself constructed after the fashion of a scientific report. On the whole the book is loosely put together, giving the impression of rather hasty preparation for publication. Furthermore, it abounds in quotations, in which Plato, St Francis, Carlyle, Browning, and Justice Holmes are strange bedfellows, of equal dignity with obscure writers and others of indifferent reputation. The book could have gained considerably in authoritativeness and lost much in bulk, had Dr. Cooley written up the results of his scientific experiment "as a plain, unvarnished tale".

SHELDON GLUECK

Wagner's Women

IT is doubtful if any one could do fairly what Louis Barthou has so brilliantly attempted in his book, THE PRODIGIOUS LOVER (Duffield, $2.50). In deciding to write on Richard Wagner's relations with women, the former premier of France set himself a task strangely perverse. It is easy enough to make an interesting, even fascinating book out of such a subject; it is almost impossible to make a just book out of it.

The devoted Wagner student who knows the whole story of Wagner's tragic struggle with life, his bitter travail to find adjustment in a world from which his genius divorced him more effectively than has the disposition of most men of genius, will have no difficulty in understanding *The Prodigious Lover*. He will supply from his own knowledge the explanation of a thousand incidents which without this knowledge must take on a quite different and, often, quite false light.

The average man who knows no more of Wagner than could be expected from a devotee of the five foot bookshelf, — and even he is better informed than most, — could not fail to derive a wrong impression from M. Barthou's work. For here Wagner is presented as never for a moment free from the imperious demand of some great desire. In a measure it is true, of course. But, in the last resort, Wagner was much more in love with Women than he was with any particular woman, although his various specific devotions took on a reckless strength and passion peculiar to himself. The man, who entered into manhood as an anarchist, who sacrificed everything, — home and country, — to an ideal, who starved himself to write revolutionary pamphlets, whose picture of Niblunghome under the reign of Alberich is a burning indictment of the unregulated capitalism of his day, — such a man must have had, as he surely had, vast tracts in his life where love-making, even of the most exalted type, would be thrust aside with impatience.

Nevertheless, Louis Barthou has done what he had to do extraordinarily well, with a fine sympathy and a very blessed restraint, and the book is worthy to find a permanent place in the great mass of Wagner bibliography.

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

Bearding History

IN two fine volumes, THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION (Macmillan, $12.50), Charles and Mary Beard set out upon a gallant search for a real synthesis of all the factors, — heritage, economics, politics, culture, and foreign contacts, — which enter into the stirring story of our own United States. It is the economic motive which predominates in the story as the Beards tell it. Their tough-minded eagerness for measurable facts brings out this motive in each chapter.

At the very start "it was the age-old lure of substantial things that sent the path-breakers of the seas on their perilous journeys".

It was hope of profit that founded the first English colony in Virginia,

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and hope of profit, quite as much as desire not to be badgered by the Church of England, that launched the Pilgrims on their great adventure. Did not Bradford write of the "hardnes" of earning a living in the Old World, hope for better fortune in the New, and insist that it was with no "newfangledness or other such like giddie humor" that they were setting forth?

In the humdrum facts of an economic background may be found essential factors for each chapter of the story: the development of diversity in colonial life along the seaboard; the introduction of slavery in behalf of the plantation system; the frankly economic aims of the British legislation which fired the colonies with protest; the outbreak of war; its mismanagement, — thanks to economic jealousies between rival sections; the end of the war with Britain and the development of new disputes at home; the "treaty of peace between the commercial and planting states", namely, the Constitution; the birth of a new war (1812) when the frontiersmen of the agricultural West demanded Canada; the drive on Mexico; the drive on Oregon; the sectional economic rivalries which paved the way for the Civil War; and so on.

Though the economic motive dominates the story, though the Beards document its importance with a formidable array of evidence, making mince-meat of a good many traditions of national nobility, still the economic motive is not alone in receiving fair treatment here, nor is this a doctrinaire account. In their synthesis the Beards take note of culture, emotions, habit, accident, and native energy, as well as economics.

As the story unfolds, the desire for a synthesis becomes more apparent with each chapter. The Beards do not handle American history as something isolated in a neat bin by itself. Into their story come, — as should they come in any realistic story, — reverberations of life lived outside of these United States and by other people than Americans. Thus one sees the furor over witchcraft in New England not as an isolated phenomenon, but as one hot gust in a tempest of intolerance that blew over Europe simultaneously and culminated in the Inquisition. History spills over frontiers. There is a surplus crop of tea in Ceylon which the East India Company can not unload: the result is a Tea Act in London and renewed revolt in Massachusetts. There is a revolution in France: the agrarian party in the United States renews its fight on Hamilton. The Beards paint on a canvas of generous proportions.

Again, there is an element of time as well as space in the synthesis of history, and the Beards put it to good advantage. Factors in their story do not leap suddenly from nowhere as it comes time to turn the page to a new chapter. George III does not suddenly spring repressive laws on the colonies in 1760; one can see the spirit of these laws maturing over the period of a century.

The revolution does not suddenly take place one fine morning in July, 1776; it has actually taken place by 1765, and nothing but an explosion is necessary to announce it to the world. Political parties do not come nobly into existence in 1789 to give citizens two alternatives at the polls; one sees these parties develop slowly, even before independence, out of the bitter quarrels of two sets of colonists. Nullification does not appear suddenly on the eve of the Civil War; Kentucky announces it as early as 1798, Massachusetts hails it enthusiastically in 1811; South Carolina rediscovers it in 1832; and Wisconsin is its hot champion in 1859.

Finally, what synthesis needs above all else is an interweaving of mere political events with the wider background of social interests and human relationships. In any realistic history, scientists, captains of industry, labor leaders, artists, philosophers, and cranks have as much right to a page as statesmen who march briefly across the stage of politics; and the Beards' book gives it to them. Emerson and the penny press, Walt Whitman and the public schools, have far more space, — as they should have, — than empty-handed Presidents like Pierce and Fillmore. For this is not history in its conventional mold, not history with its high lights on the careers of politicians, but history, warm, vibrant, human, and authentic, — with its high lights on the nation. Writing that history, the Beards have blazed new trails and set new goals.

CHARLES MERZ

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Sex or Politics?

UPTON SINCLAIR, after a long period of pamphleteering, has made an impressive "come-back" as a novelist with OIL! (A. &. C. Boni, $2.50). It is a novel worthy of the author of *The Jungle*. It has not the youthful passion and poetic intensity of that famous novel, but it has a maturer breadth of vision. It tells, — in terms of fiction and not mere journalistic pamphleteering, — the whole story of oil: of the rugged men who seek it, dig for it, fight and bribe for it; of their softer sons and daughters who spend the fortunes their fathers have won, and of the workers who struggle desperately for life and happiness. It is a story that brings in the tinsel fairyland of Hollywood, the preposterous new religious cults which grow up like mushrooms in our swampy, emotional soil, and trips abroad to escape the embarrassments which sometimes follow bribery, as well as the expected strikes, riots, and the rumble of revolutionary beginnings. In fact, it is pretty much a fictional picture of our present times.

Since the book has been barred in Boston on the usual vague charges of obscenity, it is worth wondering what offended the ticklish censors. Perhaps those passages which deal with the youthful loves of Bunny, the hero, son of the oil king. They are love affairs in the younger-generation style, it is true. His first sweetheart is a high school girl who inducts him into the mysteries of illicit love-making in the calm, hard-boiled manner which those young hussies are said to exhibit nowadays. They graduate swiftly from the automobile to the overnight hotel, and when that becomes too troublesome, she simply keeps the young man in her bedroom all night, — no questions being asked by her parents, who have enough love affairs of their own to bother about. That is affair number one, and number two is with a beautiful moving-picture actress. Indeed, Bunny is the least saintlike, — and the most likable, — hero that Upton Sinclair has ever put in a book.

But these matters are the stock-in-trade of all novelists nowadays, and though they are written about quite frankly in *Oil!* the proprieties of expression are fully preserved. No young person is likely to have his or her morals corrupted by these every-day matters, — though people no longer young, such as the public officials in Boston and I, myself, are likely to be made to feel that we have missed something in being born a quarter of a century too soon, before these charming modern indulgences to the passions of youth were the custom! It is probable that the real trouble with the novel, from the censor's point of view, is not Sex but Socialism. I daresay Bunny could have continued his delightful fornications with complete impunity from the censorship, if he had not fallen under the influence of an ascetic young revolutionist named Paul, and taken to attending Socialist meetings and hearing about Bolshevik Russia!

FLOYD DELL

A Unique Biography

AN old peddler selling kitchen utensils in the streets of Johannesburg. An intelligent and receptive young woman, who is also a novelist, sitting on her *stoep*, and buying a gridiron she does not want. This is the happy combination which has produced a book the like of which has not for a long time crossed the English reader's path, — TRADER HORN, being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn, taken down and edited by Ethelreda Lewis (Simon & Schuster, $4.00).

Persuaded to write down what incidents he remembers, and to talk about them when written, Trader Horn reveals himself bit by bit as wanderer, observer, philosopher, romancer, and humorist. Africa was the lure which drew him from an English school, and the West Coast was the field of his adventures. If the narrative is at times confused, it is never dull nor stale. If it repeats itself, the repetitions heighten its air of vraisemblance. A mildly Victorian sentiment blends pleasantly with the undisturbed composure of a man to whom bloodshed and violence have been matters of every-day occurrence. Horn has a truly British distaste for all Latin races, and a distrust of all Latin civilizations. He is as purely Nordic as any eugenist in America.

But the blacks! For them he has a gen-

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erous liking; and for cannibals, — not heretofore in favor, — he expresses nothing but admiration. "The most moral race on earth. The women chaste and the men faithful. Aye, I've lived amongst 'em like a brother, a young lad clean and safe." Now and then some savage, — not necessarily cannibal, — custom disconcerts him a little; the drowning of old and useless women, for example, "just at the age when in Lancashire they would be right for a shawl and a good cup of tea." The sight of these poor creatures putting up a fight for their lives, and swimming feebly until swept down by the current, or nipped by a crocodile, is naturally upsetting to a boy of eighteen; but after all a custom *is* a custom, and he has the instinctive respect of his race for institutions.

Even the remedies of the medicine men meet with Horn's approval and respect. He sees great cures wrought by a bamboo needle driven between the ribs, and by the entrails of crickets laid on a fresh wound; and he tells us the sad story of an Irish engineer who died of "something in the throat" because he could not bring himself to feel confidence in such restoratives. "Aye, Peter Nolan put Catholicism above the wisdom of the savage, and he died of it. If that poor fellow had given himself like a child to the science provided by nature, he'd a' been living now as I am."

It would be invidious to inquire too closely as to what is truth and what is fiction in this delightful volume. Once or twice there are disgusting details; things one would infinitely prefer not knowing if they are true, and not imagining if they are false. But, in the main, the narrative is simple, clean, homely, and vigorous. Horn's exploits as a hunter, his unerring aim and mighty prowess, must be taken in good part. What would be the fun of writing a book of adventure if one could not always bring down an elephant or a gorilla at the first shot. The episode of Nina, priestess or "goddess" in a Josh House is the weakest strand in the story. She and the stolen ruby (what African yarn is complete without a stolen ruby?) are of pure Rider Haggard vintage, without Rider Haggard's lively fancy. But when did any rover and raconteur save Trader Horn (rescued from oblivion by Ethelreda Lewis) write such a passage as this? — "An elephant is wonderfully choicey how he disposes his trunk in sleep. Likes to have it curled up on something for safety. His trunk is his living, and he's got to be as careful of it as a fiddler with his fingers."

It is an amazing book, full of recollections and imaginings, of plain truths and simple-hearted lies; but always vivid and entertaining.

AGNES REPPLIER

Roosevelt as a Literary Man

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was a man, take him for all in all, upon whose like it is not probable that we shall look again. Of late years it has become the fashion to be a little blind to his true greatness, — even to sneer a little. For Roosevelt belonged to his era, and we are past that era now, yet still so close to it we do not see, — what ten years hence will assuredly be evident, — that he is also a part of the authentic American tradition, — "not of an age but for all time." Perhaps his works (THE WORKS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, National Edition, edited by Hermann Hagedorn under the auspices of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 20 vols., Scribner's, $32.00) will help us to achieve this truer estimate of a great man a little more quickly.

In each of these twenty volumes, from the earliest historical writings to the journals of the war years, there is the impress of a great and sincere individuality, — which is not at all the same thing as an infallible judgment either of men, of letters, or of affairs. And where will you find such an array of writings upon such a range of subjects?

All the more credit, then, to the Memorial Association which has made the complete works available, competently edited, and with agreeable type, paper, and binding. Most of the books in the collection have introductory essays written by old friends, each speaking from special knowledge of the book he prefaces. Indeed, a fairly satisfactory book of essays could be made by simply binding up the various introductions. The new collected *Works* are a highly creditable bit of publishing.

J. B.

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STRENGTHEN YOUR WILL BY SIMPLE EXERCISES!

By B. C. Mc Culloch

President, The Pelman Institute of America

DOES it need any argument to convince you that if your Will were stronger your position in life would be a great deal different from what it is to-day?

You would have more wealth and material comfort, more recognition for the special aptitudes you undoubtedly possess; more responsibility and power among your associates; more respect from your immediate family and friends and from the world at large.

Occasionally there have been times when momentous decisions had to be made—decisions that affected the entire course of your career. How often have these occasions found you vacillating and indecisive. You couldn't "make up your mind." So you wavered, helplessly, until usually some other person, or some circumstances, *decided the matter for you.*

No—it surely needs no argument to convince you that a *strengthened will-power* would completely alter the circumstances of your life—and inevitably for good!

Are People Born Weak-Willed?

But can you strengthen your will-power?

The truth is that will-power is a faculty of the human mind, *and it can be trained like any other faculty.* Indecision—weakness of will—is due to a very obvious condition. Those who suffer from it *seldom use their will-power.* From childhood on they have been trained, abominably, to let others do their deciding for them. This fine quality, the backbone of character, has been thoughtlessly trained *out* of them, instead of *in* them. There is only one way to strengthen your will-power, it is—*to use it!*

If your legs were kept in splints for a year, and the splints were then removed and you were placed upon your feet, you would sink to the ground under your own weight. Those particular muscles, *unused for so long,* would be unable to hold you erect!

The way to strengthen your will is through "mental exercise," just as the way to train your muscles is through physical exercise. This simple and sane point of view is the basis of the movement known as Pelmanism. It coincides with the dictates of common sense, and at the same time is completely in accord with the most advanced findings of Psychology.

T. P. O'CONNOR
"Father of the House of Commons"

KNOWN the world over as "Tay-Pay" — T. P. O'Connor is one of many world-famous figures in Europe and America who are ardent Pelmanists, who not only advise others to use this system of scientific mind-training, *but who themselves practice what they preach!* "Tay-Pay" says: "Not one person in a thousand who takes this training but will find it a distinct benefit, as many thousands have before him."

Everybody knows of the great advances that this science has made within the last fifty years. In that period we have discovered more about the way the human mind operates than was known in the preceding fifty centuries. About twenty-five years ago, in England, a movement was set on foot to utilize these discoveries of the psychological laboratories in our everyday life. This movement became known as Pelmanism, after the man who originated this simple and sane idea, and who did more than any other to bring it to success.

Its basic principle—as explained above is that of "mental exercise." It shows you, not only how to strengthen your Will by means of exercises, but also your memory, your power of concentration, your attention, your reasoning, your observation, your senses. It aims, in short, to keep you "mentally fit"; to strengthen whatever mental faculties that have become weak within you through disuse. These "exercises," incidentally, are done under the direction of a staff of university-trained psychologists. They are prescribed in moderation, and are extremely interesting to carry out. Without doubt this is one of the reasons for the extraordinary results that are often obtained.

By means of these simple and fascinating "exercises," you soon find your senses sharpened; you find it possible to observe more, to remember more easily, to attend more keenly, to concentrate more deeply, to reason more logically, to imagine more vividly, and, above all, *to strengthen your will-power.* Instead of drifting with circumstances, you begin to *gain control* over your life. Instead of being used and completely influenced by other people, *you* begin to do the influencing.

There is no so-called miracle of modern science more commonplace than the rejuvenation of individuals under this system of scientific mind-training. It has made over anew the lives of unnumbered people. Over 600,000 individuals, in every walk of life, in every corner of the globe, from princes to peons, have now been benefited by this remarkable system of mind-training.

There is no space here to tell the many fascinating stories of what it has done. If, however, you are interested in this movement, send for a free book called "Scientific Mind Training." It describes Pelmanism in detail and contains many almost unbelievable stories (all of them substantiated by records) of how its followers have benefited in the most tangible way. Address, The Pelman Institute of America, 71 West 45th St., Dept. 130A, New York City. (*Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York.*)

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
71 West 45th St., Dept. 130A,
New York City

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 600,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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Chicago: Hands Up!

(*See page 522*)

Above. "Scarface Al" Capone (in the dark suit at extreme right), — outstanding figure in Chicago's underworld. Can Chicago account for Capone, who in the daily press is called "the bootleg king", "notorious gangster," and "vice lord of Cicero"?

Left. "Big Bill", — officially, William Hale Thompson. In the upper photograph we see Chicago's mayor in an attitude of relaxation in his hour of triumph after election. Below, — Mayor Thompson with two trapped rats named "Fred" and "Dill" after his two enemies Fred Lundin and Dr. John Dill Robertson.

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CHICAGO, HANDS DOWN!

Title of forthcoming article on "Big Bill" and his political policies for the Windy City by Kate Sargent in the November issue of THE FORUM

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BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Picturesque Prime Minister under Queen Victoria, to whom parties and politics were not a religion but an art, hero of an unusual biography by André Maurois. From a drawing by Johan Bull

See page 481

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